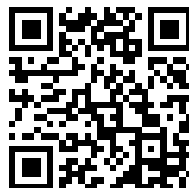


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# *The Rosary magazine*

Dominicans



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Rosary











# THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

CONDUCTED BY THE

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INDEX TO VOLUME XIX.

JULY-DECEMBER, 1901.

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... ..

 After the first day of July of this year, 1901, Mr. Daniel Haywood will have no connection whatsoever with THE ROSARY MAGAZINE. All communications concerning advertisements must be addressed to

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# THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

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GARRISON.

HUNT.

ROSSETTI.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD.



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## SOME PRE-RAPHAELITE ARTISTS.

THOMAS A. QUINN, O. P.



ARE removed are we nowadays from the condition of things that produced a Raphael and those precursors of his, the patriarchs of early Italian art. Though we have great artists the appreciation of great art is the monopoly of the few; in Italy during the three centuries to which I refer it was the property of the many.

A well known living social reformer has asserted that hardly one man in a hundred in the Europe of to-day is reached by art-influence of any sort. And it is believed that great art even among the relatively very small number of persons who patronize it is far less an intellectual and aesthetic reality than a mere hobby.

This condition of things is one to be deplored for art has its place in human life and great art is necessary for its complete and harmonious development. In this fact the art lover and the idealist find their consolation. For art cannot cease to be cultivated as long as any considerable part of the race retains the higher or civilized level of human existence or until the whole ideal of which man is capable has been completely attained and all its symbols used up. For the same reason the arts can never cease to be a subject of abiding interest, and, if we except such qualities as the strictly technical, the finer arts like poetry itself would under favorable conditions appeal once more to the world at large.

The philosophy of art or the reasoned explanation of its nature, end, and aim is a fascinating study but not a very satisfactory one. It was non-existent in Greece in the great age—that of Pericles—and the art of Italy had risen to greatness before such an explanation was attempted, and long before Da Vinci's treatise could have been widely read. Nor can it be said that much light has been cast on the subject by the pretentious body of speculation, which under the title of the Science of Aesthetics, has grown up since the middle of the last century.

It seems highly probable that in this domain of inquiry results will remain to the end unsatisfactory. Here the definiteness and precision desiderated by the scientific philosophers are not attainable.

For most men, perceiving beauty, whether in art or nature, is like perceiving light, a process so simple that it cannot be resolved into anything simpler without destroying its pleasure, while the emotions excited in a Ruskin by a great work of art or a beautiful landscape are altogether too complex and subtle for useful analysis.

Happily the most useful truths relative to this subject are in its very surface and may be reached by any of us without much philosophising.

All art is in its measure sensuous. It appeals immediately to our higher senses, both presentative and representative, the eye, the ear, the imagination, etc. This fact accounts for much of the delight we all find in beautiful objects.

Nevertheless our appreciation of art is essentially rational and intellectual.

Art is at once a creation and a revelation of the beautiful, and great art, like poetry itself, is a noble and expressive language.

Moreover this language has immeasurably greater power to delight the senses than the poet's medium, while it carries the expression of lofty conceptions, subtle perceptions, delicate sensibilities and tender emotions to a degree of realization which written language is wholly unable to attain. Whatever art as a language may be in our times, in the great periods of art production it was the vernacular and as such understood of all the people, though the full content of a great artist's message to the world will at all times be comprehended only by the few.

It is then not pressing language too far into figurative use to call great artists (as they are so often called) the poets and the prophets of their time; the truest interpreters of the mind and temper, sentiment and life of the age in which they live.





**CIMABUE.**



The beginnings of art in all countries have arisen from a religious as well as an aesthetic impulse. The art of the Christian era is the creation of the Christian Church.

Under her care it grew up and developed, at first slowly and then by leaps and bounds until it reached its highest degree of development in form and conception in the sixteenth century. Until recently little or no independent study was bestowed on the condition of the arts from the sixth to the twelfth century and little was known of them beyond the fact that they were "the books of the unlettered"—and necessarily on a level with their readers. It was the fashion to affect to see nothing in the arts of that long period that would repay the labors of study at first hand. Sixty years ago the learned Father Marchese in his "History of the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects of the Dominican Order" protested in a spirited passage against this unworthy attitude.

"This is an epoch," says the distinguished Dominican, "so little known and so shamefully calumniated in the history of the arts that few will deign to study it, so much so, that those who write on the state of the arts at this period are wont to exhaust themselves in lamenting their decadence and singing dirges over their grave without ever reflecting that their remains were still palpitating and that beneath these rude forms there was a vigorous and superabundant life which was destined to reveal itself after a little while in the schools of Niccola of Pisa and Giotto." (Preface, pp. xx. and xxi.) Since this passage was written much has been done to vindicate its closing statement. In a profusely illustrated article entitled, "Art Before Giotto," in the October (and first) number of the "Monthly Review" (London: John Murray) Mr. Roger E. Fry throws back by a century and a half the date when,—to quote the writer's own words—"the Christian ideal of character, the Christian view of life was provided with an adequate artistic expression."

"In the twelfth century," says he, "there was effected an extraordinary artistic revolution the suddenness and universality of which suggests constant intercommunication between the artists of various countries. In the course of fifty years, as far as Northern Europe was concerned, the whole of the corrupt classic tradition was swept away and replaced by an entirely new art \* \* \* [which] was penetrated with the most passionate and tender religious feeling infused with a peculiar sense of spiritual graciousness \* \* \* At last"—that was one hundred and fifty years before we were supposed to possess any art with the flexibility of life in it—"the artist has found a type which will convey distinctly the gracious self-respecting

humility of hearing which was so essentially a Christian conception of character and which classic art had never attempted, having never conceived of humility as other than a weakness." Mr. Fry is an artist and, it may be added, one whose sympathy with the subject of his interesting article is merely aesthetic. But the art of which he writes was only the preparation for the art of the three following centuries, a development so marvellous, an achievement so perfect that it has but one parallel in human history.

The operation of the mysterious laws which govern human progress was powerfully seconded in the thirteenth century by the founding of two great religious corporations, the Franciscan and Dominican Orders.

Originating many of the great movements of that wonderful century, influencing, guiding, dominating almost all, the fine arts were largely indebted to their enlightened zeal. (Ruskin attributes to them the resuscitation of painting lost since Apelles.—*Verona Lectures*, p. 121.)

First of all, they opened up a vast field for the labors of the artist and a ready market for his productions. They spread rapidly and soon every city, town, and hamlet of Italy contained a Franciscan and a Dominican Church many of which were destined to become historic storehouses of priceless art treasures. Nor did they rest content with being the patrons and protectors of the arts; they aspired to excel in their enthusiasm, and succeeded. A school of architecture sprang into existence in each Order immediately on its foundation and for two hundred years all Dominican Churches in Italy besides many others were built by Dominican architects. Here permit me to remind you that in the revival, architecture, the most expressive of public spirit, was the first of the fine arts which the gradual progress of civilization resuscitated.

The higher forms of artistic expression followed—sculpture closely on the footsteps of architecture, at first in the character of a dependent and handmaid, but soon in a condition of independence. Painting, the first in order of excellence, was the third in order of time. Here a sort of physical necessity underlies chronological order. Edifices must reach a certain level of magnificence before men think of adorning them with beautiful paintings or the choicer works of the chisel. Music was the last of the fine arts to receive its great, or, at any rate, its very great mark. A suggested cause of the slowness of development of this art is the fact that there is just so much science mixed up with the art, especially in instrumental music, as to place it beyond the power of individual genius to bring it to perfection.



INTERIOR OF SANTA MARIA NOVELLA, FLORENCE.

Among the eighty or so, of the more distinguished Dominican artists whose memoirs Marchese compresses into his two volumes we find no musician. The place of honor among Dominican architects is given by him to Fra Ristoro and Fra Sisto who designed the church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence. This church which took about seventy years to build is, in the opinion of Michelangelo, the most graceful edifice in Italy. "La Sposa gentile" it is said, he used to call it. It is literally a museum of masterpieces.

Dominican artists consecrated their genius for more than a century and a half to its adornment. That historic art club and religious sodality, the Society of Painters, had its rooms in the adjoining convent, and among the frescos in the Church and Cloister are works by almost all those of its illustrious members whose names are now household words. But the Church has a unique interest for art lovers for another reason. Santa Maria Novella may be styled the cradle of modern painting. In one of its chapels the founder of the Florentine school and the first restorer of art in Italy discovered his vocation as an artist, and in the adjoining grammar school, conducted by the Dominican Fathers, he received his early education.

The coming of Cimabue, in the opinion of Vasari, is, one would think, the most important event in modern history. That Herodotus of art history thus solemnly chronicles it: "By the will of God in the year 1240 Giovanni Cimabue, of the noble family of that name, was born in Florence to give the first light to the art of painting." ("Lives"—Bohns Edition, Vol. I, p. 35.) He then describes the boy's early up-bringing. It is the oft told tale of artistic genius. When in school Giovanni drew men, horses, and houses; when out of school, which was as often as the boy could escape, he watched

the Greek painters who were decorating a chapel in Santa Maria Novella. The sympathetic biographer is careful to tell us that nature impelled the boy to all this—it certainly wasn't grace—and nature for once had her way as a school master. Cimabue was taken from the grammar school of which his uncle was head master and given in charge of the Greek painters. He worked with such a will that in a few years his new masters had nothing further to teach their pupil, nor indeed to teach any other pupils in the art schools of Italy. After Cimabue their "occupation was gone" and Byzantine art as a source of inspiration or an object of imitation had passed away forever.

As a precursor at the parting of the ways in the history of art developments, it is not easy to appraise the merits of Cimabue and do him justice. Hence his true position is a matter of long standing controversy.

On the one hand—and all at once—his fame was eclipsed by his great pupil. Dante's well known lines leave no doubt about it:

"Credette Cimabue nella pittura  
Tener lo campo ed ora ha Giotto il grido."  
—(Purgatorio, Cant. xi.)

On the other hand the debased condition of art before his time was much exaggerated as we are now finding out. It is, however, admitted by most critics that Cimabue infused life and individuality into existing types, imparted character and a degree of dignity and sublimity to some of his figures which have not been much surpassed by his successors; that, finally, in boldness of invention, in grouping of figures, in the charm of a new and improved tone of color his art was quite a new departure. Truly great, he never succeeded,



ST. FRANCIS BLESSING THE BIRDS.

as Lanzi remarks, in being graceful, nor in imparting beauty to his Madonnas nor variety of form to his angels.

The works of Cimabue still extant are some frescos in the Church of St. Francis at Assisi, a picture of the Madonna and Child in the Louvre, a picture of the Madonna in the Academy in Florence, another, same subject, but the largest picture executed by any artist up to Cimabue's time. This is the well known Madonna in Santa Maria Novella of which Vasari tells that story, so precious in the history of Italian art.

When Cimabue was engaged on this work in a garden then near the gate of San Pietro, Charles of Anjou, the brother of St. Louis and kings of the two Sicilys, was passing through Florence, and the Florentine authorities, wishing in a special manner to gratify him, brought him to see the picture which until then had not been shown to anyone. The people also happened to get a glimpse of it on that occasion and were transported with such delight that they carried it in public procession; to the sound of trumpets, to the place of its destination. There, after more than six hundred years, it may still be seen in a state of excellent preservation. In reference to this amazing act of popular applause, the author of "The Renaissance in Italy" says: "We may still recall the story of Cimabue's picture visited by Charles of Anjou and borne in triumph through the streets to Santa Maria Novella, for this was the birthday festival of nothing less than what the world now values as Italian Painting."—Colonel Pearson's Abridgment, p. 237.

When Cimabue was at the height of his fame, he, quite accidentally, made a discovery far more important in the history of art than his own acknowledged success in promoting its development.

In the year 1276 a business engagement called him to the hamlet of Vespignano, fourteen miles from Florence. There he happened to see a shepherd boy of ten drawing one of his sheep on a smooth piece of rock with a pebble for a pencil. A glance at this performance sufficed to convince him that he was in the presence of a born artist. He immediately asked the young shepherd if he was willing to give up his lowly occupation and study art, and the boy, being delighted at so tempting an offer, referred the great artist to his father. Happily the boy's father put no obstacles in the way and Ambrogiotto Bondone, known in history as Giotto became the disciple of Cimabue.

Thanks to the enthusiasm, no less than the labors of John Ruskin, every one who knows anything of art literature knows Giotto's place in the Christian art revival.

Like other men destined to fulfil a great mission Giotto came in the fulness of time—Italy was prepared to receive him.

A glance at dates shows us that his life closes the period when that intellectual, spiritual, and artistic fire was kindled in Italy at which all Europe eventually lighted its torch.

Giotto was eight years old when St. Thomas Aquinas died and fourteen at the death of Albert of Cologne. Dante was his attached friend, and often acted as his guide and philosopher as well. Among his most ardent admirers were Petrarch and Boccaccio. He heard as well as read of Beatrice and doubtless met and conversed with Laura, though we, at this distance of time, hardly know who she was. Thus it will be seen Giotto was brought one way or another under the influence of the makers and inspirers of intellectual Italy.

Science, philosophy, divinity, letters had reached a full maturity and his own master hand was destined to raise up art to complete the cycle.

Thanks, no doubt, to such schools as the grammar school of Santa Maria Novella, almost all Italian artists in this and the two following centuries were highly educated men and sometimes authors of literary works of great merit.

Giotto in addition to being a sculptor, architect and painter—master of the three great arts—was a wit, a humorist, and a poet. His career as a painter, begun at the age of twelve, was continued with unfailing energy and whole-hearted devotedness to the end of his life.

Florence, Rome, Naples, Milan, Pisa, Lucca, Padua, Assisi, Arizzo, Ferrara, Gaeta, Rimini, Verona, Ravenna are among the places in which he worked. He began, as was natural, by imitating Cimabue, but art critics see even in his earliest independent efforts a decided improvement on the work of the master. In art, probably more than in any other sphere of human activity, concentration and limitation are necessary conditions of great achievement. Giotto never lost sight of this fact.

In what is described as his early manner, he adhered closely to the series of ready-made compositions inherited from the Greeks by the artists of his day. In these he at first was content to render the meagre hands, the sharp-pointed feet, the staring eyes a little more true to nature. As power over his medium increases, there is more softness in the coloring, the drapery becomes flowing, natural and becoming, and at length grace, reposefulness and tranquillity are imparted to the figures themselves.

Giotto was a hard worker, in fact endowed with the "infinite capacity for taking pains" which sometimes is mistaken for genius itself.

The natural power that made him the regenerator of art—"the father of the new method of painting as Boccaccio was the father of the new method of prose composition," to borrow Lanzi's phrase—became completely efficient through prodigious industry. He was the first to recognize the immense value of Greek sculpture to the painter, and, it is believed he devoted much time to its study.

Everywhere one goes in Italy one is shown pictures said to be Giotto's, or of Giotto's school.

The series of twenty-eight frescos, scenes from the life of St.



ST. FRANCIS APPEARING BEFORE HONORIUS III.  
(CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO, ASSISI.)

Francis, in the upper Church at Assisi, are undoubtedly his. So is the well known fragment of the Navicella mosaic in the vestibule of St. Peter's in Rome. In the great series of frescos in the Annunziata dell' Arena Chapel at Padua, it is recognized that the great artist rises to the very zenith of his power. During the progress of these works, Dante, then exiled from Florence, visited the artist and it is believed that the treatment of the symbolical

subjects—which are executed with extreme care—embodies suggestions received from the poet.

Engravings of these frescos were published by the Arundel Society some years ago, with letter press by Ruskin.

Whole scenes of previous art treasures painted by this master-hand in Florence were barbarously whitewashed over when art declined, and remained concealed—but also happily preserved—for two hundred years. They were discovered and carefully restored sixty years ago.

It is pathetic to consider the condition of the series of frescos in the Campo Santo at Pisa in view of Giotto's own elaborate pre-



cautions to preserve them, as told by Vasari. Only two of the six frescos now remain and these are lamentably defaced.

No artist before Giotto had power enough to overcome the difficulties of portrait painting. He is the first master of the real art in this department, the master of expression. He painted for the first time, heads that weren't mere emptiness, and faces that were the mirrors of the souls of their owners.

The Florentine barbarian of the whitewash brush was unwittingly the means of preserving what are probably the best specimens of Giotto's work in portrait painting.

For among the pictures which he meant to destroy, but happily preserved, are portraits of Dante, Brunetto Latini, and Corso Donati, painted, no doubt, from life. The portraits of at least two other personages immortalized in the *Divina Commedia* were painted by Giotto, that of Farinata degli Uberti in Pisa and of Can Grande della Scala in Verona—but these have disappeared.



In the chapter room of Santa Maria Novella we have a series of frescos from the brush of Simone Memmi, one of Giotto's pupils, of surpassing interest by reason of the portraits. These painted from life, or copied from others, include portraits of Giotto, Cimabue, Benedict XI., the Dominican Pope, the Emperor Henry VII., Philip the Fair, Petrarch and Laura—the last in an allegorical group.

That venerable form of practical art, miniature painting, which declined with the discovery of printing and almost disappeared in Italy when engraving was introduced, was highly prized and much cultivated in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Though no miniatures by Giotto's hand have come down to us this department of art was cultivated by him and owes much of its development to the influence of his school.

Oderigi of Aggobbio, one of the two miniaturists whom Dante celebrates in the seventh Canto of the *Purgatorio*, was his personal friend. They first met in Rome somewhere about the year 1304 when Giotto was executing some frescos in St. Peter's. Vasari's quaint account of the artist's treatment by the Pontiff during this visit to Rome is not without interest. "Giotto was then invited," he says, "by the above named Pope (Boniface VIII. or Benedict XI.) to Rome where his talents were at once appreciated by that Pontiff and himself treated very honorably. He was instantly appointed to paint a large picture in the sacristy of St. Peter's with five others in the Church itself—these last being passages from the life of Christ; all of which he executed with so much care, that no better work in distemper ever proceeded from his hands; so that he well deserved the reward of 600 gold ducats which the Pope, considering himself well served, commanded to be paid him, besides conferring on him so many favors that there was talk of them throughout all Italy. (Ut. Supra p. 103.)

The improvement effected by Giotto in mosaic work is most inadequately represented in the fragment of the *Navicella* to which reference has already been made. It has been so repaired and altered that there is now but little of the original left; the very design has been changed. Special attention is called to it in all guide books to Rome and the paid *cicerone* enthuses over it for his patrons. It is well then to recall from Vasari's pages what it originally was.

"A truly wonderful work and deservedly eulogized by all enlightened judges; and this not only for the merit of the design, but also for that of the grouping of the Apostles, who labor in various attitudes to guide their boat through the tempestuous sea, while winds blow in a sail which is swelling with so vivid a reality that the spectator could almost believe himself to be looking at a real sail. Yet it must have been excessively difficult to produce the harmony and interchange of light and shade which we admire in this work, with mere pieces of glass, and that in a sail of such magnitude—a thing which even with the pencil could only be



GIOTTO'S MOSAIC OF ST. PETER, IN THE VESTIBULE OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.

accomplished with great effort. There is a fisherman also standing on a rock and fishing with a line, in whose attitude the extraordinary patience proper to that occupation is most obvious, while the hope and desire of catching fish are equally manifested in his countenance." (Ibid p. 105.)

The revival of appreciation of the art of Giotto and of other pre-Raphaelite masters among us is the work of the last half century. It would be a highly interesting task to trace the genesis of this revival. Here, a few facts will suffice :

First of all, the history of the period in which the artists lived has been much studied and largely rewritten, in that time—witness the large literature which has grown up within the last fifty years round a single name, that of St. Francis. This necessarily drew attention to the art treasures which the debased taste of decadent ages had long neglected.

Again, that vigorous early Christian art revival inspired by Frederick Schlegel, which sprang up in Germany early in the century, and with which are associated among others, the names of Overbeck, Cornelius and Meith was not without its influence on English artists. It is said that Dyce and Daniel Maclise actually participated in it.

But more than this it was perceived by some far-seeing men that the English art school, while boasting of such great names as Haydon, Leslie, Constable and Lawrence, was actually in danger of extinction from the effects of what Holman Hunt call "a deadly

academic dogma." Constable himself was so much alarmed that he declared in 1821, "in thirty years English art will cease to exist" and Leslie believed he saw the fulfilment of the forecast in the death of Turner. Meantime other minds were set a thinking. The first volume of "Modern Painters" appeared in 1843 and hit the "deadly academic dogma" rather hard. It was in the following year that its author, not in Italy, but in Paris made his great discovery, namely, that a great age of art existed before Raphael and Michelangelo. During the winter of 1844 he studied Rio, Lord Lindsay and Mrs. Jameson.

He went to Italy the following year for a fuller study of pre-Raphaelite art and returned to England and published the second volume of his work in 1846. Now it happened that these two volumes contained the very art gospel that three gifted, ardent and very young men were in search of: William Holman Hunt, aged nineteen; John Everett Millais, aged seventeen, Dante Gabriele Rossetti, aged eighteen. The three young men, who were afterwards joined by a few others, formed themselves into a band called "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood" with the purpose—while drawing inspiration from early Christian artists, and more especially from Raphael's immediate predecessors— of exhibiting in their work "true and high ideas through the medium of true and rightly elaborated details."

In 1849 the artists exhibited a picture, each,—Millais, "Lorenzo and Isabella;" Holman Hunt, "Rienzi;" Rossetti, "The Girlhood of the Blessed Virgin." (Rossetti never exhibited at the Royal Academy.) Their work this first year excited the most flattering attention. Their exhibits for the following years were: "Christian Priests Escaping from Druid Persecution," "Christ in the House of His Parents" and "The Annunciation." For these the artists were bitterly and mercilessly assailed in the London press.

The third year, 1851, the forms of civilized verbal warfare were laid aside by their assailants one of whom called for the removal of these pictures from the walls of the Academy.

This unfair and most intemperate onslaught brought a strong man to their side. Three letters in their defence appeared in the London Times signed, "The Author of Modern Painters." Ruskin up to that time was not personally acquainted with any of them. The letters were followed immediately by the well known pamphlet entitled "Pre-Raphaelitism" in the preface to which the author says: the artists were assailed "with the most scurrilous abuse which I ever recollect seeing issue from the press."

The defence of the artists or rather the pulverizing of their opponents was continued in his Edinburgh "Lectures on Architecture and Painting" in 1853.

Three years later in the third and fourth volumes of "Modern Painters" the members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood are hailed as leaders in a genuine revival. A succession of pictures followed from the hands of Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti. The subject of one of the pictures by the last named artist is "Giotto Painting the Portrait of Dante."

Mr. Holman Hunt happily is with us still. A little time ago he was the recipient of a graceful public compliment. His literary undertaker will no doubt at some future time add much to our present knowledge of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It is a characteristic of such movements to aim at much more than they can reasonably accomplish. Hence their success even when greatest seems only partial.

That the Pre-Raphaelite movement, in spite of an inevitable reaction, accomplished much is abundantly evident, and not the least of the reforms it helped to effect is the revival of appreciation of Giotto and the early Italian masters. The best place in which to study or admire the paintings of Giotto is of course Florence.

There authentic work of his belonging to every period of his life may be seen. The best guide book to have in one's hand is "Mornings in Florence" by Ruskin. The best picture to begin with—to borrow a passage from its most entertaining pages—is "A fresco, life-size with campanile architecture behind it, painted in an important place, and if one might choose one's own subject, perhaps the most interesting saint of all saints \* \* \* would be a Saint Louis."

The restorations and retouchings of Giotto's frescos in Florence and elsewhere forcibly remind us that painting is at best a frail and perishable medium. Not one of the master-pieces of Greece has come down to us, and their painters, we have reason to believe, were the peers of their sculptors.

A few specimens of Greek and Roman painting that we possess are probably the work not of artists but of artisans. But even if time should deal no more gently with Giotto's paintings, and Macaulay's New Zealander must be content with descriptions of them, there is reason to hope that, as that artist roams through the ruins of Florence leisurely reading his Vasari, another monument of this great man's genius will confront him, still standing and stoutly defying the ravages of time. This is the far-famed Tower of Giotto.



GIOTTO'S PORTRAIT OF DANTE, NATIONAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE.

Mr. Ruskin devoted a whole lecture at Eton to little more than a single sculptured figure on Giotto's campanile. As it supports no fewer than fifty-four groups of such figures besides sixteen statues it is almost presumption to introduce the subject at all at the end of a paper like this. I shall give but the merest outline of the belfry.

Its appearance is familiar to most people from the many illustrated descriptions of it found in books.

In form it is six-sided—a parallelopipedon—and it has the same dimensions from the bottom to the top. It consists of four stories, the second and third being lower than the first and fourth. It is two hundred and seventy-five feet high and the masonry is entirely covered with marble. Giotto having died six years before the campanile, as it now stands, was finished, the original design was never completely carried out. Giotto intended to surmount the present structure with a spire ninety feet high which was to have risen from the four great piers to be seen at its summit. The foundation stone was laid on the 9th of July, 1334. It was erected for the express purpose of surpassing in height and richness and beauty all existing structures of the kind. In everything but height it has remained, and probably will ever remain, without a rival.

The person whose enthusiasm for beautiful architecture and sculpture nothing hitherto could arouse had better try the effect of Ruskin's chapter entitled, "The Shepherd's Tower," in "Mornings in Florence." "Mornings in Florence," it will be remembered, was written as a sort of extension of his Oxford work when the author was Slade Professor of Fine Arts in that University.

I am tempted to insert here the opinion of Mr. Sidney Colvin who was Slade Professor in Cambridge, about the same time, on this crowning work of Giotto's art.

"In the consummate dignity as well as consummate delicacy of its design," he says, "in the fair proportions and in the opulent, but lucid invention and apportionment of details, in the thoughtfulness and frequent simplicity of its sculptured histories, it is the most fitting crown and monument of a strong and memorable career."

Three months before the campanile was commenced Giotto on his return from Naples received the final and official testimony to his immense reputation and to the high esteem in which he was held.

He was appointed master of the works at the Cathedral, and state architect. He was presented with the freedom of the city, a





GIOTTO'S PORTRAIT OF DANTE, NATIONAL MUSEUM, FLORENCE

1. NAME \_\_\_\_\_

2. DATE \_\_\_\_\_

3. TIME \_\_\_\_\_

4. PLACE \_\_\_\_\_

5. REMARKS \_\_\_\_\_

6. SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

[illegible]

much esteemed honor in those days, and a handsome annuity was assigned him by the Republic.

Some one has paradoxically called the middle age an epoch of unknown celebrities. The home or family life of the great men of Giotto's time is certainly little known. They kept no diaries, preserved few letters and they seem not to have had the remotest idea that their private affairs could be of interest to any one. What we call legitimate curiosity with respect to such matters, they would I fear, judge to be a dangerous form of insanity.

Giotto, who we now have reason to believe, was ten years older than Vasari was aware of, married young and had three sons, Francesco, Niccola and Donato; and three daughters, Bice, Catarina and Lucia. Bice (short for Beatrice), was so named it is conjectured after Beatrice of the *Divina Commedia*.

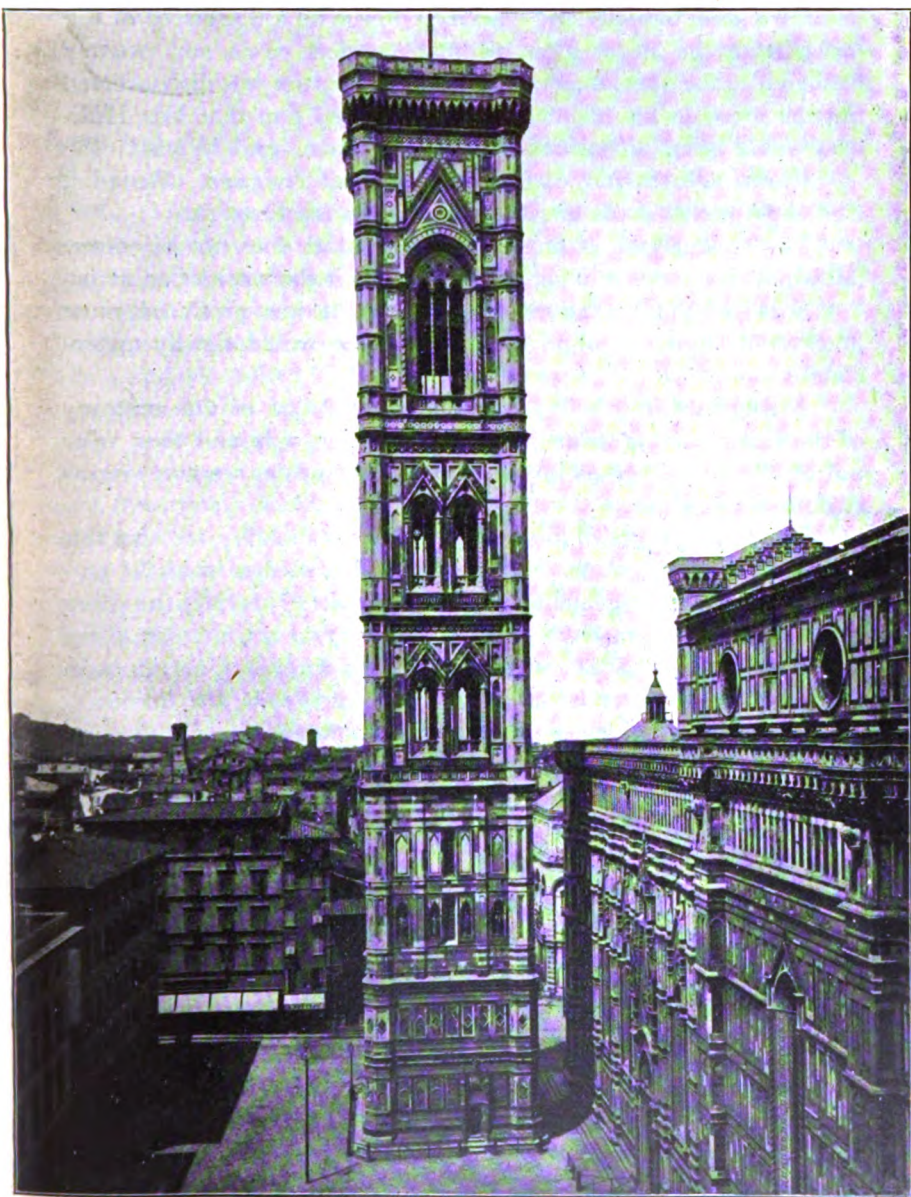
Like all his countrymen he was intensely attached to the place of his birth. He added by successive purchases to the plot of land inherited from his father at Vespignano.

Giotto the shepherd boy was a general favorite. Such, Giotto the great artist, the favorite of Popes and Cardinals, the associate of statesmen, wits and poets, remained to the end of his life.

His fellow-citizens of all ranks and occupations delighted to honor him. Dante and Petrarch celebrate him in song, and Villani in the pages of his history. He is made the subject of tales and anecdotes by Boccaccio, and Franco Sacchetti.

From all these sources we get a fairly accurate outline of character. In Giotto, the man of shrewd genial strength, of strong combining and inventive powers, was never for a moment dwarfed or overshadowed by the genius. Hence we find not a trace in his life of that lack of proportion in judgment or want of balance in emotion which we are accustomed to associate with the artistic temperament. The Italians are fond of telling stories of their heroes. The well known "O" story told of Giotto gave use to the Tuscan proverb: "Tu sei pin tondo che l'O di Giotto"—an indirect way of telling one he is a perfect fool. As the story illustrates the frank consciousness of his own powers characteristic of the man it may be repeated here.

When the Pisa frescos were completed they created a sensation for the absolute loveliness of some of the figures. Pope Benedict XI. sent a messenger immediately to arrange with the artist, at a great salary, for the adornment with frescos of the papal residence at Avignon and to ask for specimens of his work. Giotto readily



**GIOTTO'S FAMOUS BELL-TOWER, FLORENCE.**



undertook the commission and for the design or specimens of work he took a sheet of paper and described on it with a free sweep of the brush from the elbow a marvellously perfect circle and politely handed it to the papal man of affairs. The courtier was disconcerted but the artist in his blindest manner assured him that His Holiness would be quite satisfied with the specimen—and he was!

Giotto as a matter of fact was never at Avignon. Benedict died shortly afterwards and the commission fell through.

The serious task of analysing Giotto's art does not of course fall within the scope of a paper like this. It is the work of an artist.

Some of the limitations under which it was produced must however be borne in mind by any one who would rightly appreciate it.

Artists in Giotto's day had their knowledge of the anatomy of the human frame from general observation only and they were not at all as well versed in other facts of nature as we are, nor as curious about them.

Their knowledge of linear perspective was inadequate and this is true to a much greater extent of their knowledge of aerial perspective or the management of light and shade. Now it is the glory of Giotto to have created a transcendently great art in spite of the difficulties and limitations which these facts imply—an art so great that in some respects it has never been surpassed nor in others equalled, by the achievements of subsequent artists. He had an immense advantage it is true, which artists in our time have not—from the outset of his career, he was appreciated by the masses of his fellow-countrymen. No matter who happened to be his paymasters his patrons were the people. His pictures adorned a church or a cloister or a public hall to which every one had access.

Hence his efforts as interpreter of public taste and feeling were followed with the liveliest popular interest and his success rewarded with enthusiastic popular applause. Vasari tells us he was a pious Christian. Doubtless he was, but more than this, the prevailing spiritual enthusiasm of his age must have got into his blood and fired his imagination, else he never could have translated the life of St. Francis into exquisite picture-poems at Assisi or been the exponent of the vivid and penetrating genius of emancipated Florence.

Giotto died the 8th of January, 1336, and was buried in the Duomo, the Florentine Westminster Abbey.

He is one of the few men in history who, having gained an immense reputation during life, have sustained it without loss through subsequent generations.

## MEDIEVAL HYMN TO MARY.

F. M. CAPES.

THE following "song" to our Lady is roughly modernized from the archaic "Middle English" of William de Shoreham, Vicar of Chart-Sutton, Kent, in the first half of the fourteenth century. It is not, like some other poems of Shoreham, original, but was translated by him for popular use from the Latin or French of Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln—a great verse-writer. It is taken from Wright's edition for the Peru Society of 1849, and was edited by him from a manuscript of Shoreham's time.

The stanzas here given are not the whole poem, which is too long, and in some parts too dull and categorical, to repay the trouble of modernizing throughout; but they are the most poetical and devotional stanzas of the Hymn, and completely represent its general tone. This tone, we think all readers will agree, is a touching combination—if expressed in somewhat uncouth verse—of childlike affection for and trust in the Mother of God with solid theology. Such a combination is of course a not uncommon characteristic of popular English Medieval verse; but this particular specimen of it seems to appeal with such great simplicity to both heart and mind and to be so "taking" in its quaintly loving expressions, that the adapter hopes it may prove a welcome contribution to our contemporary literature.



## A LITTLE SONG.

Mary, Maiden mild and free,  
 Chamber of the Trinity!  
 A little while now list' to me,  
     As greeting I thee give.  
 What tho' my heart unclean may be,  
     My off'ring yet receive!

Thou art the Queen of Paradise  
 Of Heaven, of earth, of all that is;  
 Thou bare in thee the King of bliss  
     Without or spot or stain;

Thou didst put right what was amiss  
What man had lost, re-gain.

The gentle dove of woe thou art,  
The branch of olive-tree that brought  
In token that a peace was wrought,  
And man to God was dear.  
Sweet Ladye, be my fort  
When the last fight draws near!

Thou art the sling, thy Son the stone  
That David at Goliah flung;  
Eke Aaron's rod, whence blossoms sprung  
Tho' bare it was and dry:—  
'Tis known to all, who've looked upon  
Thy childbirth wondrous high!

In thee has God become a child,  
The wretched foe in thee is foiled:—  
That unicorn that was so wild  
Is thrown by woman chaste;  
Him hast thou tamed, and forced to yield,  
With milk from Virgin breast.

Like as the sun full clear doth pass,  
Without a break, thro' shining glass,  
Thy maidenhood unblemished was  
For bearing of thy Lord:—  
Now, sweetest comfort of our race,  
To sinners be thou good!

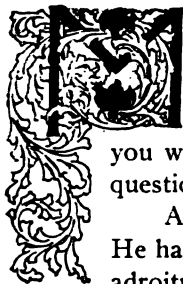
Take, Ladye dear, this little song  
That out of sinful heart has come!  
Against the fiend now make me strong,  
Guide well my wand'ring soul:—  
And, tho' I once have done thee wrong,  
Forgive and make me whole!

Oretis pro anima domini Roberti Grossteyte, quondam Episcopi Lincolniae.

## A MATTER OF THEORY.

ANNE ELIZABETH O'HARE.

## I.



MISS BELLINGHAM had a queer little habit of lifting one eyebrow and drawing down the opposite corner of her mouth in a way that made her face look somewhat like a sprawling question mark. If you were wise, however, you did not attempt to answer the question.

Among men, Mr. Higbee was accounted very wise. He had a sagacious faculty for investing money and an agile adroitness in getting out of legal difficulties. But though he had doubled her surplus income with unfailing success, he was not wise in the ways of Miss Bellingham. So he smiled indulgently.

"My dear Miss Bellingham, it's quite out of the question.

"My dear Mr. Higbee, there's no question about it."

The interrogation point grew more pronounced. Mr. Higbee surveyed it thoughtfully for a minute or two. Then he bowed. Miss Bellingham smoothed out her face into a most engaging smile.

"Then we may consider it settled?" she asked graciously.

"As far as you are concerned,—certainly. If I can't prevail upon you to give up your—er—quixotic project, of course I have nothing more to say. Only I must decline to act as your agent in the matter. You can afford to be eccentric, Miss Bellingham. Much is smiled at when a rich and charming woman chooses to be original. But for me to help you to make yourself—well, ridiculous, Miss Bellingham!—would be to express my approval and —"

"And incidentally to bear a part of the ridicule. I understand, Mr. Higbee. You are afraid of what people will say."

"Only on your account, Miss Bellingham. Do me the justice to believe that."

"On my account? But I—I—I shall have nothing to do with it!"

"Oh!" Mr. Higbee did not whistle, but he came as near it as his dignity and his surroundings would permit.

"Don't you see? I shall merely be the power that makes things happen! I set the machine in motion. Then I do nothing but



fold my hands and watch the progress of the experiment. I have the most unconcerned manner in the world. I am surprised at the right time. I clasp my hands with the rest. Who's to suspect that I pull the string?"

"And the—the puppet?"

"He least of all. I hoped that you would know how to manage that. That is why I've asked your help and advice."

"I am deeply honored, Miss Bellingham. But since your plans are all made beyond my power to change, I really can't see that either is of much use."

Miss Bellingham rested her chin on her hand and smiled up at him. "Don't you know women any better than that, Mr. Higbee?"

"You convince me that I know them even less well than I thought," he replied, rather shortly.

Miss Bellingham still smiled. "The first thing that you ought to know is that when a woman is least sure of herself she puts on the boldest front. Now as a matter of fact, I rely utterly upon you in this matter. It may be quixotic, it may be ridiculous—though your second lesson should be to call a woman wicked before you call her ridiculous,—but it is my dearest wish, Mr. Higbee—my dearest wish!"

She repeated the last words with her eyes on his face, irresistibly.

He looked distinctively uncomfortable. Clearing his throat uneasily, he gazed on a picture of Miss Bellingham's Revolutionary grandfather on the opposite wall. Argument was easily disposed of, but this unexpected tone of appeal—he cleared his throat again.

She was quick to see her advantage. "It's very simple, really," she said. "I have a hundred thousand dollars that I wish to invest. Instead of asking you to put into stocks or bonds or real estate or mortgages, I choose to invest it in—a man. It's a little daring, perhaps, but it has possibilities! It ought to appeal to your speculative instincts, Mr. Higbee."

"I—I'm not used to speculating in men," he ventured.

"Oh, you're so coldblooded!" she cried. "I thought it would strike you at once, as a novel business proposition at least."

"Will you pardon me, Miss Bellingham, but that is what I don't exactly understand. Is it purely a business proposition?"

"If it were not, it would be unpardonable, Mr. Higbee."

"Then I understand still less."

"I should not have expected that you would," returned Miss Bellingham with some asperity. "I don't mean business proposition in the sense that I expect to get any money value out of my investment. But my money is usually spent in an effort to buy pleasure, and I see no reason why I should not get it in one way as well as another. I simply meant to put this money power to the test. All my life I've been hearing of the sale and barter in American politics. They say money can do anything, from making a man to making an office to fit him. And I want to see!—I want to see how far it will go towards making a man! I happen to be able to afford the experiment, and I feel that it will be the best and most satisfactory investment I ever made. This, of course, so far as it concerns myself."

Mr. Higbee permitted himself to smile.

"Don't interrupt, please," said Miss Bellingham, raising her eyebrow.

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Higbee, lowering his.

"I take the most unpromising man I know," she continued, frowning. "He has no money, no appreciable brains, no friends, no magnetism. He has a most unprepossessing exterior, and he can't talk. In short, he's altogether hopeless."

"Isn't that a bit unfair to the experiment?" Mr. Higbee suggested.

"Of course not! It merely makes the test consistent. If he goes into politics, and succeeds at all, it will be entirely by the power of money. He has absolutely nothing else to make him succeed."

"You have no other interest?"

"Your good intentions would be impertinence in any other man, Mr. Higbee. And you do not flatter me. What possible interest, except as a psychological study in stupidity, could I have in a man like Mr. Griggs? And Simon, too! Simon Griggs! The name is enough to make him impossible. He says 'ma'am,' and he stares, and he twirls his hands, such great, red hands! \* \* \* Were ever such perfect conditions for such an experiment?"

"I suppose you haven't thought of his possible point of view? He might object to being played with for your amusement."

"He hasn't any point of view! Anyway, how should he ever know? You can think of a thousand ways to make it seem as a matter of course that he should get the money. Perhaps some quite unknown relative has died and left him a hundred thousand

dollars provided he goes into politics, does something for his country. His unknown uncle must have been a patriotic old person. Oh, I don't care how he gets the money, I'm simply trying the theory. You are at perfect liberty—"

"To lie as much as I please? Thank you."

"How brutally you put things, Mr. Higbee! You give me no credit at all for my idea, and you put every possible obstacle in the way of its working out. It's a golden opportunity, and it isn't the fault of the opportunity, if the man does not profit by it. It is not every man on whom a hundred thousand dollars descends mysteriously from heaven, only on condition that he go into politics."

"A heaven-sent legacy—h'm. Not with that condition, Miss Bellingham," observed Mr. Higbee.

"Mr. Griggs!"

Miss Bellingham started. Mr. Higbee exclaimed under his breath. A young man shuffled awkwardly across the floor.

"Er—how'do, Miss Bellingham? I—I didn't know—?"

Miss Bellingham smiled and extended her hand graciously. "I shall be glad to have you meet Mr. Higbee, Mr. Griggs," she said.

Mr. Higbee rose and bowed perfunctorily, his eyes making keen note of every detail of the figure before him, from the coarse black hair that fell over the thick-featured, expressionless face to the ungainly feet that moved about uneasily in their ill-fitting boots.

Miss Bellingham ran her eyes from one to the other with a peculiar little smile. "We have been talking politics, Mr. Griggs," she said, "and political ambitions. We can't help agreeing,—rather surprisingly, because Mr. Higbee and I don't often agree,—that it's pretty safe to be politically ambitious. Any man, notwithstanding his deserts, is likely to draw a prize in the lottery. I suppose you, along with the rest of us, have had your dreams of political glory?"

She turned to him as she asked the question, giving him a sudden straight look out of her eyes.

"Well—er—Miss Bellingham—I never thought about it."

The voice was a kind of a nervous drawl, without a shade of modulation. It did not drop at the end of a sentence, but trailed off aimlessly into silence.

Miss Bellingham leaned back in her chair. Mr. Higbee glanced at her, glanced at the man opposite,—and obediently took

up the burden of conversation. He kept it up, almost in monologue, for half an hour. When he was appealed to, the newcomer answered with a surprised monosyllable, but he hazarded no remark on his own account. He simply pulled destructively at the alternate buttons of his coat and stared at Miss Bellingham.

When he rose to go, he made a jerky inclusive bow and shambled out into the hall without a word.

Miss Bellingham had risen as she murmured her adieu, and when she heard the street door close behind her visitor she turned to her companion with a smile on her lips.

Mr. Higbee shrugged his shoulders. "Your friend certainly came to see," he remarked.

Miss Bellingham laughed out merrily.

"And to conquer!" she cried. "The means to fame and fortune are at his feet! And you are going to help me. I see relenting in your eye."

"It's because of the hopelessness in my heart," was the answer. "When a woman like you takes sufficient interest in a man like that to endow him with a fair-sized fortune, I confess I'm disarmed. Do you really mean to do this preposterous thing?"

"I do," she said with an unmistakable inflection. "I have my heart set on your helping me, but if you don't—you force me to seek some other means."

Mr. Higbee rose and walked toward the door. Half way across the room he turned.

"You wouldn't like me to do that?" added Miss Bellingham demurely.

"I don't exactly relish having your peculiarities discussed," he returned dryly.

"Then you will—?"

"Yes, I suppose I will! I've never done a more foolish thing in my life and I hope you'll appreciate how unwillingly I do this. I shan't be responsible for the consequences. At least, I understand you will leave me quite free as to the means by which Mr. Simon Griggs is suddenly begilded and thrust into politics?"

She nodded her head.

"Then I shall let you know before the end of the week. Good afternoon, Miss Bellingham."

She came forward quickly.

"You are really very good," she said, holding out her hand. "Don't think I do not feel how hard it is for you to do an avowedly foolish thing."

(2)

He smiled at her inscrutably. "To be foolish for Miss Bellingham were surely the part of wisdom," he said.

"I might have known you would carry off the honors of the surrender," she laughed. "Goodbye."

One evening two weeks later, as the gentlemen rejoined the ladies after a tedious diplomatic dinner, Miss Bellingham beckoned Mr. Higbee to where she stood near the door.

"I thought you would never come!" she complained. "Now I'm just off to Mrs. Page's."

"Well?" he asked smilingly.

"I wanted to tell you that you've done splendidly. He's given up the clerkship to Senator Harte and he's off for Indiana next week. First, State politics, he says, and then he'll try for Congress. Oh, it's delicious! He came to see me to-day, and he was positively—swagger! He struts—and he patronizes me delightfully. He takes the new turn of events—and himself—with the utmost seriousness. I assure you it's even more interesting than I anticipated."

"But how will you amuse yourself between the acts? I imagine the waits will be rather long and tiresome."

She was moving forward to make her adieu to her hostess, and she smiled over her shoulder.

"Well, I have always you, Mr. Higbee," she said.

## II.

Senator Griggs entered the Senate Chamber from one of the committee rooms, his hands full of papers. He glanced around the House and let his eyes rest for a brief instant on the visitors' gallery. Then he gave his attention to his notes.

"The curtain rises on the last act," murmured Mr. Higbee to Miss Bellingham as they took their seats in a retired corner of the gallery.

Miss Bellingham did not attend. Her eyes were fixed upon Senator Griggs and she unconsciously opened her ears to a rather noisy conversation in front of her.

"Yes, that's the young man from Indiana," said a girl to an older woman who was with her. "Ugly, but interesting. It's the day for his maiden speech in the Senate. That's the reason there are so many people in the gallery. You know, momsey, he was in Congress a couple of sessions, and we dined with him once last winter at the Hartes. Don't you remember how he stepped on Mrs. Mason's train and asked her if she couldn't have it fixed?"

"Yes, I remember," assented the other. "Absent-minded, but a compelling sort of talker. Very young to be in the Senate."

"One of the youngest ever," said the girl laconically. "Pops says he's sure to get on, though. Such an everlasting grind. Was hardly heard of two or three years ago. Say, momsey, there's Senator Graves! Isn't he a darling?"

Miss Bellingham turned rather suddenly to her companion.

"I beg your pardon?" she said hastily.

"I merely remarked some time ago that the play is getting on. Your hero does the part very well,—too well to leave you anything but an exploded theory, Miss Bellingham. It's pretty hard to pay so dearly for the pleasure of putting oneself in the wrong."

"It depends on the point of view, Mr. Higbee,—and one's vanity. To accomplish anything is a satisfaction. It isn't so much the downfall of one's theory that is disappointing. It's the discovery that there isn't such a thing as the consistent working out of any theory."

"Then you are willing to admit that your own theory is wrong for the sake of believing that any theory is right?"

"Or that life is not built of theories?" she laughed. "And what is that but another theory? My dear Mr. Higbee, when a woman begins to generalize, she admits everything—and nothing."

Mr. Higbee sighed. "Generalizing or otherwise, I never heard one make a straight admission yet."

"You have a way of hearing only with your ears, Mr. Higbee."

"You forget that the drama is not quite so interesting to me as to you," he apologized. "The waits try a man's patience."

"You ought not to complain on that score," said Miss Bellingham. "Think of a man rising from a positive impossibility to a promising senator in five years!"

She leaned forward slightly and looked down upon the floor. "I really don't see how he did it. Three years out in Indiana—law and municipal politics. Two years in Congress. Now, the Senate. I don't understand."

"But he—hasn't he ever explained?" asked Mr. Higbee, with intention.

She turned on him sharply.

"You know very well that I've never had ten minutes personal conversation with him since the day he came to say goodbye to me, more than five years ago. Of course, I've met him occasionally, at dinners and receptions. But he goes out very little and he has never called."

Mr. Higbee smiled.

"Oh, I'm not pretending to get any intimate satisfaction out of the experiment, if that's what you mean!" she observed.

He smiled again. "Well, you can hardly expect to have an exclusive psychological exhibition—at any price, Miss Bellingham!"

"Hush!" she said, unheeding. "He's getting ready to begin."

Senator Griggs was rising leisurely from his seat. His long legs straightened out with a visible undulation and he shook back from his forehead the shock of thick black hair that had straggled beyond its bounds. His face was colorless and expressionless. He hitched his shoulders erect and stood for a moment in silence.

Some of the Senators glanced up curiously from their desks, then settled back in their seats and kept their eyes upon the face of the new speaker. A few wandered in from the lobby to see how the discussion on an interesting local subsidy bill was concluding. They glanced at the man on the floor and stayed.

Senator Griggs began in an indifferent drawl, low and without inflection. His voice was unmusical, lifeless, monotonous, yet perfectly distinct in all parts of the House. His eyes, not large at any time, were half-closed, and he reviewed the measure and the previous discussion in a few slow sentences, without any show of interest. Except a small number locally concerned in the bill, the Senators began to look rather bored; but they did not resume their work and there was unusual quiet about the lobby doors.

At the end of a couple of minutes, the speaker paused suddenly.

"That's the pith of it, gentlemen," he said quietly. "Now what does it all mean?"

He threw his head forward with a quick motion and opened his eyes wide. The drawl had gone out of his voice. It was sharp and telling.

"What does it mean? Not a dozen members of the Senate have been sufficiently interested to listen to the reading of the bill. Not half a dozen will know why they vote for or against it. I admit it is a small thing to place before the consideration of this honorable body. Only a little matter which concerns the rights of a million or two of the citizens of these United States. We are just now taken up with weightier questions. We are merely waiting to shelve this measure before we discuss a knotty point in our foreign policy. We have not time for the consideration of domestic problems. The senatorial mind is too big for trivialities. In the present complications, it must look to the standing of the nation abroad. It can-

not concern itself with the unpicturesque details of a small business at home.

"Bill 628 may be in itself a small matter. That is not the question. Let me take it merely as the nearest outgrowth of a condition. Let it be this bill or any other bill that has come up before the Senate since the opening of the present session. The important matter is that it is not the only measure to meet with no interest and no consideration from the members of this body. The apathy of the Senate is the alarming thing, gentlemen, the indifference and ignorance with which we pass on measures for the well-being or the undoing of millions of the citizens with whose power we are invested, with whose rights we are intrusted. If its representatives are apathetic, well may the heart of the nation beat in apathy. And national apathy? There is no need to draw the lesson. Apathy is asleep with a fearful spell, gentlemen. It is asleep not unlike death."

The doorways of the Senate Chamber were filling quietly. There was a growing silence as the speaker went on. The people in the galleries leaned over eagerly. The older Senators smiled a little, but they listened with close attention. There was something compelling in the penetrating voice, neither raised nor lowered, in the suggestive pose of the ugly, powerful head, in the arrainging eyes. The sentences grew more terse as he continued, the significance more direct, the plea more powerfully personal. Whether or not his thought held anything of worth there was no escape from it. The audience was held by the force of the man rather than by the force of the speech.

When, with abrupt unexpectedness, he slid his long frame back behind his desk, there was a moment of silence. The Senators shook themselves free as from a physical grip, and then there was a murmur in the crowded gallery.

Miss Bellingham sat motionless.

"Think of his daring to call the whole Senate to task in his first speech!" giggled the irrepressible young lady in front of her. "Wasn't it rich? Did you notice the disgusted expression on Senator Harte's face? Griggs used to be his secretary, you know, and not an over brilliant one either. He's certainly stirred 'em up a bit, anyway. I'm awfully glad we didn't go to the matinee!"

Miss Bellingham drew up her eyebrow. But the expression in her eyes when she turned to her companion was jubilant.

"My theory or not, we've made a man!" she whispered.



Mr. Higbee looked at her quizzically. "Or was it the money?"

Miss Bellingham's eyebrow went up higher.

"You're getting more impossible every day, Mr. Higbee," she said.

"That's what I've been trying to explain to you for years, Miss Bellingham," he answered.

"But seriously," she went on hastily, "I wish you would help me to some reasonable solution of this problem. What is it? The man isn't changed. Really, he has only strengthened the very characteristics that made him so impossible five years ago—and—and—they are rather attractive. I think he's going to be a power. And he's so sure of himself! He's not brilliant, but he's strenuous, he's unconventional, he's indomitable—"

"Yes?" put in Mr. Higbee languidly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, tapping her foot angrily on the floor.

Mr. Higbee looked up at the ceiling and said nothing.

"Do make an effort to appear interested, Mr. Higbee!"

"I'm trying—to make the effort," he said humbly.

"Well, why can't you offer some explanation? I can understand that money will give a man friends, larger opportunities, self-confidence perhaps. But it can't give him character and force."

Mr. Higbee paused before he answered. "No," he said slowly, "money can't make character. But it can give a man belief in himself and enough confidence to use his force where it will tell. However, that's not so much the question with Griggs. I think, Miss Bellingham, you were a bit mistaken in your marionette. The money may have been merely the touchstone."

"It's a tissue of 'maybes,'" she said a little wearily. "Anyway, I should like to congratulate Senator Griggs! Can't you send word to have him come up here?"

He looked at her quickly, with a surprised question in his eyes.

She flushed under his look. "Don't be impertinent, Mr. Higbee!"

He bowed and left her, returning in a few minutes with the great form of the new Senator towering behind him.

Miss Bellingham held out her hand. "I feared I should not have another opportunity to congratulate you upon your heroic entrance among the great Bears of the Senate. You have proved you can bite with the best of them."

"That's the first thing we learn, Miss Bellingham," drawled Senator Griggs, all animation gone out of his face. "To show our teeth is the beginning of wisdom."

"With some of you it's both the beginning and the end," she laughed. "Now five years ago I should not have believed it of you."

"The wisdom or the teeth?" he asked indifferently, looking beyond her at a couple of disputatious Senators on the floor. "For both, Miss Bellingham, there's a great deal in having the edge sharpened."

"I'm sorry you've never given me a chance to have a hand in the sharpening," she complained in the same tone of languid banter.

He did not answer, but looked into her face with an absent-minded directness that she felt was not absent-mindedness. She grew uncomfortable under the insistence of his glance and found herself, singularly, quite at a loss for something to say to break the spell.

After a moment, he drew up his loose-hung shoulders. "Excuse me," he said abruptly. "I see Senator Hammond looking around for me. I promised to go over some amendments with him this afternoon," and without giving her time to reply, he bowed shortly and turned away.

She was red with mortification when she turned back to Mr. Higbee. "Let us go," she commanded.

Five years had taught Mr. Higbee wisdom, and he prudently refrained from speaking as they walked down the broad stairs and he handed her into her carriage.

She did not give him her hand as he closed the door, but she looked up and she caught the expression of his face.

"You won't misunderstand my preoccupation?" she asked with a little nervous laugh. "The—the truth is," she continued with unexpected solicitude, "I'm a little worried about the B. & P. Bank. I had a letter this morning from the directors and they seem a bit nervous, in their cautiously conservative way, about the panic. Everything I have is invested there, except a few thousands in railroad stock, and you know," smiling, "I'm not exactly fitted for genteel poverty."

She made a sign to her coachman and nodded a goodbye before he had a chance to answer her. "Oh, how I hate him!" she whispered as the carriage rolled away.

But she was not thinking of Mr. Higbee.

## III.

Miss Bellingham had not dreamed of worrying over the affairs of the B. & P. Bank except to meet the implication she read in Mr. Higbee's eyes. She did not give it another thought until one morning, a week later, when she took up the paper from her breakfast table to find its failure blazoned out in unescapable headlines across the front page. She stared at the words with wide, unbelieving eyes, then gazed stupidly at the familiar objects in her dining room, to draw some reassurance from their very familiarity. Finally, she read the newspaper account from beginning to end, carefully and dispassionately. There was no mistaking it. The B. & P. Bank had failed.

She rose from the table and walked over to the window, pressing her face against the cool glass. In all her life she had thought little of money. It had always poured into her hands and out again, unconsidered. It was her birthright, and she had taken it as naturally as she took her good looks, her friends, her position, the circumstances of her life. She had never imagined herself without any of these things. They seemed something in the nature of personal accomplishments.

It was not easy now to consider herself apart from them. But she did, facing the situation with strange calmness. She took a kind of grim satisfaction in slowly stripping from life the dress clothes it had always worn for her. Its nudity was not attractive. She turned it round and round in her mind like a cloak maker's model, looking at all its ugly outlines and bare unloveliness. It broke upon her inner vision with the shock of a discovery. She wondered if other people saw with the eyes with which she saw now.

Her thoughts went back to the bank. Her father had organized it, years and years ago. It bore his name. It had always stood for conservatism and solidity. "As safe as the B. & P. Bank," had been a byword for security. She idly began to imagine what her father would feel if he had lived to see its failure—her father, with his stiff-necked pride in his probity, his worship of tradition, his—

The window pane was blurred with mist. She rubbed her hand across it and looked out. The little grass plot was brown and cheerless. A solitary sparrow, shaking with cold, hopped about forlornly, peering for a crumb.

"Poor little hungry thing!" she said.

She did not know how long she stood there before a maid came up timidly behind her to say that Senator Griggs was in the drawing room and wished to know if he might see her.

"No," she answered, and then, as the girl turned to the door, "Wait, I will go to him," she added hastily.

She found him standing awkwardly in the middle of the room, his face drawn in a frown. He was too much preoccupied to notice the hand she extended, and he remained standing after she had motioned him to a chair.

"Miss Bellingham," he said after a few minutes' silence, "I was sorry to learn this morning of your ill-fortune. I understand that you are the chief stockholder and loser in the B. & P. Bank failure. I beg your pardon, but am I right?"

"Perfectly right, Senator Griggs," answered Miss Bellingham, drawing herself up a little haughtily. "If all is gone I shall have to depend on nothing but a little income something less than a thousand a year."

The Senator was plainly agitated. He was still frowning and his eyes held a smouldering which Miss Bellingham had never seen there before. "I have called," he said finally, in a dry, even voice, "to return to you,—with interest, of course,—the one hundred thousand dollars you—lent me five years ago."

Miss Bellingham felt the room swaying under her. She seemed confronted with a shameful something but no words came to her. His eyes were upon her face, challenging and accusing her.

"There's no use pretending I'm grateful," he went on presently. "I'm not. I never have been. Perhaps I am cruel to drive it home at such a time, but not more cruel than you were to me. Have you never thought what a disgraceful thing it was to use a man for a puppet, to make him go through his tricks like a performing monkey, for a whim, a caprice, a spectacle?"

"No, no!" she cried. "You wrong me. It was not that!"

"Then it was for something worse. It was to test your power—yours and your money's."

His voice and his look were pitiless. She did not attempt to defend herself against them. She did not think of making a denial. When she looked up her eyes were full of baffled questioning.

"I suspected it from the first," he said, answering her look. "I could not help hearing your last words the day I came in upon you and Mr. Higbee five years ago. The money, coming through him to me, only a few days later and without any probable explanation, brought the incident back to my mind and it rankled there,

growing from a suspicion to a certainty. Perhaps I was not such an utter fool as I looked, Miss Bellingham. At any rate," he added with grim emphasis, "it did not require a very wise man to divine what your purpose might be in hitting upon me as the subject for your experiment."

He turned away, walking the length of the room before he faced her again. "You'll wonder why I did not at once return your money, why I acted out the part. Well, I'll tell you. I determined that you should have the play, if you wished, at the same time learning that money can't bare the workings of a soul. I determined you should know it was a dangerous and uncertain game to play with men for pawns, and that it was a game that might be check-mated. So I waited my time, secure in its coming. It came, not in the way that I had expected, this morning. You will bear in mind that all this was merely a moral certainty. I had no proofs. But when I read of the bank failure this morning, I knew that not only chance but duty demanded that I should know for a surety. I went to Mr. Higbee and told him what I have told you. I demanded that he let me know the truth."

Miss Bellingham interrupted him. "Mr. Higbee had no right to divulge my secret!" she cried.

"So he thought," said Senator Griggs calmly. "I had some difficulty in persuading him that I had some rights in the matter. That is the side of the question you both seem to have overlooked. But sometimes the puppets refuse to dance, you know."

She bit her lip angrily. He stood between her and the light, holding her unwilling eyes with his.

"I have not told you all my reasons, Miss Bellingham. There is still another. Shall I tell you now?"

She shrank away, afraid. "I—I think you have told me enough, Senator Griggs," she faltered.

"What I have told you is nothing!" he answered. "The great reason remains. It was that I loved you."

There was a pause, a breathless moment. Then he went on: "Your theories didn't take that into account, I suppose, but there you have the key to it all! That's why I worked without rest. I vowed you should know me for a man and not for a toy, that some day you should come to me, that you—"

"Stop!" she cried, her eyes blazing. "How dare you—tell me of this—now?"

"Because I love you now!"

It was a defiance rather than an avowal. Miss Bellingham looked at him through a sudden mist. Then she sank into a chair and shielded her face with her hands.

"There you have the whole of it!" he resumed. "It's the one thing I've not been able to conquer. But I shall! It's only a little longer business than politics."

Miss Bellingham's face was still hidden. "Will you?" she asked, very faintly.

Senator Griggs stood suddenly still and looked down upon her. She felt rather than saw that his fingers were pulling at his coat buttons in the destructive way she remembered.

"Well?" said he at last.

She rose quickly and walked past him to the window. A whole flock of sparrows hopped briskly about the sidewalk.

"Well?" he repeated from the other side of the room.

She turned toward him, lifting one eyebrow and drawing down the corner of her mouth.

"It's such an impossible name," she said.

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### MARY VISITANT.

(Luke i, 39-47.)

ROBERT COX STUMP.

**M**AID-MOTHER! When thou hastily didst pass  
Through the "hill country," out of Nazareth,  
Bringer of blessing to Elisabeth,  
Earth, and all nature joyed; the very grass  
Took tenderer greening from thy smile, more sweet  
Than God's dew to the vales, or sunlight's heat.  
For in the expectant east, still day was young  
O'er Galilee's vined slopes of fair ascent,  
Where many a dense grape-cluster glowed and hung,  
Types of a yet undreamed-of Sacrament.

And blithelier trilled the birds for gladness sheer,  
Preluding thy Magnificat of praise;  
While lilies hidden in secluded ways,  
Learned newer modesties, thou drawing near.  
Then, tremulous from exceeding lowliness,  
Thy heart divine love's meaning understood.  
So may my soul, enshadowed by death's wing,  
Captive of sin, and peace desiring long,  
In transport know its Lord's close communing,  
And with thy voice raise jubilating song.

## THOUGHTS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

OUTSIDE ERRONEOUS OPINION OF THE GROWTH OF THE CATHOLIC  
CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

WILLIAM ELLISON.



IN the task I have set myself in writing about the vital question of the progress of Catholicism in the American Republic, I am going to speak of the false impressions I had gathered and entertained on the subject from many ill-informed sources not hostile in their adverse criticisms, but rather bemoaning sympathetically the defections and losses the Church had sustained in America from one fell cause or another.

Being an Irishman, resident in Canada, and myself a devoted son of the Catholic Church, I had the best of dispositions to glory in the onward march of Catholicism in the great Republic, which has been a place of refuge, a haven and a home for so many of my countrymen who have been driven from the land of their nativity by misgovernment and landlord tyranny, and yet I had misgivings about the real and valid success of the Church's achievements in the democratic land of freedom and independence. From my general knowledge I knew that the handful of Catholics in the Republic in 1789, Bishop Carroll's time, had grown into a compact body of 11,000,000 or thereabout at the present time, still I had a vague idea that a proportion of that number were lukewarm, indifferent, and Catholics only in name. I had it fastened in my mind that the rampant spirit of "commercialism," materialism and the dominant thirst for wealth, greed and gain had overspread the land, and that Catholics as well as non-Catholics and all of the unbelieving sects had fallen a prey to the all-consuming spirit of worldly ambition which would naturally exclude all true sentiments of religious piety and devotion. I had, of course, unfailing confidence in the Catholic stability of my own countrymen, who had drunk in pure Catholicity with their mother's milk on the sacred soil of Ireland, and that their fidelity to the faith of St. Patrick would endure to the end, but I thought it might cool in some degree by

the association with strangers in a strange land, and that the younger generations growing up amidst Protestant and Atheistical influence might forget, or become ashamed of, their sacred Catholic traditions and deny the religious beliefs of their fathers and thereby fall away from the Catholic fold; and there is no denying that, to some extent, such has been the case both in America and Canada. I speak from actual personal experience when I say that it was once my lot to reside in a very non-Catholic quarter in Ontario, and on my entry there I was anxious to connect myself with my fellow-countrymen and co-religionists and in furtherance of that object I approached or rather made inquiries of such persons as have the name of O'Hara, Boyle, McLaughlin, etc., but to my grief I found that apostasy had settled upon those distinctively Irish and Catholic names, and they paid allegiance to the various erring sects. But it has to be borne in mind that in regard to Canada and the United States the Catholic Church has in a manifold degree made up for any partial defections from the true faith by the number of new recruits and conversions to her fold.

It is given on the highest episcopal authority that for years past the conversions in the Archdiocese of Baltimore alone have averaged 700 annually, and in another diocese from 300 to 400, and these were but specimens, for the zeal of Catholic Missionaries is seen in living and energetic form everywhere in the land gathering back the strayed sheep, and hundreds from the erring creeds, into the bosom of the one saving fold. This is the fruitful outcome of the zealous labors of the clergy who preach missions to non-Catholics, explaining to them in clear terms the doctrines and principles of the true Church, without in the least offending erring susceptibilities, and this seems to be the essential need of the age for in days gone by the Catholic religion was pictured in very unsavory colors and the Protestant and unbelieving sects were only too glad to accept and propagate the calumnies and slanders uttered against the religion which dared to curb men in their sinful careers or to impose penance and atoning mortification. One of the besetting sins of Protestantism is that men need not mortify the flesh or hold the passions in check in order to attain to life hereafter. As long as men in their fallen nature and instincts to evil can take to themselves such forbidden license and yet hope to escape eternal condemnation, there will continue to be abuses and crimes which the Catholic Church must shudder at and lament with all her soul.



It is to dissipate such soul-destroying theories that the ardent Catholic Missionaries labor so hard among the multitudes who are spiritually destitute or dead, but it must be a great trial to devout priests who have been nurtured in the pure atmosphere of God's grace to have to come into contact with men and women who are totally ignorant of even the simplest truths of Catholicism, who are virtually moral lepers and outcasts; but then they know whose servants they are and the reward promised them by the Master, whose eternal recompenses are ever just and sure. They, too, remember the reception given to a Magdalen and the good that came of that act of mercy.

To get a correct idea of the gains of the Church in the Missionary field it is only necessary to refer to the works and achievements of a Father Elliott, a Father Doyle, and a Father Sutton besides many others whose names at the moment I cannot recall. It is asserted on indisputable authority that the bigotry of a half century ago is fast dying out in the United States, and yet one must dare to think that remnants of it still exist if we can judge by the animus conveyed in many of the grossly ignorant and insulting questions put to the Missionary priests through the "question box."

A great American prelate who is alike remarkable for his great scholarly attainments, up-to-date Americanism and lenient and tolerant views in all things affecting the Church's interests in America, holds to the opinion that the persecutors and libelers of the true faith are almost blameless inasmuch as they only hated and slandered a perverted representation of the Church, which bore no resemblance to the true original itself; but the question remains who painted this false picture of the saving Church of Christ, and was it done without a malicious motive and design? The very worst criminals who are tried at common law are not condemned without a hearing, while this formula of equity has been denied the Catholic Church on many occasions in the United States. We are therefore justified in concluding that the wonderful growth of Catholicism in the United States has been the work of God's fostering and protective hand; that the Church has thriven despite all the malign influences that could be set up against her by the world, the flesh, and the devil, and by the malicious opposition of the erring creeds and sects that have sought her overthrow and destruction. We admit that the constitution of the Republic was, and is, theoretically tolerant and favorable to the establishment of the Catholic religion, but what sort of fair-play have the non-Cath-

olic elements accorded to the poor Catholic immigrants from Ireland and Germany? Were they, in their helpless and isolated condition, not despised and humiliated and made to feel the disadvantages they incurred by being members of a Church bearing a foreign aspect, and which promised but faint hopes of ever harmonizing with the democratic spirit of free America.

These charges, as well as all the others of a malicious nature, which have been levelled against Christ's Church were false and unjust, because she has demonstrated her power to live and prosper under any form of government, her divine mission being to teach the Gospel of truth and thereby lift corrupt, fallen humanity to a regenerated and spiritual life, to teach men that "piety is useful to all things, having the promise of the life that is, and of the life that is to come," that it is her prerogative as well as her bounden duty to extend the boundaries of God's Kingdom on earth, and to procure the salvation of souls, as this is the express mandate she received from the Divine founder of Christianity Himself. While the above is the characteristic of the Catholic Church throughout the world, she has proved by her hundred years and more of labor in this New World that the religion of Christ, as she expounds it, is the safest foundation and surest mainstay of the social structure, that the whole spirit and teaching of Catholicism aims at the elevation and welfare of the race, the uplifting and betterment of humanity here below and especially the security of man's eternal welfare in the great hereafter. One of the distinguishing marks of the Church is her strenuous adherence to the lawful and constitutional edicts of whatever form of government obtains in the countries wherein she finds a foothold. She is the consistent upholder of popular liberty, equality, and fraternity, because she estimates these boons at their proper value, knowing full well that her adherents, who form the poorer classes in America, are the gainers in the fostering and upholding of such sacred principles of equity and justice. To a mind that can grasp the full significance of the growth of Catholicism in America during the past century the most glorious feature in the picture is the consciousness that the progress has been made under difficulties—especially during the first half of the century—which would have dismayed any institution save a divine agency which had the inherent conviction and faith to realize that its commission and purpose was to save souls no matter at what cost of labor or self-sacrifice. In the days of

early persecution of the Church by the Roman Emperors the faithful betook themselves to the Catacombs when there was not a refuge for them above ground; in the same way the Catholics of Ireland took to the caves and the mountain glens when they were hunted by English persecutors during the reign of the dreadful penal laws. When they were, in a modified form, despised, ostracised and distrusted in America they patiently bore their affronts after the example of Him "who reviled not when He was reviled" and "was led like a lamb to the slaughter." If they were German immigrants they thought of their Catholic traditions, their faith and their Fatherland; if perchance they were Irish immigrants who had to face insult for their faith, they thought of St. Patrick and the Green Isle, and they nerved themselves to suffer any humiliation rather than sacrifice one jot or tittle of their Catholic belief. They saved their little earnings and contributed their pennies to the upbuilding of churches and the support of their priests who guided them through hard roads to the paths of salvation, and to-day the keen discerners can see the Catholic Church in America resting or rather based upon the securest of all secure positions in the great Republic, viz: the love and devotion of her own adherents, who, according to reliable estimate, count not only 11,000,000 but 14,000,000, including those who received Catholic baptism and who have never formally renounced their faith by public declaration. Such results are the fruits of a special Providence and protection, and where such conditions exist trials and obstacles, no matter how ominous to human eyes, cannot retard the onward march and steady growth of true religion. At the present time the Catholic Church in the United States has thirteen or fourteen Archbishops, including two Cardinals, eighty Bishops and nearly nine thousand priests, behind whom stand the united millions of true followers, who are increasing every year. In prosecuting and fulfilling God's mandate they go forward, with the strength and confidence of successes already achieved, to make fresh conquests for the Master and for the moral and religious welfare of the Republic.

In the material and commercial world anxious eyes are turned towards America because of her great success and leading status among the nations. The progress of the Catholic Church in her midst will also be anxiously watched by European countries. The task set before the Church is gigantic but her material equipment is good while her spiritual is supernatural and her zeal warm and wide awake.

## A BOSTON LITERARY WOMAN.

AGNES G. GOLDEN.



BOSTON, as everybody knows, was once the literary centre of America. In the old days, the road of every aspiring author led to Boston, for the Boston atmosphere was supposed to be indispensable to successful literary production. Boston was the Rialto where editors and publishers most did congregate. Boston it was who took to her loving arms the puny, homeless waif of new-world literature and nursed it to health and strength and beauty.

Yet, pre-eminent as she has since become in music, art and education, it cannot be denied that the mantle of her literary supremacy has fallen upon, or rather been wrested from her, by the all-conquering metropolis. New York is now the Mecca and the paradise of authors, publishers, editors and journalists,—too often, alas! the grave of editorial ambition and literary deserving. Yet, if Boston has lost much of her one-time prestige; if there are no more Emersons, Longfellows, Holmeses and O'Reillys to shed their glory upon her, she is still entitled to bear her ancient and enduring cognomen of "literary Boston." She is to-day the abiding place of many famous authors and successful journalists and editors, and numerous indeed are the lesser lights that help to brighten her literary firmament.

The share that Catholicity has contributed and is daily contributing to the literary life of the "modern Athens" is by no means a small one. Foremost among those Boston writers who are adding power and prestige to American Catholic literature, is Miss Katherine Eleanor Conway, the well-known editor, poet and essayist. Although Miss Conway belongs to her only by adoption, Boston feels a personal pride in her possession and only regrets that she cannot claim her by right of birth.

Miss Conway was born in Rochester, N. Y. She was educated in the schools of the Sisters of Charity and of the religious of the Sacred Heart in that city and at St. Mary's Academy, Buffalo, from which institution she was graduated. During her four years' course at the last named school, she was very fortunate in having as her teacher in literature, a gifted and cultured lady who had enjoyed the acquaintance of Dickens and other famous authors. The impor-

tance of early training and education in moulding character and in forming permanent ideals of life and art is strikingly illustrated in the case of Miss Conway, for it was doubtless this same excellent teacher who first sowed in the fertile soil of the young girl's mind, those seeds that afterwards blossomed into such fine flower of literary production. She was particularly favored, also, in having as her friend the Bishop of Rochester. He became her literary mentor, creating in her especially a relish for the writings of Cardinal Newman.

Her first work both in prose and verse was published in the Rochester Daily Union. Her father's business reverses threw her on her own resources and she very naturally turned to her pen as a means of livelihood. During 1878 and 1879 she was connected with the staff of the Buffalo Catholic Union and Times, in 1880 becoming assistant editor, a position which she held for three years. In 1881 she published her first volume of poems, "On the Sunrise Slope."

It was in the summer of 1883 that she first came to Boston, in quest of health, acting during her visit as correspondent of the Union and Times. Here she was "discovered" by John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of the Pilot. He had already been much impressed by her purely literary work, and recognizing, with rare discrimination, her worth, promptly offered her, at a liberal salary, a position as one of his assistant editors on the Pilot. She accepted (in the fall of 1883 taking up her residence in Boston) and thus began that long and ideal friendship between the two, which terminated only with the death of the poet-editor. Miss Conway is still on the Pilot as associate editor with Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, who has been editor-in-chief since the death of Boyle O'Reilly in 1890. Her position is not, and never has been, a sinecure; the work is exacting and responsible, and it speaks much for her tireless activity and high mental endowments that she has found time to accomplish so much of purely literary creation.

Her first published literary work in Boston was in collaboration with Clara Erskine Clement, the art-writer, in the book, "Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints." Her later books include another volume of poems, "A Dream of Lilies," "Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly with Literary Estimate," a group of books called the "Family Sitting-room Series," with the titles as follows: "A Lady and Her Letters," "Making Friends and Keeping Them," "Questions of Honor in the Christian Life" and "Bettering Ourselves." Still later, after a European tour, appeared "New Foot-

steps in Well-trodden Ways," being sketches of travel. All of her books have been very successful and have received high praise from critics. Her latest work is a novel, "The Way of the World and Other Ways," which has met with flattering success.

Miss Conway is a member of the small and exclusive Boston Authors' Club, which fact alone would rank her as an author of high status. She has been for a number of years an active member of the New England Women's Press Association, a notable organization of clever women, which plays an important part in the literary and social life of the city. She is also the president of the John Poyle O'Reilly Reading Circle, which has become, through her leadership, the most flourishing and widely known society of its kind in the United States. Through her influence, it has had the distinction, by means of its annual lecture course, of introducing to Boston audiences, some of the most famous writers and lecturers of America. Among them may be mentioned: F. Marion Crawford, Richard Malcolm Johnston, Paul du Chaillu, the explorer, Henry Austin Adams and B. F. DeCosta, the distinguished converts. Miss Conway herself has been in great demand as a lecturer, not only in Boston, but in other cities as well. She has been a frequent visitor at the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg, N. Y.

In the present space, it is impossible (however one might wish) to make any extended critical estimate of her work as an author. Her poetry unites in a rare degree, warmth and beauty of imagination with an exalted spirituality, and is distinguished by that perfection of form that reveals the hand of the true poet. As an instance of Miss Conway at her best, here is that little gem, "Loving and Having," which you doubtless all recognize, for it is one of the most widely known and admired of her poems:

"The least of loving is in having, dear;  
To-morrow you will wake to weariness,  
And shrink, betimes, in heart-sickness and fear,  
Ah, woe! from hands that now you'd kneel to kiss.  
You'll wake to your life-dream fulfilled aghast;  
Would God, this dream, as other dreams, had passed!

The least of loving is in having. Light  
Night with a firefly; quench the flame that glows  
From thirst for the Exhaustless, Infinite,  
With the small dewdrop in the heart of a rose.  
The best of loving will be having, never,  
Till, having All, you're sure of it Forever."

Does not this little poem alone reveal, as plainly as one could wish, not only the genius of a gifted poet, but the pure heart and lofty ideals of a noble woman? There is about Miss Conway's poetry a peculiar charm, an elusive fragrance, a subtle wedding of thought and expression that remind us at times of the genius of that other woman poet—perhaps the greatest the world has ever seen—Elizabeth Barrett Browning. No less a critic than Edmund Clarence Stedman has favorably noticed Miss Conway's poetry and has included her in his volume of American poets.

Her prose style is marked by vigor, simplicity and by exquisite literary finish. In "The Way of the World and Other Ways," she has shown creative ability of high order, and a fidelity and truth to certain phases of life, that are remarkable. She has also shown us that the most fitting vehicle in prose for the expression of her gifts is the novel, which no one will deny is the most powerful and the most effective of all means of expression. No species of literature commands so wide and varied an audience, in these fiction-devouring days, as the novel; none reaches so many human hearts and minds with such power for harm or good. A gifted contributor to THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, Teresa Beatrice O'Hare, recently gave us an interesting and appreciative review of Miss Conway's novel.

Our author has a magnetic personality; her face is full of character and refinement, her smile is very winning, her complexion a clear olive, her eyes (her most striking feature) large, dark and eloquent. She is a delightful conversationalist and the quaint and delicate humor which characterizes much of her writing betrays itself spontaneously in her conversation. Her friends are legion, but it is not alone her gifts as a writer, but her sunny disposition, her rare generosity of heart and her keen sympathy for others, that have won for her so large a following of friends and admirers.

That she should be often approached by struggling young writers and literary aspirants, asking for her advice and assistance, is but natural, considering the enviable reputation she has achieved in literature. But she receives them all with invariable kindness and tact, and many a discouraged toiler she has helped to success by her advice, her sympathy and the exercise of her personal influence.

Miss Conway has a charming home in Roxbury, a suburb of Boston, where she dispenses a gracious hospitality, and no one, perhaps, has a wider acquaintance among celebrities, literary and otherwise, both local and national, than she. Her father and mother died within recent years. She is not the only gifted member of her family, for, besides a married brother, she has a sister, who lives in the far-off Argentine, where she has founded the Colegio Americano, affiliated with the University of the Argentine Republic.

## THE DRYAD.

MARIE AGNES GANNON.

## XXXIV.



AFTER the first violence of her grief was over Ruth roused herself into activity. She faced the duties of the present, resolutely refusing to allow herself to brood over either the future or the past.

"My life will be just such a one as I have been looking forward to for so long," she said to herself.

"If Bertie had told me yesterday—how long ago it seems!—that he loved Elodie, I would not have suffered as I do now. Ah! then we could have been at least friends. Now—" She must go to Mrs. Allan. She must see the doctor and Tonio. She must be a true daughter as far as she was able, and above all she must keep busy. So she went to her room and bathed her face, and arranged her hair. The face that she saw reflected in the mirror, as she stood before it, was serious, a trifle pale, but in no wise showed the storm of grief that Ruth had passed through in the last hour.

She met the doctor coming down the stairs. He looked keenly at her.

"I want a few minutes conversation with you, young lady," he said abruptly.

Ruth bowed and led the way into the small library.

"Sit down," commanded the doctor, drawing forward a chair for her, and seating himself near by. "I understand that you are the daughter of my patient?"

"I am."

"Very good. And you have been under the impression that you were an orphan until now?"

"Yes."

"I fear the revelation of your father's existence, under present circumstances, has been painful to you. I never thought there was much wisdom in your grandmother's concealing it from you. We talked the matter over several times. Well, now I have another piece of news for you of a different nature. I think your father is at this moment as sane as you are."



Ruth leaned forward, her eyes dilated ; she was unable to speak.

"Yes, I do," continued the doctor, nodding emphatically. "It is most extraordinary. He must have received a severe shock yesterday. His affliction was evidently brought on by a severe shock to the nervous system, and all these years of medical care have not done as much as this second shock has toward restoring his mental balance. It is a most interesting case. He has very little memory of the time spent in this house. He recognizes Tonio, but appears to have forgotten me, though he had come to know me in a certain way during the time I have attended him. He tells Tonio over and over again, that there is a picture of his wife in the house. He seems to have forgotten that she is dead, and we fear to tell him of that yet."

"Do you think—" Ruth stopped as if the question hurt her, then forced herself to finish—"Do you think he was insane when he—did that awful deed?"

The doctor beat a tattoo on the arm of his chair, cleared his throat, and at last answered her.

"I think we had better refer to that matter as briefly as possible," he said dryly. "If he was insane when he committed the— the deed, he must have had some shock beforehand. A shock would not help to restore a mind that had not been injured by a shock. If Mrs. Allan had left me a shadow of reason for believing it, I would think that the murder had been the cause of his insanity, not the insanity the cause of the murder. In that case—but, my dear Miss Allan, we had better let the matter rest there!"

Ruth instantly divined the whole of his thought. If her father had committed the murder while sane, if it were not the unreasoning act of a madman, then he was guiltily responsible for his deed.

The doctor evidently thought that the horror of realization after the deed had been so great as to deprive the doer of his senses. Poor Ruth shivered. Yes, it was better to let that question rest. But this other thing that the doctor had said: that he was sane—could it be? She began to ask about that.

"He does not speak of you—he does not seem to know that he has a daughter," the doctor told her, "and we must bring him to the realization of things as they exist, very carefully. Tonio knew your mother, and he says your painting resembles her. He thinks that it was the coming suddenly on that picture that gave your father the reactionary shock. Did you intend the painting for a portrait of your mother?"

"No. I know nothing about my mother except that grandma said to me once that she was very beautiful—too beautiful, she said."

The doctor rose and walked to the window.

"Well, Miss Allan," he said, turning to her suddenly, "have you nerve enough to spend some time with your father, and bring yourself gradually to his knowledge?"

"Yes," answered Ruth, though her heart gave a great painful leap at the prospect.

"Very good. I will take you to him this afternoon. Now I must go to Mrs. Allan. Will you kindly see that luncheon is prepared for the nurse and the doctor—we are important persons now, young woman!" He tried to speak gayly as he left her.

They had removed her father from the padded room with the barred windows, to a room adjoining. It looked bare and dreary, though there was comfortable furniture in it.

When Ruth went up at the doctor's summons, she thought it very cheerless. Her father was asleep, and she stood beside him, looking down at his thin, pale face. He must have been very handsome, she thought. His forehead was white and high, and so delicate and clear was the skin that she could trace every vein on his temples. His closed eyes, somewhat sunken now, were heavily lashed, and surmounted by dark, straight brows. Tonio had allowed a heavy black beard to grow almost untrimmed upon his cheeks and chin. Quickly Ruth noted all this, as she stood almost breathless beside the bed. Again she glanced round the room, then motioning Dr. Gray to follow, she stepped into the next room.

"May Tonio bring me some flowers?" she asked, "the room has such a cheerless, uninhabited look. And I have some books and pretty trifles that I would like to bring here. May I?"

Dr. Gray smiled.

"Now that's just like a woman!" he said. "Yes, of course, let Tonio bring you flowers—not too heavily fragrant—none of your lilies, or things of that sort. Some roses and bright, spicy things."

Ruth gave her order to Tonio, who seemed pleased, and went quickly to do her bidding. Then she ran down to her own room, while Dr. Gray waited beside her father. She returned in a short time, and disposed of her armful of treasures here and there about the room, until the place began to look homelike and cheery. The flowers Tonio brought added the finishing touch, and Ruth felt a little thrill of girlish satisfaction at the result, so that her eyes had some of their old light as she turned toward the doctor with an inquiring glance for his approval.

"Very good," he said, "just the thing. Now sit down near him. Be very careful how you answer his questions. Avoid anything sudden. That is all the instruction I shall give you. I depend entirely on your own good judgment for the rest. Tonio and I will be in the next room; if you need either of us, call."

Then he went out and left her. Ruth sat near the sleeping man, her heart beating faster and faster as the minutes went by so silently. After half an hour she ceased to study her father's face, and her thoughts went whirling about among the events of the last days, now settling here, now there, like startled birds. Was her dear Dryad like her mother? She recalled the beautiful yet wild face with a sort of exultation. If it was true that her mother had looked like that she had been unusually beautiful. She whispered the word to herself: "Mother!" Then suddenly the remembrance of the awful tragedy that had cut short that young life, rushed on her mind. She looked at the sleeping man with a cold horror in her blood. She went over Dr. Gray's words: "I would think the murder had been the cause of his insanity, not the insanity the cause of the murder."

Her eyes fixed themselves with dreadful intensity on the face of the sleeping man.

"Sane or insane, he did it!" she said to herself, and a shiver passed through her. "In taking her life he has ruined mine!" she went on bitterly, while the pain of her parting with Bertie grew cruelly stronger. How long the day had been! It was not yet passed. How could she live through the endless days to come? She must not let herself think—that much was certain. She took up a book and, with all her will, tried to read.

After a while the sleeper stirred. Ruth dropped her book and watched attentively for the moment of waking. Her father turned his head restlessly from side to side, then suddenly opened his eyes wide upon her. They both remained an instant motionless, gazing into each others eyes, but Ruth recovered herself quickly.

"You have slept well," she said evenly, in a low tone, "do you not feel better?"

He continued to gaze at her in silence for a full minute more.

"Did you have pleasant dreams?" she asked seeing he would not answer her first query.

He turned his face from her and caught sight of the flowers.

"No," he said, "I had horrible dreams!"

Then looking on her face again, he asked: "Who are you?"

"I am Ruth," she answered in the same quiet manner, though she felt as if her heart were bursting, and that she must run from the room.

"Ruth, Ruth," he repeated softly to himself. Then after a pause: "Where am I?"

"In your mother's house."

"Ah! I have been sick. Have I had a fever?"

"You have been very ill indeed."

"Does Miriam—"

"I must call the doctor now—you must not talk much yet." Ruth went into the next room and told Dr. Gray what had passed.

"Good, good!" he said, "could not be better." With that he went into the room. "Well, Allan," approaching the invalid, "you are coming around splendidly." Taking his wrist with finger and thumb the doctor looked into his patient's eyes.

"Why do you call me Allan—that is not my name," said the invalid.

"Pulse normal and eyes clear," declared Dr. Gray. "Good! We will have you up and about very shortly. Miss Ruth, we shall not need you now, and you had better go into the garden for a while. After that try and rest. We shall need you to-morrow."

Ruth went down the stairs slowly. She intended to stop in her grandmother's room, but Rita met her at the door, finger on lip, so she passed on into the garden. It was evening, and a hazy grayness was settling over everything. Ruth went to the gate, pushed it open and walked across the road remembering the first day she had seen Bertie. How very long ago it seemed! A party of people was coming down the road, and she wondered at it a little. Probably they were strangers. She didn't think they had seen her, and she felt that she did not want to see or be seen by any one. So she went into the shadow of the red berry bushes that still grew there. She had hidden her face in her hands after making a survey of the small party and perceiving that there were two men who walked together, and two women. She heard their footsteps on the board walk; she heard their voices, low and earnest, as though they were talking very seriously. Then came a pause in footsteps and voices, and Ruth involuntarily looked up. They had stopped before the great gate of the garden, and were about to enter. Ruth sprang from her hiding place in terror.

"They must not! they must not!" she muttered breathlessly, as she hurried across the road.

"This is a private garden," she cried out sharply, "no one is admitted here!"

The ladies turned quickly. One held out her arms toward Ruth.

"My dearest!" she said, and then Ruth saw that it was Christina, and that the lady with her was Mrs. Liscomb. She turned to the men. One was Capt. Marden, the other Mr. Evans. Something had happened to Bertie, thought poor Ruth, and they had come to tell her. Everything dreadful was coming at once!

"What has happened?" she asked in a strained voice.

"Come into the house, Ruth dear," said Mrs. Liscomb. "We have a long story to tell you, but we bring no bad news; do not look so distressed."

Capt. Marden put his hands on Ruth's shoulders, and stooping, kissed her.

"No need to fear anything now, child," he said, "it will soon be fair sailing, I warrant you."

She sighed, somehow unreasoningly reassured by the words, and feeling no surprise at the unusual show of affection on his part.

"Did you get our letter, Miss Ruth?" asked Bob, shaking hands with her.

"Letter—no, I have not received any letter."

"I thought you didn't. It is just as well! Oh, we have the greatest news to tell you dear!" broke in Christina.

Bob looked about the garden with interest.

"There," he exclaimed, pointing to a place on the walk around the house, "there, I believe, under that window, is the very spot, where I picked up the miniature."

Capt. Marden nodded.

"I still believe," he said, taking Bob's arm, "that we shall find that Christina's friend, Mrs. Allan, is Miriam's mother-in-law, Mrs. Howard. It seems impossible, I admit—but we shall soon see."

Ruth suddenly stood still in the path.

"I cannot take you to the house," she said, "I do not know what to do!"

"You must take us—or rather we must go to the house, Ruth," said Capt. Marden firmly. "There is very much to talk over and to explain."

Ruth helplessly led the way into the parlor. Rita lighted the two great lamps, for it was now dark, and then she flew off to tell Tonio about the visitors.

## XXXV.

"Now," began Capt. Marden, when Rita had left the room, "tell me, Ruth, who is here beside your grandmother, yourself and the little maid that has gone out?"

"The doctor, and—Tonio," answered Ruth with dry lips. She stood leaning on the back of a chair, fearing everything.

"I am glad the doctor is here. I want to see Mrs. Allan, and I can ask him to bring it about nicely, without alarming her. Child," he continued, shaking her a little, "don't look so terrified. We are not come to do you or your grandmother harm! Have confidence in me—Mr. Evans will tell you what has happened, while I go and explain things to your grandmother. Now, take me to the doctor, and let me do my part of setting things right!"

Ruth's face was deadly pale when she left the room with the Captain.

"She looks dreadfully," said Mrs. Liscomb, when the door closed behind them. "What can it be that makes her act so strangely? Bertie said it was the same way this morning. There must be another mystery here."

"The captain's way is best," said Bob. "He will see Mrs. Allan, and in the meantime I will tell Miss Ruth what has been discovered. I wish she did not look so utterly broken down."

Ruth returned.

"I am ready now, Mr. Evans," she said, and seated herself opposite him.

"Capt. Marden had a young sister," began Bob abruptly, "who married a Mr. Howard. About four years after her marriage she was murdered."

Ruth started forward in her chair, and clasped her hands tightly.

"Why are you telling me this?" she demanded, trembling from head to foot.

"Because you must know it to understand what follows," answered Bob. "On the night that his wife was murdered Mr. Howard was drowned. His mother and daughter disappeared after the funeral. Capt. Marden was away for years, and the terrible occurrence dropped into oblivion, until he returned, and commenced investigations. On the day you returned from Europe, Miss Ruth, I placed in his hands the full confession of the murderer, together with some articles which he had stolen from his victim. Among them was a piece of gold chain which he had wrenched from the neck of the unfortunate lady. That piece of

chain and the one you used to wear, which Mrs. Marden produced, fitted together exactly. You are just the age that Capt. Marden's niece would be. In short, Capt. and Mrs. Marden hope to prove that you are their niece."

Christina took from a small handbag she carried, the two pieces of the chain.

"Here they are, Ruth. You always said this bit of chain had been your mother's!"

Ruth took the chain, and looked into Christina's face with a bewildered, almost hunted look. She thought of but one terrible thing—that they had come to take her father! She passed over what Bob had said about Mr. Howard's having been drowned. She realized that everything pointed pretty clearly to the fact that she was the child of the murdered woman. But there was a confession! How horribly everything was mixed up! If her father had written a confession it must have been immediately after the murder—in that case he must have been sane!

"Are you distressed to be my niece?" asked Mrs. Marden at last, trying to laugh. "Come, Ruth, I am not such a dreadful, terrible aunt! And Larry—why he is delighted that it is you. He has always been fond of you."

Ruth made a great effort to control her grief and fear. Perhaps they did not know that her father was in the house. She must be very prudent and watchful.

Capt. Marden returned to the parlor looking as though he could laugh or cry, one as easily as the other.

"I have seen Mrs. Allan," he said, "and she is Mrs. Howard. I saw Ruth's painting, and it is an idealized portrait of Miriam." He put his hands on Ruth's shoulders as he had done in the garden. "Cheer up, little one," he said to her, "your grandmother told me all that she told you—Ruth, your father is as innocent of your mother's death as you are!"

She looked into his face with wide, questioning eyes, then drawing a long, quivering breath she fell back senseless.

Mrs. Liscomb and Christina sprang to assist her. Bob and the captain left the room, one to get "some water, or something," and the other to get the doctor. But Ruth's youthful buoyancy was the best assistant she could have, and she soon revived under the united ministrations of the two ladies.

When she recovered they all went to Mrs. Allan's, or more properly speaking, Mrs. Howard's room, for she was eager to hear all.

Mr. Evans, in his lawyer like way, explained that the confession he was about to read them had been placed in his hands by one Billy Tennyson, together with a letter which proved the genuineness of the confession. He read the letter first. It began without date or heading.

"Billy, you are a smart one. You have been kind to me, and very few in this world have been kind to me from disinterested motives. I am grateful to you after my own fashion, and in my own way I intend to prove my gratitude. I will tell you where you can obtain the information that you have tried to get from me. I have only a short bit on the road of life to go. When I am dead Moll Bushwick will give you this. She has sworn to me that when what she has to tell you cannot harm herself, she will give you full information about Bruce. The man haunts me—I hate to write his name. I would tell you all now, for it seems sometimes that I must shout it aloud—but for Moll. She knows what I write here, and I have promised for you that you will not trouble her about this. If you do she is released from her oath, and will tell you nothing. We two, Moll and I, have helped each other through life. It would be treachery on my part now, if I lifted the weight entirely off myself and put it on her. This will surely answer for a confession on my part. When you read this I will be already judged. I never said that there was no God, for I have never succeeded in thinking that. I have lived without Him, and the only mercy I can hope for, and ask for now, is that He will ignore me, and let me pass into nothingness. Your search for Bruce has frightened me with the thought that my deeds might live after me in effect, and if this were so I fear I could not pass into nothingness. I am doing all in my power to take the responsibility of my life with me, that I may obtain the mercy of becoming as if I had never been.

J. T. REYNOLDS.

Then Bob took up the confession:

"I, Moll Bushwick, knowing that I am about to die, and according to a promise made to John Reynolds, now dead, make this confession of my own free will, and swear that it is true.

"In the year 1873 I was in the employ of Miss Miriam Marden, as maid, from February until December. During that time Giovanni Fontana, an artist and Italian, came often to the house. He always spoke gently and pleasantly to me when he met me, and gentleness was something I had never had too much of. I fell in love with him. I would have lost my soul for him. But



he never cared for me. He loved Miss Miriam. One night, when I had been thinking over things until I was desperate a wild plan came to my mind. I followed Mr. Fontana home, and after waiting a short time after he went in, I rang the bell and asked to see him on business. He was surprised to see me, and began asking about Miss Miriam. I told him that I had come because I loved him. He spoke sternly and sharply to me—I will never forget his words and look. Then he walked up and down the floor, muttering, 'Strange, strange!' After a while he took a large sum of money from his pocket and offered it to me, saying: 'I am sorry for you, my poor girl. Take this, leave your present place and go where you will not see me—where you may be cured of this most foolish infatuation.' At first I felt like dashing the money into his face. Then swift as a flash the thought came to me to take it and use it for revenge. For when he seemed not to care that I loved him—to blame me for telling him—I began to hate him. So I took the money and went out. I packed my things that night, and told Miss Miriam I was going to leave. She was surprised, but only said coldly: 'Very well.' I think she did not like me, and I know I never liked her, she was so proud. I watched Fontana, I got employed in the house where he lived. I entered his rooms often, without his knowledge, of course, for he did not know I was in the house. He had painted several pictures of Miss Miriam, and I hated her face as I hated her, so that I could scarcely keep from tearing up the canvas that he had painted it on. I told the man Reynolds all about it. I met Reynolds shortly after leaving Miss Miriam. I was desperate and we helped each other in evil deeds, for what one did not think of the other did. It was Reynolds who said that perhaps I could make use of the pictures Fontana had painted of his sweetheart to revenge myself by breaking up all between them. I wrote a letter to Miss Miriam, which Reynolds copied for me, telling her that Fontana had boasted of her love for him, and that he was in the habit of disposing of her portraits to any man who wished to buy them. In proof of this assertion I stole a small picture of her from his room, and said it had been sold for a dollar, that the letter and picture were sent to her by a friend, that Fontana was a villain, that he had induced her maid to leave her, and so on. The letter was a success. Miss Miriam sent Fontana off, and in a very short time she married a Mr. Howard. Fontana was wretched. He became sick. He neglected his orders and pictures. I felt a little sorry for him then, and

went to him again, thinking he might receive me differently. But he spurned me with terrible words. Reynolds and I became partners then in earnest. After a few years Mrs. Howard came back to New York—she had gone abroad after her marriage—and I got employment in the kitchen that I might watch her. She did not recognize me. Indeed she was so high and mighty she scarcely looked at the help. She seemed happy and gay. And all the time my heart was so full of hate that I suffered tortures day and night. If it had not been for her, Fontana might have cared for me. If my circumstances had been different I could have been as fine as she was. And so I kept thinking all the time, until at last I hit on another plan. I wrote another letter, and Reynolds copied it as before. In this one I told her that all that had been said in the first one was false. That her husband, being jealous of Fontana, had paid for the writing of the letter and for stealing the picture from Fontana's room. There were terrible times then in the grand house! She was like a tigress to her husband. They thought she was ill. So she was indeed. A few nights after that I was telling Reynolds about all her jewelry and how carelessly she left it around her room. He had been drinking heavily, and his eyes blazed at my description.

“‘I don't see why I couldn't make use of some of those jewels, Moll,’ he said, and then the idea took possession of us. We planned a way to get into her room. Reynolds was to commit the robbery. I simply hid him in the house. When he thought Mrs. Howard was asleep he went into the room. But she was not asleep, and she sat up in bed, looking at him with those wild eyes of hers in a way that terrified him. He sprang at her, and struck her with a mallet he had taken with him in case he would have to defend himself. She fell back instantly without uttering a sound. He did not know whether she was dead or merely stunned. He heard some one coming, so he grasped the chain around her neck, and it broke in his hands. He picked up from the bureau what he supposed to be a jewel-case, and ran for his life. He had scarcely gone out through the door when some one entered by another. Reynolds was like one possessed that night. He went to 31st street dock, to throw the mallet into the water, and to examine the casket and chain. He heard some one whistling a popular tune, and concealed the casket hurriedly. It was a printer named Bruce, and he had been drinking. ‘Don't hide your treasure, Reynolds,’ he said. ‘Let's see what you have there.’ And then Reynolds seized him, mad with

fear. He told me this after it all happened. He said he felt a delight in killing that night—it was like a sudden insanity. He beat Bruce unmercifully, and when he fell at last, unable to make any resistance, he threw him into the water. He made nothing by that night's work, for there was nothing in the box but three letters. I took the chain from him, and kept it, to hold over him, and he never dared to destroy the jewel-box or letters. I used to threaten to tell of this, and at other times he would threaten me. That is why we kept the useless bit of chain, and the box and letters. This is the whole truth."

Bob folded the paper and handed it to Capt. Marden.

Ruth covered her face with her hands and wept. It was very terrible, but less so than she had thought an hour ago. Her father was innocent! The taint of guilt was no longer on her!

A long silence followed the reading of Moll's confession. Then Dr. Gray said Mrs. Howard must be left in quiet. She was very much fatigued with all the excitement, but though her eyes were wet she murmured continually: "Thank God, oh thank God!"

When they left her and went back to the parlor Capt. Marden told them what he had learned from Mrs. Howard.

"It must have been shortly after Reynolds escaped that Mrs. Howard heard a noise in Miriam's room, and hurrying in there, she saw the poor girl lying back, her head crushed, and her husband—Mrs. Howard's son—bending over her, talking to her. She became terrified and asked her son sharply who had done this. He cried out wildly that he had done it. He was a raving maniac. Then Mrs. Howard determined to shield him and save him at any price. She took him into her own room, and drugged him. She was well versed in medicine, and risked the result. She kept him under the influence of the drug until she brought him here—a terrible thing to have done, but the only way she could keep him hidden. On the morning following the murder she gave it out that her son had not been home since going out in answer to a note, which, it is needless to say, she herself had written. Then word came to her that a body had been found in the East river, and the clothes were marked with her son's name. She knew instantly that the body was that of Robert Bruce, her sister's son. He resembled his cousin very much, only he was darker and stouter. The clothes he had on Howard had given him. He was a reckless, dissipated fellow, this Bruce, and had been a great trial to his aunt. When she heard of his death

by drowning, and the recovery of the body at 31st street—the very place she had chosen to designate as the place of meeting in the note she had written—she was almost wildly glad that he had died, just at this time, and in this way. I believe the poor woman became crazed herself, with grief and fear, for she certainly carried out things with an ingenuity a sane person could hardly have displayed. The body of Bruce was buried as that of her son. She took Tonio, her son's valet, into her confidence. He was devoted to his master. He aided Mrs. Howard to buy this place. He arranged for the removal of his poor master to a house of a compatriot of his, Tonio's. From there they easily brought him here. He procured the doctor for him; in fact he has done everything for his master's welfare that he could. Once here, they stopped giving drugs to Howard, and he became violently wild. On the night Mr. Evans visited this place by moonlight he broke away from Tonio, and threw things about at a lively rate. And then, Ruth, here, paints her mother's portrait without knowing it, and the shock of seeing it is likely to bring back her father's reason!" The captain paused, breathless with the rapidity with which he had related the strange events.

"But I do not understand how Helen turned from Mrs. Allan into Mrs. Howard," said Christina. "She married Capt. Allan immediately after leaving school."

"I can tell you," said Capt. Marden; "She went to England. Capt. Allan lived but a few months, and after a year Mrs. Allan met the elder Mr. Howard, fell in love with him and was married to him. You did not hear from her or of her for years. That was why she thought of bringing Ruth to you when it was time for her to go to school. She resumed the name of Allan, known to none of her acquaintances at that time, as being safer, and she knew that you were ignorant of her second marriage."

"It is a strange history!" commented Christina.

"By the way, Ruth," said Capt. Marden, turning to her, "your first name is Marie, but your grandmother always called you by your second name, Ruth. Your small ladyship was known to most of us as 'May.'"

"I like the second name," answered Ruth, and then she flushed from throat to forehead, because the reason why she liked the old-fashioned name was that Bertie had always called her by it.

It was long after eight o'clock, and Ruth, with Rita's aid, prepared a plenteous supper for the unexpected guests.

Every one was too deeply impressed with the recently disclosed tragedy for the meal to be a gay one, but at the same time all were glad, for Ruth's sake, that the more terrible thing she had believed, was so completely disproved. So it was a cheerful gathering around the table, if not a merry one.

Though Ruth's heart was lightened of its heavy sorrow, her head throbbed painfully. She wondered if Dr. Gray would let her sit with her father through the night. She felt like running up the stairs now, that she might be near that father who had suffered so long, and so much. She would make up to him in the future for her poor mother's want of love for him. But after supper Dr. Gray decided to accept Marden's offer to take charge of the invalid.

"It will be just the thing," the doctor said, "to bring back his recollection of past times, to have some one connected with those times near him."

"Well, then," spoke up Mrs. Liscomb quickly, "may I not take Ruth home with me? She need have no fear but that her grandmother will be well taken care of by this good friend!" laying her hand on Mrs. Marden's arm, as she mentioned her.

"It is a very good arrangement," said the doctor, looking at Ruth over his spectacles, "a very good arrangement. Don't talk all night, though."

They both protested at this, but promised not to talk much, and Ruth was soon on her way to Bertie's home, with her hand tucked under the arm of Bertie's mother. Neither of them had said a word about him, but with that subtle telegraphy of intuition, that exists only among women, Ruth knew that Mrs. Liscomb wanted to bring her to her home that she might see him that night; for Mrs. Liscomb knew how her boy had suffered during the day; she saw and realized Ruth's sufferings also. And she would not have the two young hearts yearning and longing for the explanation that would give hope to both of them, one minute longer than need be.

Bob Evans talked very interestingly all the way home on several topics, but neither Ruth nor his sister could ever recall afterward what those topics were.

The moon was rising, and as they came near the house they discerned a figure at the gate.

"Bertie!" called his mother, and by the happy vibration in her voice the boy knew that all was well.

"How is Ruth?" he asked, coming forward eagerly.

"Here to speak for herself," answered Mrs. Liscomb.

Without a word, and without hesitation, Bertie enfolded the tired girl in his arms.

"Come, Bob," said Mrs. Liscomb, "they'll find the way into the house presently. Heigh-ho! So I went with you on your first visit to the Tower house after all!"

A week later, in the early dawn, Ruth stood by her father's bedside. A priest had been hastily summoned, and had just gone.

Mrs. Howard knelt beside her dying son, her head bowed down. Ruth knelt beside her, and the rising sun suddenly lit up the room with golden glory.

Tonio began to recite the solemn prayers for a soul departing.

"Poor mother," said the dying man, trying to smile at her as she raised her head at his words. He turned his head a little to look at Ruth also. He knew now that she was his daughter.

Tonio's voice went steadily on for a short time after this. He ceased and there was a terrible silence.

"Come," Tonio then said to Mrs. Howard, "he is safe and at rest. Our work for him is at an end!"

The faithful fellow suddenly hid his face, and his strong, lean body quivered. But he was too unselfish to yield to his own grief long, and soon rose to his feet, after kissing the crucifix and the cold fingers that held it.

Ruth looked at him through her tears, with admiration and affection.

"My father loved you, Tonio," she said softly, as she took his strong, rough hand, "and I will too—always!"

(To be continued.)

### AFTER RELEASE.

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.

**I** HAVE promised my soul, to her joy, that in the release drawing nigher  
Fair Aprils shall laugh in her eyes, glad morns like young lovers move by her;  
That, plashed with the white dew's of May, her feet shall run cool thro' the  
grasses—

Gray meadow-larks winging and singing in jubilant dawns as she passes;  
And O, the deep hours for love shall be ours 'mid young violets trembling!  
And O, the deep hours for prayer, at dusks, amid white doves assembling!

I have promised my soul she shall rest, a thurible golden and fragrant,  
On altars of love at high noon, at twilight slip, rapt in dreams vagrant,  
To portals whence light is poured down to watchers by shrines chaste as lilies—  
After release and retreat from sharp conflicts where bitterest ill is;  
And O, the white thoughts that shall come, like larks out of dawn, winging,  
singing!

And O, the fair prayers that shall rise like white doves assembling, upwinging!

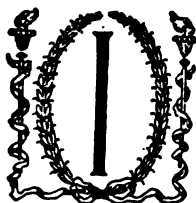


**THE HON. WM. BOURKE COCKRAN.**

## THE HON. WM. BOURKE COCKRAN.

SOME LESSONS FROM A STRENUOUS, NOBLE LIFE.

E. LYELL EARLE.



I was on the eighteenth floor of one of New York's sky-scrapers, in a large office overlooking the beautiful New York harbor that I interviewed the Hon. Bourke Cockran for THE ROSARY MAGAZINE.

As I stood at the window while he was running through his voluminous mail, for he is a busy man, I watched the rush of the mighty city below, in the most throbbing district of the most throbbing city in the world. Wall street, with its army of money venders; the sub-treasury looming up white in the distance; the 'changes with their hungry hordes of restless gamblers; Broadway the pulse artery of the great city; "Newspaper Row" where the scribe toils day and night in his rush to gather and fling the news broadcast; the omnipresent beggar and cripple, all these were a constant picture being wrought out daily and hourly beneath the window of this lofty office building. It is a great school of the actual as opposed to the desired ideal of life. And no doubt in this school Bourke Cockran learns many of the real lessons of life which make him pre-eminently a man of action and of fact.

If you have never had the good fortune of seeing Bourke Cockran, no description, no picture can portray him to you. There's a calm joyousness in his manner, a fixed life-purpose beaming from his large dark eyes, a strong will power leveraged in his long firm jaw, a vast intellectual dynamic energy in his immense head, and all of these are focused into action in an athletic, well kept physical structure. At first sight he gives you the impression of reserve, of latent and potential energy rather than of active vigorous force. All these, however, soon leap into act, and the man lives and glows and becomes enthusiastic and convinces you by the ardor and strength of his views.

Mr. Cockran is still a young man. He was born in County Sligo, Ireland, Feb. 28, 1854. In 1871 he came to America a



young man of seventeen, with all the innocence, ambition and native energy that make the Celt a master the world over, when these powers have proper scope. His preparation for life had been made under the influences of Irish faith and Irish hope, and they bore the fruit of sweet Irish charity, as we shall see in his active life.

For several years after his arrival in this country, Mr. Cockran taught school, improving himself while developing the youthful mind and character of his pupils.

But the great questions in which the Irish Catholics shall ever take an active part, especially here in New York City, fired the soul of the young man to broader fields of action. There was no better opening than that of law where he could proclaim and defend the rights of his fellowmen, and have a personal say in what these laws should be. By diligent private study he prepared himself and passed the bar examinations with honor, and launched forth at once into public life, in which he has been no silent, idle figure. The preparation had been thorough, rational and healthy, the foundation was broad, deep and solid, and the superstructure is noble, glorious and inspiring.

Scarcely had he come into public life when men were attracted by the earnestness of purpose and rareness of worth manifest in the man. They saw him, listened to him speak, and were conquered. Nature had marked him as a leader of men, and men were not slow in recognizing the sacred sign of true greatness.

In 1891 he was elected to Congress, and his virgin speech immediately pointed him out as another proof of the deathless vitality of Irish eloquence. He was re-elected in 1894 and until the prostitution of true Democracy to Silver and Populism in 1896 he was the foremost advocate of the immortal principles of Jefferson on which true Democracy is built. It was while in Congress he had his first tilt with Wm. Jennings Bryan, whose defeat he, more than any other man in the United States, brought about.

Of Mr. Cockran as an orator we could write more than the enterprising editor of THE ROSARY will allow us space for. I had the good fortune to report, among many others, two of Mr. Cockran's greatest successes as a public speaker. The first was in stampeding the New York State Convention at Saratoga, N. Y., for Governor to David B. Hill. The second his answer to Wm. Jen-

nings Bryan in 1896 at Madison Square Garden, N. Y. City. I shall allude to both of these somewhat in detail, as they bring out the ability of the man both as an extemporaneous speaker, and as an orator with time and subject assigned to effect a particular purpose.

I shall never forget the enthusiasm of the delegates at the Saratoga Convention in 1885, when Mr. Cockran, who was then but thirty-one, leaped upon the table in the centre of the hall and forced Hill to take the nomination. Several ballots had been cast without success. Hill had refused absolutely to be considered a candidate. Cockran leaped upon the table and in the most impassioned speech I had ever heard lifted the delegates to their feet with wild cries of "Hill, Hill, Hill."

The "Sage of Wolfort's Roost," as he has since been called, rose slowly from his seat, and made his way toward the rostrum determined to stem the torrent that was sweeping him into the Gubernatorial chair. As he walked down the aisle through the clamoring delegates, Cockran, still on the table, waved his hand for silence and in an instant every man was hushed. When Hill came in front of the table Cockran stopped him, and for about three minutes we listened to one of the most beautiful and touching appeals man ever uttered. Hill looked at the speaker, looked over the immense convention, turned his back on the platform and started for his seat. He was won, and to a man the votes were cast for him for Governor.

#### COCKRAN AND BRYAN.

As I remarked above, Mr. Cockran had occasion to meet Wm. Jennings Bryan in the debates of the United States Congress. At Madison Square Garden, Aug. 18, 1896, he answered Bryan's famous or infamous speech called the "Cross of Gold." It was right after the wild Chicago Convention when men were silver mad, and Bryan was apparently sweeping old staid Democracy in its frantic course. There was not an empty seat in that vast amphitheatre, which holds twenty thousand people. The night was intolerably hot, yet no man left till Bourke Cockran had concluded the oration which is a classic, and which placed him in the foremost rank of American orators.

All the great latent energy of the man was called into life on this occasion. It was a last appeal to the jury of his fellow-Democrats to save the honor of Democracy. As this is one of Cockran's greatest speeches we shall quote from it to show his style and manner of treating a subject:

"On this question honest men cannot differ. It is one of morals and justice. It involves the existence of social order. It is the contest for civilization itself. If it be disheartening to Democrats and lovers of free institutions to find an issue of this character projecting into a presidential campaign, this meeting furnishes us with an inspiring truth of how that issue will be met by the people. A Democratic convention may renounce the Democratic faith but the Democracy remains faithful to the Democratic principles. Democratic leaders may betray a convention to the Populists but they cannot seduce the footsteps of Democratic voters from the pathway of honor and justice. A candidate bearing the mandate of a Democratic convention may in this hall open a canvass leveled against the foundations of social order but he beholds the Democratic masses confronting him organized for defense.

"The people of this country will not change the institutions which have stood the tests and experiences of a century for institutions based upon the fantastic dreams of Populists agitators."

"Underlying the whole scheme of civilization is the confidence men have in each other, confidence in their integrity, confidence in their honesty, confidence in their future. If we went to a silver coinage to-morrow, if we even debased our standard of value, men say that you would still have the same property you have to-day, you would still have the same soil, you would still have the same continent. And it is true. But so did the Indians have the same rivers that roll past your cities and turn the wheels of commerce as they pass. So were the mountains piled full of mineral treasures four hundred years ago. The same atmosphere enwrapt this continent, the same soil covered the fields, the same sun shone in heaven and yet there was none but the savage pursuing the pathway of war through the trackless forests, and the rivers bore no living thing except the Indian in his canoe, pursuing a pathway of destruction. There was no industrial co-operation, because the Indian was a savage, and did not understand the principle by which men aid each other, by taking from the bosom of the earth the wealth which makes life bearable and develops the intelligence which makes civilization. Anything that attacks that basis of human con-

fidence is a crime against civilization and a blow against the foundations of social order. \* \* \* We believe that the very essence of civilization is mutual interest, mutual forbearance, mutual co-operation. We believe the world has passed the time when men's hands are at each other's throats. We believe to-day that men stand shoulder to shoulder, working together for a common purpose, beneficial to all, and we believe that this attempt to assail wages, which means an attempt to attack the prosperity of all, will be resisted, not by a class, but by the whole nation. The dweller in the tenement house, stooping over his bench, who never sees a field of waving corn, who never inhales the perfume of grasses and of flowers, is yet made the participator in all the bounties of Providence, in the fructifying influence of the atmosphere, in the ripening rays of the sun, when the product of the soil is made cheaper to him every day by the abundance of the harvest. It is from his share in this bounty that the Populists want to exclude the American workingman. To him we say, in the name of humanity, in the name of progress, you shall neither press a crown of thorns upon the brow of labor, nor place a scourge upon his back. You shall not rob him of any one advantage which he has gained by long years of study, of progress in the skill of his craft, and by the careful organization of the members who work with him at the same bench. You shall not obscure the golden prospect of a further advance in his condition by a further appreciation of the cost of living as well as by a further cheapening of the dollar which is paid to him."

I will add a few excerpts from his answer to Bryan at the Chicago Conference of Trusts held September 13-16, 1899. They will serve as examples of his close, correct reasoning by which he convinces the intellect before he attempts to move the will.

"I said yesterday that I have been suffering through every portion of this discussion from that dangerous intoxication of phrases which seems sufficient to maintain magnificent periods, but leaves us when all is over in such a state of mental bewilderment that we don't quite know what we have been talking about. I can understand how these phrases often produce great effect. Nothing frightens people so much as incomprehensible noises. Let an unaccountable noise be heard here now, and in a second we would all be trying to escape by the windows. Men may be put to intellectual as well as physical flights by the terrifying influences of sound. If, however, we are to succeed in making any recom-

mendation of the slightest value to our fellow-citizens we must at the outset compose our nerves and endeavor by the use of plain language to ascertain the precise nature of our industrial condition. Are we prosperous or are we suffering? Is anybody injured, and by whom? Has this octopus of which we hear so much taken possession of anybody or anything? On whom or on what is it preying? Where is its lair?

"Mr. Bryan appears to think that the prosperity of the people, or, in other words, the amount of wealth which they can create is a sordid question. A sordid question! Why, upon the volume of production every form of prosperity, industrial, or material, depends. Could the poet spend his days musing on the sublime and beautiful, if the necessities of life were not supplied to him from the commodities produced by others? Must not the philosopher, surveying the wide expanse of the heavens, depend for his telescopes and mathematical instruments upon other hands whose labor he reinforces by his discoveries? Could the physician spend days and nights at the bedside of suffering, relieving pain and fighting death, if the food that supports him, the house that shelters him, the clothes that promote his comfort, and the medicines that reinforce his skill, were not produced by the industry of other men whom he has never seen? Does not the painter use the labor and ingenuity of a thousand persons in the pigments and paints with which he reproduces on canvas the conceptions of his dreams? Is not the marble which the sculptor fashions into the semblance of life, the product of a ruder toil? Which of us can live independently of his fellows? Who can labor intelligently for his own benefit without contributing to the prosperity of this industrial partnership binding us all together in the great scheme of co-operation which is at once the object and the vital principle of civilized life?"

I found Mr. Cockran ready to discuss any topic I proposed to him. Of these I shall select only a few of the more important.

#### EDUCATION.

"The greatest evil of modern education," said Mr. Cockran, is the absence of the true, uniform ideal of the perfect man. This is a natural result of the variety or absence of religious principles of life and education. Among so many God is either ignored or banished from the school-room. His name is mentioned with an apology. Many schools have descended to a worse than pagan

utilitarianism or commercialism. Catholic schools are discriminated against in their graduates, in a denial of their share in the revenues of the state, to which they have a just claim. It is a petty species of taxation without representation. The only thing for Catholic schools to do is to go on upholding, as always, man's true ideal in education, and at the same time equalling every advance made in mere instruction. As an actual fact I believe many of our higher schools are doing this, and it is only a question of time when the justice of the Catholic claim to a share in educational funds will place Catholic schools on an equal plane with public schools in material advantages, equipment and revenue.

"The Catholic Church has always been," he continued, "the mother of education. Under her tutelage and tutorship the barbarians of the North became the cultured nations of modern Europe. Around her seminaries and cloisters grew up the first public schools. Her priests, her teaching Orders of men and women live out and proclaim the true end of education. The names immortal in science, art, and letters are an undying testimony to the truth of this statement. And as it has been in the past so it is now and will be.

"The Catholic Church shall impart an education that shall do more toward the true progress of the race, than all the self-proclaimed enlightenment of her opponents."

Apropos of the subject of education I am glad to say that Notre Dame University has just honored Bourke Cockran with the Laetare Medal in recognition of his great labors in the cause of Catholic truth and progress. The choice has never been better made.

#### IMPERIALISM.

"Mr. Cockran, what do you think of the present expansion policy of the United States?"

"I think it is a departure from principles that have been the safeguard of the nation from Washington to McKinley. We have violated every trust reposed in us. We are drunk with the wine of victory, and mad with the passion of possession. If pursued in, it must ultimately end in Imperialism." Mr. Cockran illustrated his remarks from ancient, medieval and modern history.

## CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

At the mention of the subject of Catholic literature a change came over Mr. Cockran that showed plainly how deeply he felt on the subject. He rose, and walked up and down the room while he spoke. His remarks were at once a most beautiful panegyric on the principles of art and literature taught daily in the life and practice of a Catholic, as well as a lamentation for the absence of truly great Catholic literature.

"Nothing has ever impressed me so profoundly or sadly as the dearth of Catholic literature in America. In a country where the Church is freer than she ever was, where men are free to reproduce their ideals at will, where the evolution of higher and better types of men and women has become a fact, I wonder, I am saddened at the absence of one great book setting forth the true ideal of manhood.

"There is so much that is noble in Catholic life, so much of beauty from Baptism to Extreme Unction in every Catholic's life, so much charm and real art in the liturgy of the Church, such great spiritual models in Christ, in Mary, in the saints, that I am astounded that no master pen has given us a master-piece in Catholic literature. "Why," he added with increased animation, "no one yet has equalled the true human portrayals of Gerald Griffin and he wrote a century ago. There must be something radically wrong in the conception of what Catholic literature should be, or in the manner of producing it. There never was a greater need for true Catholic literature, or a greater field than there is to-day. The beauty of Catholic chastity is nowhere found so beautiful as in the Catholic maiden, the sacrifices of Catholic charity are nowhere so generous or wide spread, the ideal Catholic home life is nowhere surpassed."

As Mr. Cockran spoke thus I thought what a magnificent editor of a great Catholic daily or monthly he would make. He reminded me of Brownson, and I am sure he would wield as fearless and as trenchant a pen as the great editor of the Review. This leads me to summarize his views on Catholic literature to which Mr. Cockran acquiesced.

"It is only a profoundly religious age that can produce or appreciate the sublime forms of art and literature. It is not that we are born with feebler genius than our fathers that we fall so below them in artistic productions, but that we have not their religious

faith—that we seek not beauty in its source, and neglect to commune with the real ideal. There is no God in our philosophy, there is no reality in our conceptions. We are sensists, sentimentalists, psychologists, placing ourselves on the throne of the Highest and seeking to draw all (things) from our own feeble natures. Such is our religion; such our philosophy; and what but worthless can be our art? Let men return to the ontology of the catechism they have learned to despise and their minds will soon be invigorated; genius now remaining unfolded or developed only to prey upon itself will expand in a genial element; will open its bosom to the ideal, as the sunflower to the star of day, and will resume its creative power. We live in an atmosphere now where genius cannot thrive. We want that religious and philosophical training which our fathers had and which the world has not had and never can have under the influence of your Bacons and your Descartes, your Lockes and your Condillacs, your Kants and your Cousins, your Schellings and your Hegels, your Coleridges, and your Wordsworths. Nothing is more frivolous than nearly all modern poetry and literature and nearly all modern art; and they will sink lower and lower if we do not return to the theology of the Church and the philosophy taught us by the Fathers, and the great Scholastics. An age that is unable to see truth and beauty in the *Summa Theologica* will never rival Dante or the old Cathedrals of Europe. The most it can do will be to copy the old masters and to excel in petty details. We must be men before we can be artists.”

There was a great deal more in what Mr. Cockran had to say that day which space will not allow me to repeat.

The great lesson of the man and his life is, that it pays a man to be true to honor, morality, and religion. It pays him to stand firm amid the allurings of false standards of pleasure and success. It pays him to be worthy of the faith and love of his noble Irish mother, of his deathless Irish faith. If he is a good Catholic man, living out what he professes, he will be a good citizen, respected by all men, and leave an impress on this mortal dust that shall not be effaced either in a day or gladly by his fellowmen.

Such a man is the Hon. Wm. Bourke Cockran, an ideal Irishman, an ideal Catholic, an ideal American, an ideal man.





**HIS EMINENCE. HERBERT, CARDINAL VAUGHAN, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.**

## THE HISTORY OF WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

AUSTIN OATES.

## III.

## ITS ERECTION UNDER CARDINAL VAUGHAN.



ON April 8, 1892, the Papal Brief appointing Herbert Vaughan, then Bishop of Salford, to the Archiepiscopal See of Westminster, rendered vacant by the death of Cardinal Manning on Jan. 14, 1892, reached England. On August 16, 1892, the Archbishop-elect received at the hands of Mgr. Stonor, Archbishop of Trebizond, the Pallium in the Church of the Oratory, Brompton. On January 16th of 1893, Archbishop Vaughan was created Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church, of the title of SS. Andrew and Gregory on the Coelian Hill.

Cardinal Manning had faithfully and generously honored the trust bequeathed to the Archdiocese by its first Cardinal-Archbishop. He had secured a spacious site within the centre of the great Metropolis, in a circumference which embraces the Houses of Parliament, the Government Offices, the Royal Palaces, and the ancient Minster in which the Sovereigns are crowned. More than this His Eminence could not do. Upon his successor, therefore, clearly devolved the task of the whole, or partial construction, of the Metropolitan Cathedral.

## CARDINAL VAUGHAN DETERMINES TO BUILD AT ONCE.

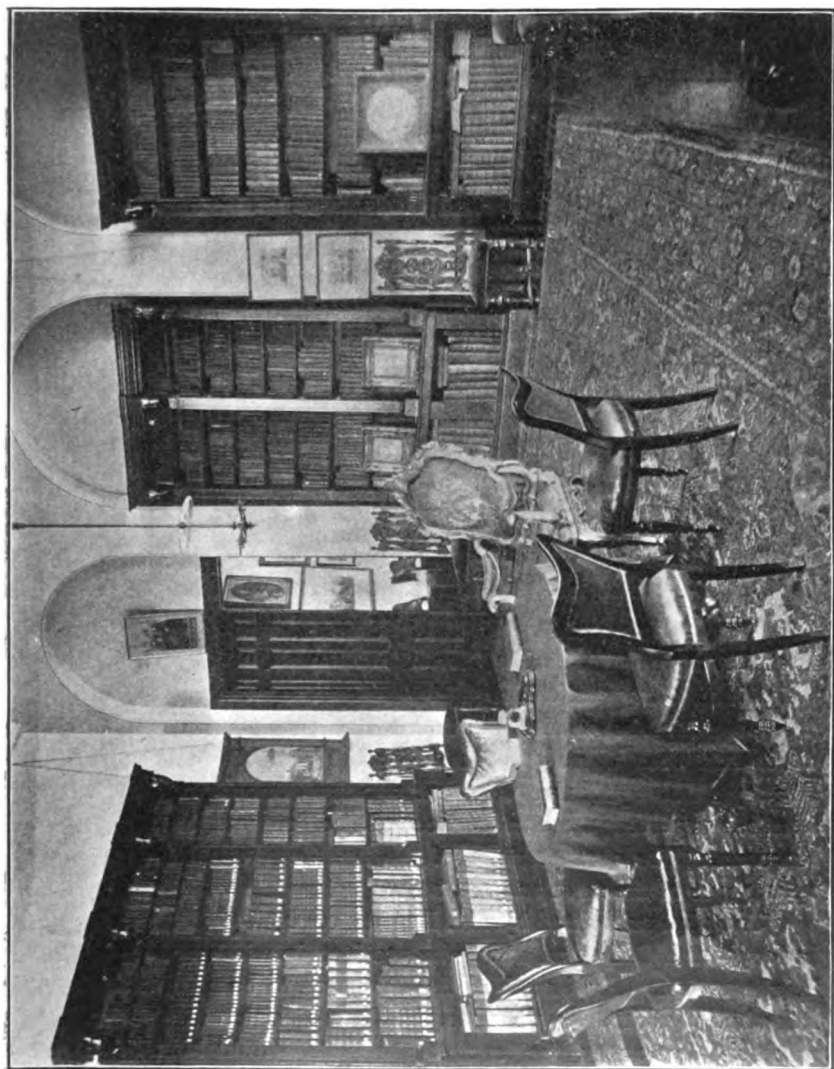
With characteristic courage and energy Cardinal Vaughan set himself to the colossal and stupendous undertaking. Before making publicly known his determination to proceed with the building, he consulted those most competent to form opinion as to the style the proposed Cathedral should assume; its probable cost; and, then, busied himself in raising among his more intimate and personal friends the nucleus of a fund with which he might justify, before the Catholic community, an appeal to them for their aid in successfully completing an enterprise which he was now determined to inaugurate.

CRITICISM ANTICIPATED—THE CARDINAL'S MANIFESTO TO  
HIS PEOPLE.

That the determination come to would be severely criticised the Cardinal entertained not the faintest doubt. It would come from all quarters, and be based upon all possible and impossible pleas. To some the site would be objectionable, to others the style of architecture would be an abomination, to a large number the estimated expenditure would be little short of criminal, and to not a few the moment was as inopportune as it could well possibly be. In truth, there was about this time a subtle undercurrent of thought afloat which would then identify religion exclusively with the corporal works of mercy, which would require piety always to express itself in terms of sanitation, and would regard a system of successful sewage as the most acceptable form of worship. Much of the literature of the period was saturated with the feeling that it was a waste to spend upon a church, money which might have been used to provide new wash-houses for the people.

In a sense the public pronouncement launched by Cardinal Vaughan was not only an appeal but an apology for the construction of the Cathedral. In it His Eminence set forth reasons: (1) Why the Cathedral should be built. Because the Canon Law, for wise and far-reaching reasons, orders that there be a Cathedral in every Diocese. Because the Metropolitan See, in a country like England, ought not to be left without a Mother Church. Because it was due in gratitude from the Catholics of England to the honor and majesty of God that they should erect at least one Cathedral in which the solemn worship of the Catholic religion shall be daily and publicly carried out in the sight of our immense population. Because the Catholic body pledged itself in public meeting so far back as 1865, to build a Metropolitan Cathedral, for the above reasons and as a memorial of the first Archbishop, Cardinal Wiseman. Time had strengthened these reasons, and had added to the name of Wiseman that of Manning, with a double debt of public gratitude.

Is it prudent to begin to build? asked His Eminence. Yes, he replied: Because the site had been lying vacant for nearly twelve years. Its situation was unique. Again, without any appeal to the public, a third or more of the estimated cost of the building had been given, or promised, by twenty-eight founders (donors of £1000 and upwards); it ought assuredly to be possible to find a number of other persons willing to become founders and benefactors, even though £80,000 should still have to be collected: Because



THE CARDINAL'S SITTING ROOM.

the prudence of the undertaking was enhanced by the fact that, once erected, the Cathedral would entail no further appeal to public charity. A permanent endowment for maintenance with free entrance would be secured by letting on lease the valuable land not required for the Cathedral and its accessory buildings.

WOULD THE POOR AND OTHER WORKS OF CHARITY SUFFER THROUGH  
THE BUILDING OF THE CATHEDRAL?

No, argued Cardinal Vaughan, because: (1) As a rule people give to that which attracts them, and no one can say that a sum given to the Cathedral was withdrawn from a more worthy object. (2) Because it could not be denied that the first place had been given during the last forty-five years to the service of the poor. On that account the Metropolitan See was still without a Cathedral.' (3) Because it was a narrow view of God's service which would restrict every effort and every shilling to the poor, in the shape of alms, sanitary improvements, schools and cheap chapels. (4) Because the influence of the Cathedral in full work would raise the standard of Catholic life, and scatter abroad the fire of charity. Love of God quickens love for the poor. Far from absorbing the fruits of religion into itself, the Cathedral would multiply and spread them. The highest worship of God is the most prolific in zeal for souls.

IN WHAT STYLE SHOULD THE CATHEDRAL BE BUILT?

The Cardinal here told his people that it was proposed, at first, to reproduce the ancient Basilica of St. Peter's. The idea had been abandoned as unpracticable. Mr. Bentley, the architect, after spending three months on the Continent, had produced a ground plan which had been warmly approved by the Chapter of Westminster. The style was Byzantine, like that of Saint Ambrogio, with certain details suggested by San Marco of Venice and San Vitale of Ravenna. The characteristic of the building would be the great open space of the nave and transepts.

The plan submitted by Mr. Bentley covered 54,000 square feet. In length the Cathedral was to be 350 feet, in width 156 feet and in height 90 feet. The length of the nave was to be 240 feet, with 60 feet of clear width. In the apse, the floor of which would be raised some six feet above the level of the nave, would be the Monks' choir as in Saint Ambrogio of Milan, visible from the main entrance. The Canons' Stalls would be in the Sanctuary. A figure of Christ Crucified over the High Altar would be the central feature to rivet attention.

TO WHOM THE WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL WOULD BE DEDICATED.

To the Most Precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Price of our Redemption. The dedication, therefore, would be: To Christ, our Redeemer, under the title of His Most Precious Blood, with His Blessed Mother and His Vicar. St. Joseph, St. Augustine, and all the English Saints and Martyrs, and St. Patrick will have chapels dedicated to them as secondary patrons of the Cathedral.

SOLEMN LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION STONE—SUPERB AND IMPOSING FUNCTION.

The Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1895, will be memorable for long ages in the history of English Catholicism, for on that day there was witnessed a religious function the like of which England had not seen since the days of the Reformation. The scene of the function was the site of the future Cathedral; the space actually covered for the ceremony was the exact space and ground to be eventually occupied by the Mother Church of the Province of Westminster. A raised platform 150 feet long by 50 feet in width, awned in and superbly decorated, was set apart for the sanctuary of the time, being. Left and right of this sanctuary were two immense tiers of raised seats, roofed in and ornamented with bunting. In these reserved seats accommodation had been provided for some two thousand persons. Closing up and completing the quadrangle was a large open space enclosed with barricades to which the public were admitted. A little way down, close to the barrier on the Gospel side, was a canopy of white and red hangings covering the huge granite corner-stone. Within the sanctuary on either side were seats reserved for the ambassadors, founders and other distinguished personages, together with the clergy, choir and bands. Fully five thousand persons were assembled by 11 a. m. when the London Military Band played "The War March of the Priests," heralding the arrival of the procession from Archbishop's House through the public streets on to the Cathedral site. Here a space had been railed off on the lines traced for the walls of the new Cathedral, and here came in solemn and imposing numbers and groups, over four hundred clergy, regular and secular. Every Religious Order and Congregation was represented; every Diocese by its Chapter, every College by its Staff; then followed the Prelates, the Bishops and lastly their Eminences, Cardinal Logue, Primate of all Ireland and Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster.





THE CEREMONY OF LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL

It was a solemn and impressive sight and it was not surprising to find one Protestant eye-witness recording how to him it seemed to illustrate in a wonderful way the unbroken tradition, the infinite variety and the cosmopolitan character of the Catholic Church, and at the same time to recall Matthew Arnold's phrase that in its diversity of human character Catholicism is like "the men and women in Shakespeare's plays."

The stone was duly blessed by Cardinal Vaughan, assisted by Cardinal Logue, both placing their right hands on it as it was lowered into its place; then preceded by the clergy, choir, and prelates, and followed by the ambassadors, founders and other notabilities, the grand and gorgeous procession wound its way along the lines traced for the walls of the new Cathedral, Cardinal Vaughan blessing the ground as he went.

Low Mass was then said by Cardinal Logue during which the choir sang "O Roma Felix," and the band played "The March of the Silver Trumpets" during the Elevation, and at the end the Hallelujah Chorus was sung by the choir with instrumental accompaniment.

#### THE LUNCHEON.

Luncheon was served for some eleven hundred guests in a huge marquee erected close to the site of the new Cathedral. As Cardinals Logue and Vaughan passed to their seats they were greeted with a tremendous ovation. After lunch, the toasts to the Pope and Queen were given by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Cardinal Logue then proposed "Success to Westminster Cathedral." "The building of the Cathedral was a Profession of Faith on the part of the Catholics of Great Britain," said His Eminence. "It is a work for the glory of God, and for the sanctification of God's people. I am sure that the Catholics of England will never rest content until their magnificent Church arise in all its youth, in all its grandeur, as a centre of Catholic life, of Catholic Faith, Hope and Charity, in this great city of the British Empire." To this toast the Duke of Norfolk replied. Other speeches were delivered by Lords Acton, Talbot, and Slandaff, and Mgr. Canon Johnson read a statement to the effect that the total amount of moneys given and promised to the Cathedral fund amounts to £75,492, of which £42,870 had been paid into the bank. These sums included the legacies of the Baroness Weld, £12,000, for a memorial chapel, and £8,000 bequeathed by Miss Dodsworth towards the construction of the



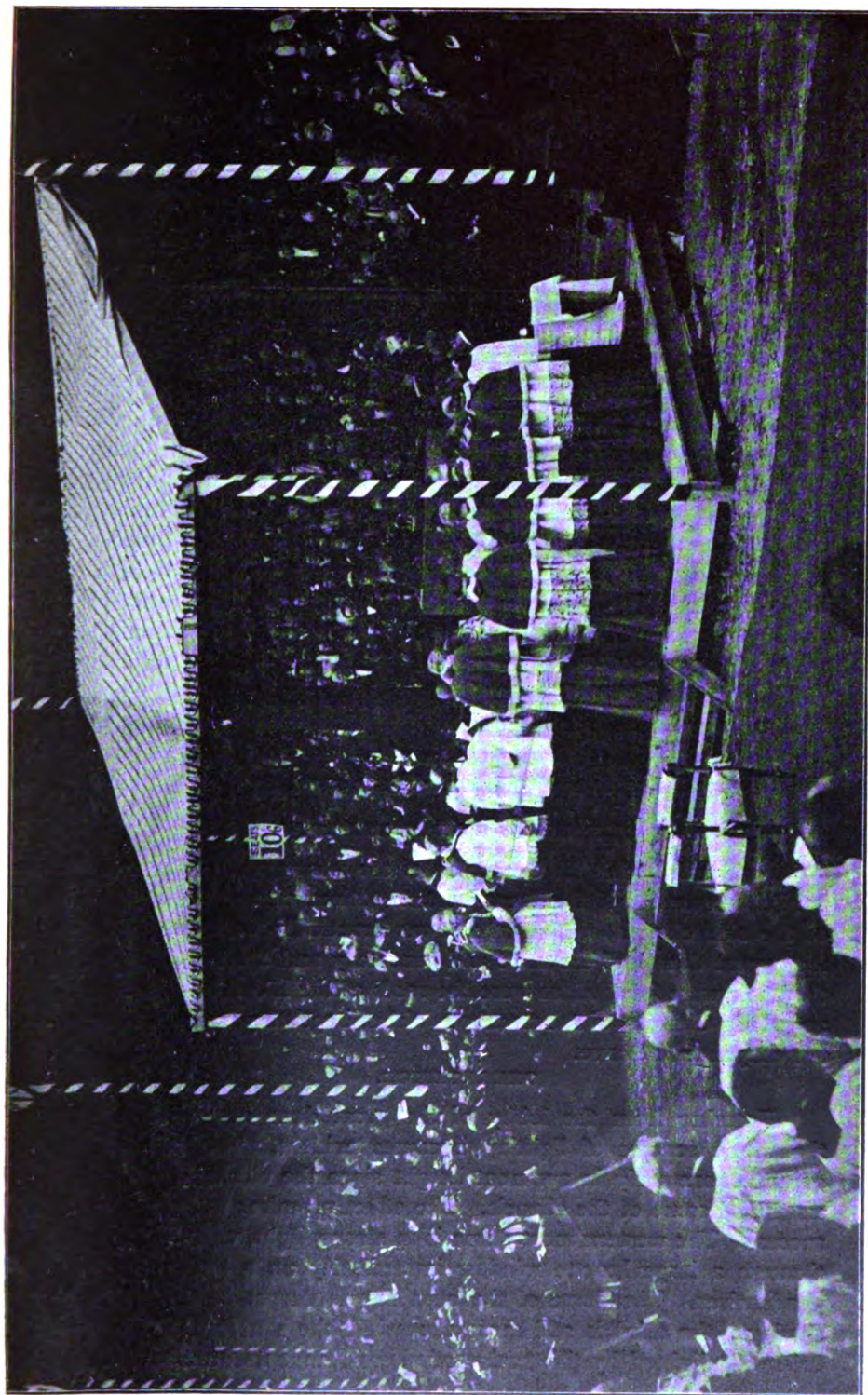
Cathedral. Among those who constituted themselves founders of the Cathedral on the laying of the stone were: Cardinal Vaughan, £5,000; Duke of Norfolk, £10,000; of £1,000 each, the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle, the Marquis of Bute, the Marquis of Ripon, Marquis de Misa, Rt. Hon. Henry Matthews (Lord Slan-daff,) Sir Henry Hawkins, (Lord Brampton,) Sir Walter de Souza, Lady Sherborne, Sir Edward Blount, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, etc., etc.

#### PROGRESS OF THE WORK.

From the date of the laying of the foundation stone to the first anniversary, an enormous quantity of work was accomplished, comprising nearly the whole of the foundations, and the removal of approximately ten thousand yards of earth. Although an interruption, caused by the strike, had occurred, good progress was made once the foundations were completed, and on these, close upon £20,000 were spent. The superstructure rose rapidly. By February 1899 the outer walls of the Cathedral had reached a height of 85 feet and the arches to carry the domes had been turned. The great difficulty experienced had been with the bricklayers. Accustomed to running up the ordinary jerry-built house, the massive thickness of the Cathedral walls presented itself as an unpleasing surprise. The consequence was that again and again whole groups of men threw up the work with the remark that they had been engaged "to do a building job, not to lay a blooming pavement." Nevertheless, at this date 10,000,000 bricks had been laid, and in such perdurable fashion that only an earthquake could disturb them. In every part of the building Portland cement is used in the place of lime, and in the case of piers which carry the domes and arches, only Poole bricks, made of the best clay and under tremendous pressure, have been employed. These, when set in strong cement, made blocks of such solidity that they are capable of bearing almost as much weight as the strongest Scotch granite.

#### THE DOMES.

All the coverings, domes, are formed of concrete composed of broken bricks in four parts to one part of Portland cement, mixed carefully together with the least quantity of water, the broken bricks being well saturated before the cement is added. The concrete was prepared on a stage round the dome or vault, and thrown fresh on to the boarded centre, previously sanded to prevent adhesion, in rings varying from three to five feet deep,



THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE.

screeded on the upper surface to a graduated thickness to ensure an absolute uniformity in longitudinal and latitudinal sections. From the observations taken the architect decided not to permit any cement to be used until it had been at least thirteen weeks on the site in binns which would be periodically turned over, and the temperature of which should be taken regularly.

#### COLUMNS.

Before the groining of the aisles and narthex in the nave and the arcade across the transepts could be proceeded with, the columns had to be forthcoming. Of these twenty-nine were required. Five blocks of verd antique were procured from Larissa, in Thessaly, four of cipollino from Euboea, in Southern Greece, four blocks of Swiss cipollino and two blocks of Verona Brescia.

These blocks are truly magnificent both in color and markings; indeed it is doubtful whether finer examples ever left the classic quarries in ancient days. The verd antique are certainly not surpassed by those that separate the nave from the aisle in Justinian's wondrous Church of Santa Sophia, nor are the cipollino columns inferior to those in St. Vitali and Apolinus at Ravenna.

By April 1899 over £76,000 had been spent on the Cathedral.

#### THE CATHEDRAL AS SEEN DECEMBER 31, 1900.

Externally, with the exception of the upper part of the campanile, the turrets of the great western staircases, and the roofing of the side chapels, the structure was practically complete. The four great domes of the nave and sanctuary and the half-dome of the choir were finished, as were the roofs of the Blessed Sacrament and Lady Chapels, of the transepts, aisles, baptistery, and partly of the chapels in the nave.

#### THE INTERIOR.

Entering from the lobby of the great door in the narthex the whole scheme of lighting becomes evident. The nave has gained enormously in apparent height since the closing in of the aisles and some of the chapels. The effect promises to be a great success. The western-most dome is in strong light, which streams through a large lunette window immediately on a line with the pendentives. The dome of the next bay is deeper in mysterious shadow; the third is still more so; while the sanctuary dome is brilliantly lighted by the twelve windows round its drum, so that

our attention is led up to and powerfully focused upon the high altar, beneath its marble baldachino, necessary to give it emphasis and strength.

The various levels of the floor of the sanctuary are now being formed. Beyond the sanctuary is the monks' choir, with apsidal termination. Below the choir is St. Peter's crypt, supported by six superb red Norwegian granite columns, each of single block. The carved caps of these are of pale gray marble.

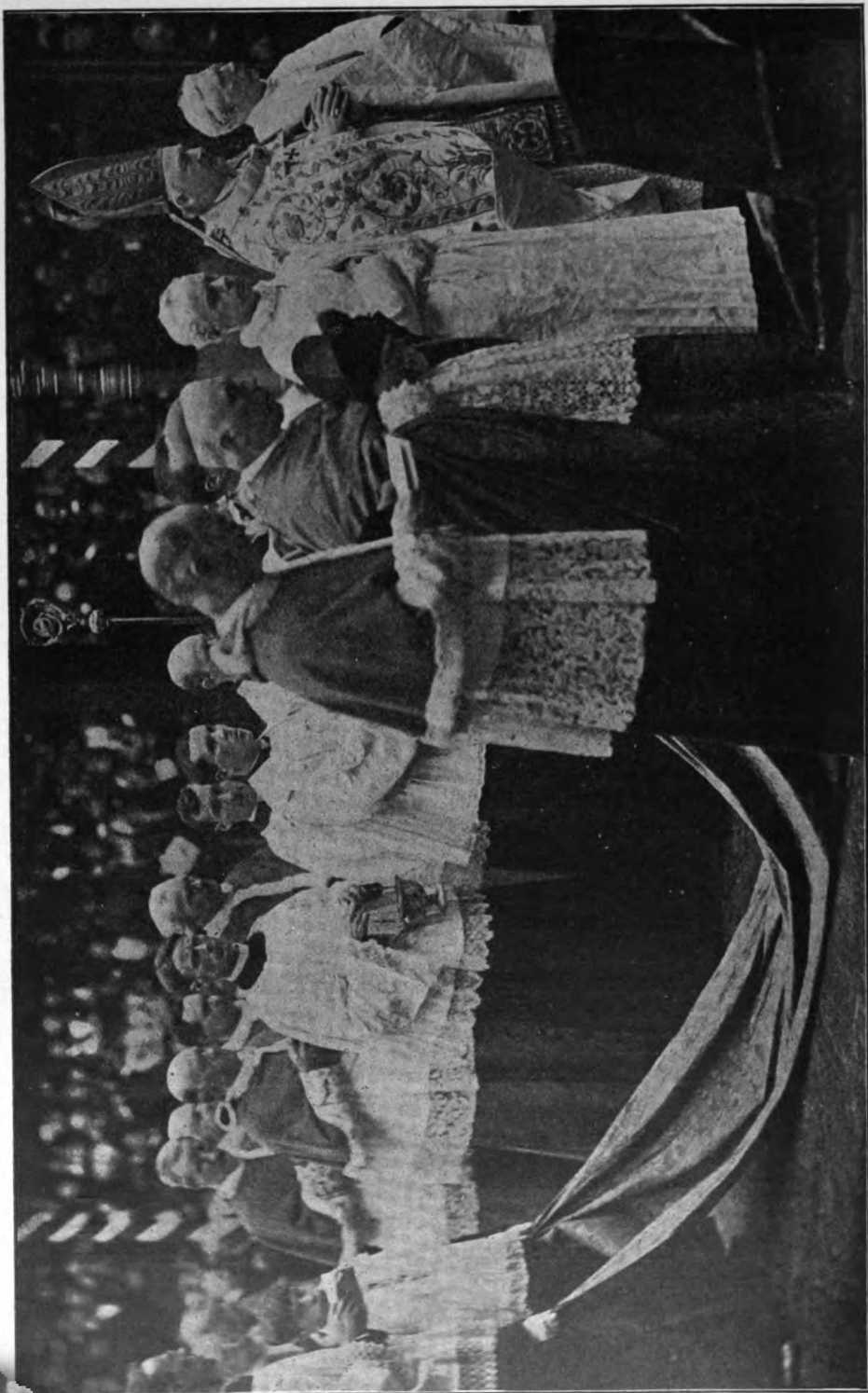
Returning to the ground level, we next visit the chapels of the Blessed Sacrament and of our Lady, lateral with the sanctuary and separated from it by their respective aisles. These, like the crypt, are ready for their altars and incrustations of marble and mosaic. The columns dividing these aisles from the sanctuary are of Jasper and Norwegian marble (known as "Midnight Sun.") The bases are of Derbyshire fossil marble; the caps are of the character of those hereinafter described for the nave. They carry the vaulting of the aisles, which forms a gallery in which the organ will be placed and where space will be provided for the lay choir.

The twenty-nine marble columns in the nave and transepts, which support the vaulting of the aisles on either side of the nave, and the aisles of the transepts, are the gifts of various benefactors. These beautiful monoliths are, as has already been mentioned, of verd antique, Greek and Swiss cipolino, Lanquedoc, Italian, Brescia, and gray granite from Norway, also the red granite, which has much the character of the ancient porphyry. Each stands on a moulded base of Norwegian granite and terminates in an elaborately-carved cap of white Carrara marble, among all of which, as in the crypt, there are no duplicates in pattern.

The chapel of St. Gregory and St. Augustine (the gift of Lord and Lady Brampton, formerly Sir Henry and Lady Hawkins), in the south aisle is complete in carcase and only awaits its internal enrichments. The chapel of St. Joseph in the north aisle is in like condition, while there are yet two more chapels complete, one in each aisle.

#### THE CATHEDRAL SEEN FROM THE EXTERIOR.

The campanile has almost reached its full intended height—273 feet. Most of the scaffolding has been removed and men are now busy finishing off the pointing of the walls and the cleaning of the stonework.



CARDINALS VAUGHAN AND LOGUE AND THEIR ASSISTING CLERGY.

The terra-cotta lattices of the great semi-circular windows of the sanctuary and west end are in their places, and those of the clere-story are being completed. The composition of the great western doorway in Ashley Place, with its lateral arcades and colonnades connecting the circular staircases which lead to the gallery over it, has taken its full form, and only requires the insertion of the mosaic (twenty-seven feet across) in the tympanum. Under this mosaic is the episcopal door, and on either side are doors for the laity, leading through a vestibule into the narthex. These doors are to be executed in teak, and it is hoped that before the Cathedral is opened they will be covered with bronze plates like the famous doors of St. Mark's, Venice.

From Ambusden Avenue, and central with the narthex and baptistery, is the entrance of secondary importance and leading into the church through a spacious porch. From Ambusden Avenue there is a third entrance, which leads to the north transept, which will be much used on week days during the ordinary service. Proceeding eastward, externally, we reach the apse which now shows itself as it will for generations to come. Two bridges here already give access, one from the Monastery to the Monks' Choir, the other from the new Archbishop's House, to the principal sacristy.

#### DIMENSIONS, EXTERNAL AND INTERNAL.

The external dimensions are: extreme length 360 feet; width 156; height of nave 117; height of facade (not including the turrets) 101; height of campanile 273, and to the top of the cross 283 feet. Internally the dimensions are: length from the main entrance to the sanctuary 232 feet; depth of the sanctuary 62, and of the raised choir beyond it 48, making the total internal length 342 feet; width of nave 60; width across nave and aisles 98; across nave and aisles and side chapels 148; height of the main arches of the nave 90, and of its three domes 112 feet. The total expenditure to date, December 31, 1900, was close upon £150,000.

#### PRESENT POSITION OF THE WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL—ARCHITECTURAL AND FINANCIAL.

The shell of the vast edifice may now be said to be practically completed. The expenditure at the time of writing, March, 1901, is not far short of £160,000—and several thousand more will be required before all the finishing touches have been given. There remains on hand barely sufficient to cover the cost of these last

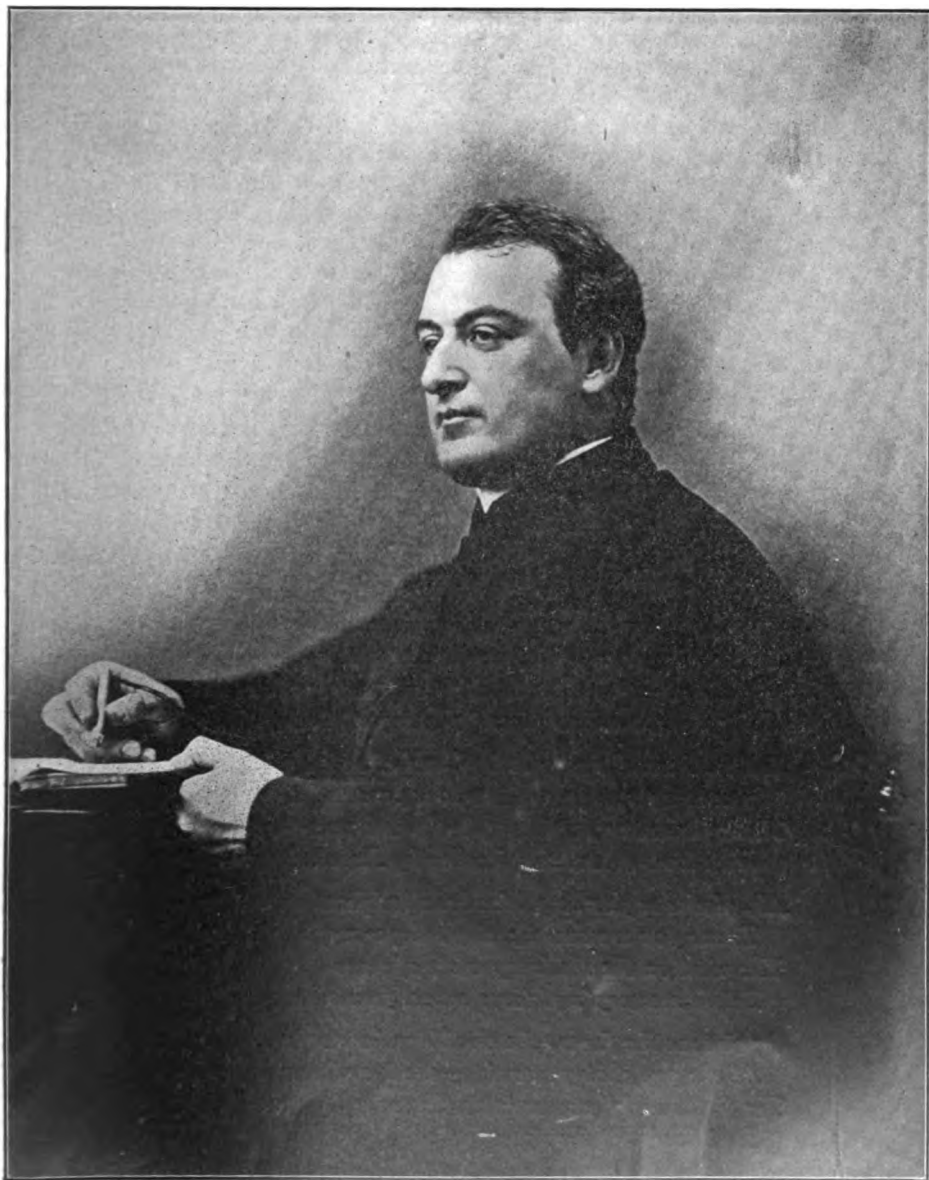


external details. As to the decoration and ornamentation of the vast interior, with its side chapels, aisles, naves, transepts and domes, almost everything remains to be done, and has yet to be subscribed for. True the decoration of the Lady Chapel has been provided for by the legacy of Baroness Weld; that of the Blessed Sacrament Chapel is being collected for by the Cardinal's brother, Father Kenelm Vaughan, in South America; Mr. Charles Weld-Blundell has promised to defray the cost of that of St. Joseph; Lord and Lady Brampton, that of St. Gregory and St. Augustine, and Mrs. Robert Walmesley that of the Holy Souls. The Dowager Lady Loder has promised to defray the cost of a sumptuous baptismal font, and the £3,496 collected by the Suffragan Bishops of England in July 1899, will be used for the erection and decoration of the High Altar and Canopy.

This list practically exhausts the provisions made for the internal decoration of the Cathedral. When it is borne in mind that it is intended to line the inner walls half way up with marble and the remaining portion up to the top with costly and beautiful mosaics, some faint idea of the work yet remaining to be carried out can be formed. But the immediate duty before the Catholics of Great Britain is to make their Palace of God habitable, between now and the day upon which it will be offered to His service and worship. Much must necessarily be left undone, but much can and must be done before then. The lining of the now bare brick walls half way up with marble could easily be proceeded with, as could the decoration of the several side chapels as yet unsubscribed for. Of these there are no less than five. But far away the most pressing need is, as far as possible, so to fit and furnish the Cathedral that it may speedily be started on the great and glorious mission that awaits it.

#### CONCLUSION.

And not the least important phase of this mission is that destined, we trust, to reach and influence our non-Catholic brethren. The world around us, in viewing the exterior of Westminster Cathedral, can now take in and appraise the material vitality and vigor of the Catholic body at the dawn of the twentieth century, and, doubtless, will not be a little impressed with the latest evidence of its expansion and development. But the mission of the Church in England, and above all, the mission of the new Cathedral, is not merely to impress people with its external features, but to draw them within its portals, there to make known to them the true nature



BISHOP (NOW CARDINAL) VAUGHAN.

**Taken in America about 1867. The original photograph is in possession of the Visitation Nuns, Park Avenue, Baltimore.**



of its ceremonial, the inner reading of its ritual and rubrics, and the real significance of the beauties of the House of God.

As the English people are moving away in disillusionment from the ideals of the Reformation, and are becoming more and more earnest in their cry for that which is beautiful and stable in worship, so there exists for the Catholic Church in this country a duty to meet it, and to prove that she alone possesses, and that she alone can give, in all its truth and fulness, that for which the souls of England are seeking, and for which so many have happily ceased to hunger.

Here we have an all urgent and imperative phase of the mission of the Westminster Cathedral. We shall best further its inauguration by a generous, widespread, and far-reaching effort to hasten the work of its internal decoration.

We have raised the shell; we must give spiritual life and light to the bare walls and dome within, thus making whole the "great Profession of Faith" made on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, 1895.

### A REVERIE.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

**T**HE moonbeams are creeping around the green trees,  
 The grass in the meadow is wet with the dew;  
 The leaves of the maple are kissed by the breeze,  
 They rustle and whisper the starry night through.  
 And lo, I am dreaming. Ah, sweet ev'ning dream!  
 You bring me the gladness, the peace of those days,  
 That sparkled so brightly when youth was a gleam  
 With love-lights, soft kindled by Hope's tender rays.  
 Ah, glad thoughts so golden breathed from the dead years  
 To me you are sacred; stay, linger a while!  
 You paint on the shadowy vista of tears  
 Bright memory's pictures sweet framed in a smile.  
 O paint me the faces, the throbbing hearts free,  
 Life's gay ebbing morning—the love-beams that glowed—  
 The fields and the mountains, the sapphire-green sea,  
 That heard oft the ripples of childhood that flowed!  
 O pictures of childhood—the dearest of life!  
 They set me a-singing sweet joy-songs of glee  
 And when I am longing and weary of strife  
 Dream-thoughts are the artists that paint them for me.

## The Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.



**E**DITOR OF THE ROSARY MAGAZINE:

Rev. Father:—I have read a paper from the Crozier Fathers in which it says that they give the Dominican and other blessings, with their own, to the same Rosary.

Being a member of the Rosary Confraternity could I use the Crozier beads and gain the indulgences of the Confraternity?

ROSARIAN.

A Crozier Father as well as any priest, secular or regular, may obtain from the Master General of the Friars Preachers the faculties to impart the Dominican blessing. The same priest may be empowered to give several blessings; and all these blessings may be given to one Rosary. However a person using such beads cannot gain in one recital all the indulgences granted for the respective blessings. To gain the indulgences granted to each blessing there must be a distinct recital. A person possessing beads that have the Dominican and Crozier blessings may gain the indulgences attached to one blessing, at one time, the other indulgence at another; but never can both indulgences be gained by one recital. (S. C. Indulg. 29 Feb. 1820.) The inquiry as to a Rosarian using Crozier beads, we answered fully in our January number. A Rosarian wishing to gain all the indulgences of the Confraternity may not and must not use any other beads than those blessed by a Dominican or by a priest having faculties from the Dominicans. We scarcely know how to account for the general impression that the Crozier indulgences are greater than the Dominican. This question is so often asked that we cannot answer, in these pages always. We do not mean to complain because of these inquiries, but in the future the reply to this question shall always be given privately. We single out but one indulgence granted to Rosarians. For each time the name of Jesus is pronounced reverently in concluding the Hail

Mary, during the recitation of the Rosary, an indulgence of five years and as many quarantines can be gained. This alone is almost four times greater than the Crozier indulgence.

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Rosary Magazine, Somerset, Ohio.

Rev. and Dear Father:—Frequently I am asked if it is necessary to re-bless beads when the chain breaks, and also if a new blessing should be given when beads have been rechained.

For full information on this point I shall be sincerely grateful.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

E. A. W.

If the chain or string breaks it may be reunited, repaired or changed entirely and, provided the beads are not removed from the former place which they had in the Rosary, the blessing is not lost. Such has always been the commonly accepted opinion of approved authors. If a Rosary is rechained and if the beads are changed about, so that they occupy a new place, some maintain that the blessing is lost. This, however, is merely an opinion, and it is not the generally received one. Beads may be repaired, chained, and, in the rechaining, they may be changed about as much as possible, still the blessing remains provided the same beads are used. This opinion has the weight of authority. Such also the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences seemed to approve of, and include in its decision of Jan. 10, 1839, when it replied to the following question: "If the string is broken voluntarily, so that the beads may be chained or, if this should happen accidentally or involuntarily, are the indulgences lost?" The reply given was, "The indulgences given are not lost, because the Rosary is really the same, or at least it can be said to have the same moral form." From this decision it is evident that if the beads are not changed about, and provided they occupy the same place as they formerly held, unquestionably the blessing remains. A doubt might arise and actually has arisen whether this decision includes the case where the beads are disturbed and given a new place in the rechained Rosary. The doubt, however, seems unfounded, yet the practice of many is to re-bless the beads in the second case.

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Rosary Confraternity Department.

Rev. and Dear Father:—We have the Rosary Confraternity established in our Church. On the first Sunday of the month we

have the Rosary Procession and as far as possible we observe what is prescribed for the Confraternity. But at the Rosary Altar there is no picture or statuary group representing St. Dominic receiving the Rosary from the Blessed Virgin. A brother priest informs me that the indulgences granted for visits to the Rosary Altar cannot be gained unless this image or picture is there. He maintains that it is not a Rosary Altar without this.

Authoritative information on this shall elicit our gratitude.

Yours fraternally in Christ,

J. R. M.

In accordance with the legislation which governs all Rosary Confraternities canonically erected, it is commanded in the strongest terms that there be at the Rosary Altar a picture or image of St. Dominic on bended knee receiving the Rosary from our Blessed Lady. To disregard such a command and also a custom that is almost universal, is surely not the spirit of one allied to the interests of the Rosary. The picture or image need not be an expensive one, nor need it be large. So that it can be seen by the faithful, is sufficient. For the absence of this picture or image, poverty is the only excuse that can be offered, and scarcely the smallest mission church in this country can allege such poverty as will sufficiently justify the absence. It is to be observed, however, that a Rosary Altar not in the possession of the aforesaid image or picture loses none of its privileges or indulgences, since it is not an essential condition for the canonical erection of a Rosary Altar. (Ad mentem S. C. Indul. 25 Sept. 1845 et 31 Jan. 1848.)

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*The Rosary Magazine requests all pastors of churches in which the Rosary Confraternity is canonically established to send the name of Church, and of the director, also the date of diploma. It will register these and publish a list of the same.*

*It offers its services in obtaining diplomas for all who wish the Confraternity established, also in forwarding applications to the Master General of the Friars Preachers, for priests who desire the personal faculties of giving the Dominican blessing to Rosaries.*

## ROMAN NOTES.



THE celebration on May 11th by the Pontifical Noble Guards of the first centenary of their formation directs special attention to this prominent element in the Papal court. The day was a memorable one, and it was celebrated with honor and joy due to the occasion. The guards began the exercises of the day by assisting at Mass, and uniting in the chant of a solemn "Te Deum." Later on they were received in audience by the Holy Father in the Sala del Trono, at which an address of fidelity was read by the Commandant. The Pope responded in words of loving gratitude, at the same time taking occasion to recount the noble services rendered by their body to the chair of Peter. The celebration was also marked by the Pope blessing the standard of the Church, the care of which is entrusted to the Noble Guards. A literary and musical entertainment was also given in presence of the Holy Father, Don Lorenzo Perosi taking charge of the musical program. At the entertainment each of the guards was presented with a silver medal commemorative of the anniversary, and in the afternoon took place the unveiling of a memorial slab in the Borgia apartments of the Vatican. The Commandant of the Noble Guards, Prince Rospigliosi, made an appropriate address, and the slab was accepted by Cardinal Mocenni, as Prefect of the Holy Apostolic Palace.

The Pontifical Noble Guards were the outgrowth of the ancient chevaliers and the Lancie Spezzate, an order forming the Pope's immediate body guard. The origin of the chevaliers goes back to the time of Pope Innocent VIII. elected in 1484. Their commission was the guarding of the Pope. Numbered among them were persons of the highest rank, of whom it suffices to mention the celebrated Andrea Doria. Many were their deeds of valor in the defence of the Church, but worthy of special mention is the distinction they won in 1527 when Rome was invaded by hordes of men under the Bourbon leader. Clement VII. had taken refuge in the

Castle S. Angelo. The chevaliers remained at the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles for its defence, and were there exterminated almost to a man.

On the 11th of February, 1798, the day after the entrance of Gen. Berthier in Rome, Pius VI. having been obliged to desist from every material opposition, the French Republicans invaded the Palaces of the Quirinal and of the Consulta where the chevaliers were quartered. These were forced to retreat in haste to the Vatican. A few days after, however, even the Vatican fell a prey to the ravishing hands of the invaders, and on the 17th of February, the chevaliers were summoned by Gen. Berthier into the Piazza of St. Peter and there constrained to hand over their horses and arms, whereupon they were summarily disbanded. This was shortly followed by the deportation of Pius VI.

The disbandment of these bodies was lamented all the more when, after the Conclave of Venice, Pius VII was restored to Rome, and the work of the reorganization of the Pontifical Court began. Many from amongst the nobility of Rome and other parts of the State, of whom were some of the former members of the *Lancie Spezzate*, following the initiative of the Marquis Vincenzo Costaguti offered themselves for the formation of a new body guard of the Holy Father, to be chosen from the class of the Patricians and nobility. Pius VII. accepted the proposal and stipulated that they should perform the services of the erstwhile chevaliers and the *Lancie Spezzate*. Afterwards on May 11th, 1801, the centenary of which has just been celebrated, *motu proprio*, he declared them constituted "The Noble Body Guard" of the Holy Father. On September 27th of the same year, Pius VII. gave them a new distinction, that, namely, of being Noble Couriers extraordinary, entrusted with the honor of presenting the red zucchetto to newly created Cardinals who are unable to be present in the Curia for the Consistories. An example of this Americans have lately witnessed in connection with Cardinal Martinelli's elevation to the purple.

The miraculous shrine of Our Lady of the Rosary of Pompeii is well known to our readers. It is gratifying to be able to record that it has at last received its finishing touch. On May 5th the handsome facade was blessed and unveiled amidst the joyous plaudits of thousands of persons who journeyed thither to witness the ceremony. The first stone of this facade was laid on May 15th, 1893, by Cardinal Monaco La Valletta, and in architectural style, the whole front resembles that of the great Basilicas of Rome. A

colossal statue of Our Lady crowns the summit. The cost of the facade has been more than \$200,000, which amount was subscribed by the clients of Our Lady from all the world over. Blank forms were put in circulation for the signatures of the subscribers. They contain four million signatures, and have been bound into eight large volumes. These will be placed for safe keeping in a convenient place of the facade as an earnest of the attachment of the faithful from all parts of the world to Our Lady of Pompeii.

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The restorations in the Church of Santa Cecilia, of which we made mention some time ago, and which are being executed through the munificence of Cardinal Rampolla have resulted in some most interesting archaeological discoveries. The church is one of the most ancient in Rome. Erected by Urban I. in the year 230 upon the ruins of the house of the illustrious family of the Caecilii, well known at Rome during the Empire, it was reconstructed by Paschal I. when he found the body of St. Cecilia in the catacombs of S. Calixtus and decided to transfer it to the temple dedicated to her.

The excavations have brought to light many remains of the house of the Caecilii, as also many pieces of walls and marble columns of the time of Paschal I. At about the middle of the church a wall of the Republican age has been discovered, and a short distance from it remains of columns and decorations which present traces of a complete edifice, the material and structure of which are held to belong to the end of the first century or at the latest to the first half of the second century. Handsome statues, and sarcophagi with beautiful classical ornamentations also figure among the interesting ruins. The work is not completed, so there is hope that yet other treasures may be hidden there.

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The anniversary of the burning of Savonarola which falls on the 23d of May was this year attended by an additional feature. For the occasion, a bronze disc with an appropriate inscription, erected on the spot of the burning in the Piazza of the Signoria was unveiled and presented to the municipality. A commission had been appointed to consult chronologies and various other documents to establish the exact location of the terrible event. Their decision was fully approved of by the committee in charge. The floral offerings which the Florentines are wont to bring to the Piazza on this day were reverently placed around the disc. The expenses of the disc were met by popular subscription.

Words by F. W. Faber. **God**, Music by F. M. Pachnosski.

Have mercy on us, God Most High! Who lift our hearts to



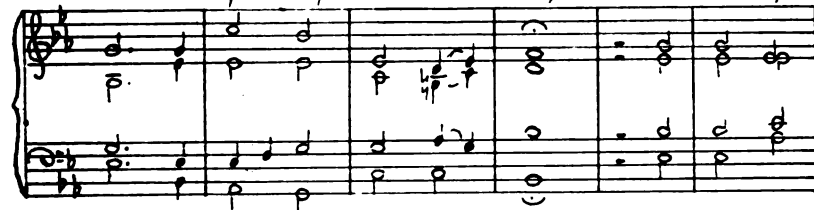
Thee; Have mercy on us worms of earth, Most Ho-ly



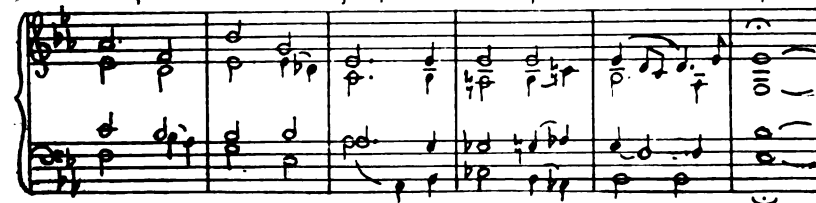
Tri-ni-ty! Most an-cient of all my ste-



ries! Be-fore Thy throne we lie, Have mercy



now, most mer-ci-ful, Most Ho-ly Tri-ni-ty!





# God.

*Solo*

When heav'n & earth were yet unmade, When time was yet un-known, Thou in Thy bliss and

majesty Didst live & love a-lone! Thou wast not born; there was fount From which Thy being

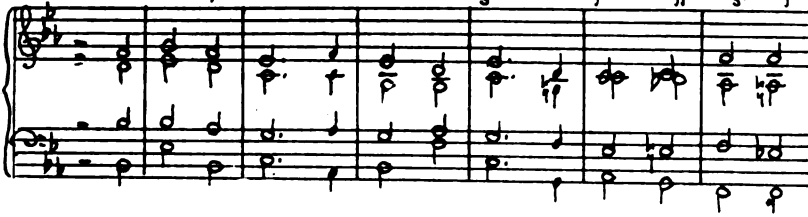
flowed; There is no end which Thou <sup>canst</sup> reach: But Thou art simply God O

Chorus.

Majes ty most beau ti - ful! Most Ho ly Tri - ni - ty!

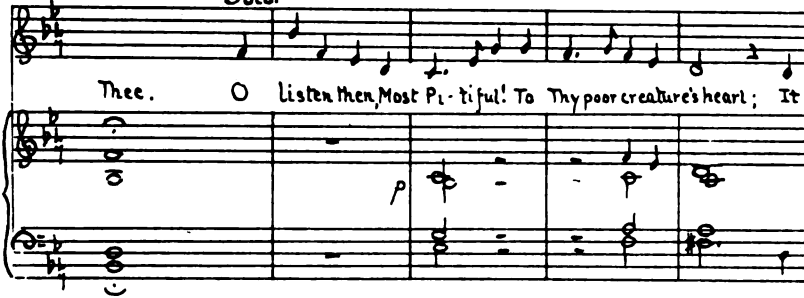
God.

On Ma-ry's throne we climb to get A far - off sight of



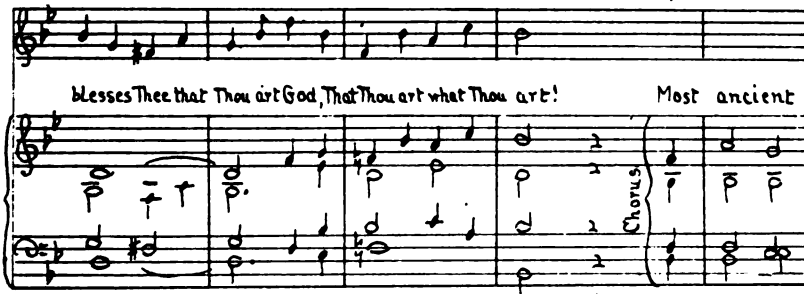
Solo.

Thee. O listen then, Most Pi-tiful! To Thy poor creature's heart; It



Blesses Thee that Thou art God, That Thou art what Thou art!

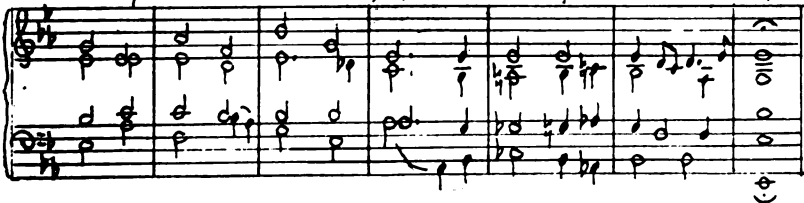
Most ancient



of all my-ste-ries! Still at Thy throne we lie, Have



mercy now, most mer-cel-ful, Most Ho-ly Tri-ni-ty!



270432



The Feast of the Visitation falls within this month and while it is not a day of obligation it should be one of special devotion at least to all Rosarians. In the mystery then celebrated we note especially the exceeding joy of the Blessed Virg'in at the great privilege which was hers, and the fulness of the Spirit which poured itself out in that sublime canticle, the Magnificat. The great sorrow that was to come with this privilege had not yet thrown its shadows over her soul. She was in a mood of exultation, of ecstasy. So too, let us rejoice, pondering on all that the announcement of the Messiah meant to sin-ridden man.

The Feast of the Most Precious Blood will be celebrated on the 7th of this month. We should at all times bestow our hearts' love upon Jesus, our Lord and Saviour, but upon this day especially, our hearts should well forth with love and affection for the inestimable benefit bestowed upon us by our dear Lord and Redeemer who shed even the last drop of His Most Precious Blood to save us from sin and death and to open heaven's gates to us. Let gratitude then be shown by us in a special manner on this day and this cannot be better done than by receiving in Holy Communion the Body and Blood of Him who died to redeem us.

The announcement is made that a Catholic daily is to be published in Pittsburgh and that Mr. Charles J. O'Malley is to be the editor. Misgivings and doubts have been generally expressed concerning the prospects of success in this venture. Unfortunately there is grave reason for fearing a failure. Our Catholic weeklies, even the best of them, are in the state of ever-impending dissolution. The grave of the Midland Review, so ably edited by Mr. O'Malley, is scarcely closed. How then can a daily hope to exist? However, if all the Catholics in Pittsburgh will manifest the same

pluck, ambition and loyalty that characterize the projectors of this journal, it will surely succeed, for, from at home must the chief support come. Subscribers from elsewhere will come, but only in proportion to the number of those at home. We wish the venture a fervent God-speed and hope that its success will be made a matter of personal concern to every Catholic in the land.

One of our prelates has said, in extenuation of anti-Catholic prejudices, that we must never forget that Protestants do not dislike us for what we are, but for what they think we are. There is some truth in this, for much of the prejudice that exists against the Church owes its existence to misrepresentation and misconception. As to the ordinary run of people, this may indeed be taken in extenuation, but any one speaking from the platform of one of our great Universities, and holding forth a diploma as the voucher of the University's endorsement of his utterances, can scarcely expect such wide tolerance to be given to his expressions. He speaks professedly, and we have a right to demand that he should first put himself in full possession of his subject, before he delivers himself of any opinion concerning it. The Faculty of Yale College, evidently do not think so, or they could never have allowed one of their recent graduates to make such a supremely silly speech as the following: "It is a somewhat mournful fact that a tenth of our population are pledged to the belief that when the Roman Pontiff gives his occasional ex-cathedra utterances they are the voice of God. So, if the Congress of the United States should decree one thing and the Pope of Rome the opposite, American Catholics, theoretically at least, could have no choice in the matter." This from a Yale man is pitiful. Mr. Meriam could learn from even an illiterate Catholic, that ex-cathedra definitions bear only

on matters of faith, and surely he must know that any Act of Congress touching matters of faith, would be ipso facto, unconstitutional. Hence his supposition is an impossible one, and not at all helped by the slipping in of the phrase, "theoretically at least." We believe there were over two hundred

Catholic students attending Yale during the past year. It is safe to say that the proclamation of views like the above will not increase the number, especially since Yale is not in exclusive enjoyment of opportunities and conditions for imparting a University or College education.

### MAGAZINES.

Most of the "specials" in *The Messenger* of the Sacred Heart for June are concerning questions of all-absorbing interest. They are important topics of the day, which the general public discusses with pleasure, but not always according to principles of truth and right and justice. "A Model Boy-Saving Home," by P. J. Coleman, is a description of the institution, growth and object of "St. Joseph's House for Industrious Homeless Boys," Philadelphia, which is a positive proof, a standing monument, a living testimony against the oft-repeated slander that the Catholic Church is inimical to the cause of education, the welfare of the state and civil liberty. The position of the Anglican Church and the advances made in the last sixty years by it towards a return to the Catholic faith, are well discussed on Protestant authority, in a paper entitled "The Anglo-Catholic Movement," by Francis W. Grey. Exception is taken to the method of Anglican interpretation of Catholic dogma. Catholic doctrine and practice are measured by Anglican standards, and approval is given to St. Thomas and the Council of Trent only inasmuch as they agree to Anglican definitions; but the teaching of St. Thomas and the Tridentine definitions are not accepted as an absolute standard to which Anglican teaching should be adjusted. In "The State Must Have a Religion," by Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., the author shows why the Church endeavors to maintain control in educational matters. The work of man's moral formation is entrusted to the Church by her Divine Founder, and as education is a chief factor in such formation, she will ever struggle to have a dominant control in the education of her children. No matter how much scientific knowledge about the material world man may acquire, he cannot and will not be satisfied unless he knows who he is, whence he came, and whither he is going. Religion is natural to man, and the State does not object to the teaching of religion; but it wants its own religion. When the views of the State concerning man's

relationship with the spiritual world harmonize with those of the Church, then the Church is permitted to inculcate them in the schools; but when they disagree each contends for the office of educator. But the principal purpose of the education afforded by the State is to mould political sentiment, in order that it may carry out its projects and secure its own stability even at the cost of morality. This is proved from facts of history. Still the State teaches some kind of ethics, and consequently teaches some kind of religion even though it be idolatry. "The Taft Commission and the Friars," by Lorenzo J. Markoe, is the result of a careful reading and study of the report and accompanying documents of the Commission inasmuch as they relate to the question of the Friars in the Philippines. From the character of the report the writer presumes that certain phases of the work assigned to the Commission were entrusted to individual members and that the report itself instead of being a common decision of the entire Commission, based upon evidence heard and weighed by all collectively, is a patch-work of individual investigations and personal conclusions to which the other commissioners subscribed "as presumably correct and conforming fairly well to their own prepossessions in the matter." In this way the question of the Friars was assigned to Judge Taft. All the members of the Commission being Protestants and inexperienced in dealing with Catholic questions, are entirely incompetent to render a just decision regarding the Friars, or to report the actual feelings of the Filipinos toward the Church, her representatives and institutions in those islands. Moreover, the reliability of the report is weakened from the fact that the evidence comes to the Commissioners second-hand—by means of interpreters, translators and third parties. Having thus shown the incapacity of the Commissioners to treat of Catholic questions, he proceeds to a critical analysis of the report itself. Quoting its very words, he lays bare

the slanders which are heaped upon the Friars by their enemies, exposes the covert insinuations of the text, and indicates some illogical deductions of the Commission for the substantiation of which no submitted evidence is contained in the report. Furthermore, he points out instances where, when the truth is told, important explanatory facts are omitted, which gives the reader a false impression and tends to blacken the character of the Friars. The accusation of immorality against the Friars "in toto" is shown to be supported only by the evidence of strangers who know very little about the people or the Friars, while it is emphatically denied by their immediate superiors and provincials, who admit some isolated cases which were promptly disciplined. Space will not permit a full review of this excellent article; but it must be mentioned that from the report it seems that the parish priests—four-fifths of whom were Friars—were trusted by both Government and people, and therefore stood in the position of middle-men who were reluctantly forced to perform services for both outside the duties of their sacred office. "Bill Sowers," by Edith Martin Smith, is a pathetic story of the vicissitudes of fortune in human life, and of heroic self-sacrifice for the happiness of others. Why the Pope should Receive His Temporal Power," by Rev. C. Coppens, S. J., is a paper which every Catholic should read, in order that he may be enabled not only to instruct his Protestant neighbors, but also to understand the question for himself. The writer philosophically proves that the usurpation of the Pope's temporal possessions was robbery, and the restoration of them essential to the Pope's complete freedom of action in the execution of his God-given mission.

The June Century opens with a paper by Alice K. Fallows. She explains several ways in which the poorer class of students contrive to earn a living, and at the same time attend to study. Harvard is referred to in particular. Waldon Fawcett speaks of Pittsburg and its vicinity as "The Center of the World of Steel." He advances various reasons to show why Pittsburg is, and in all probability will remain, one of the greatest of steel centers. He then describes the different methods employed by large plants in handling the metal. Grover Cleveland contributes a valuable paper on "The Venezuelan Boundary. Contro-

versy." He concisely explains the nature of the dispute and narrates the chief events in its history. He proposes, in a second paper, to show how the United States became involved in the matter. Other good articles are: "The Young Men's Christian Association in Europe," by W. S. Harwood; a third paper on "Daniel Webster," by John B. McMaster; and a prize essay on "Tolstoi's Moral Theory of Art," by John A. Macy. Also contained in this issue is the first instalment of the new serial: "The Making of a Marchioness," by Frances Hodgson Burnett.

In the June North American there is a paper of interest, entitled "The Outlook for Christianity," contributed by Rev. W. Gladden, D. D. The author after discussing Christianity in general, treats singly of the conditions and prospects of the Russian, Catholic, and Protestant Churches. His remarks on Catholicism are, for a Protestant clergyman, very moderate and fair; though they are written in a spirit of condescending superiority, that makes the article quite as distasteful as the bitter and harsh productions of greater bigots. In one place Dr. Gladden credits the Church with an advance and development that her children do not know nor wish to know. That her numbers change, or that her discipline or methods of rule soften and better from year to year, no Catholic denies; but that it is even possible that her dogma might change, that her creed of yesterday might be transformed to-day, every Catholic denies. This last kind of change, the author asserts to exist, and for it he writes words of commendation. Here it may be said that his admission of the technical immutability of Catholic doctrine is rather insinuating of craft and subtlety on the part of theologians. The simple truth is that anything Catholics, now or in any age, believe or believed as an article of faith, that is, as a part of the revelation made by the Holy Spirit to the Apostles, and confided through them to the Church, must always be held as such, and always in the same sense and interpretation. Dr. Gladden makes known that the words may stand unchanged; but that they will signify differently in one age than in another. When this assertion, so common among outsiders, is certified from history—a single case will suffice—Catholic apology will acknowledge defeat. "The Pope and the Temporal Power," by R. de

Cesare is supposed to answer Mgr. Ireland's article on the same subject. It is a poor attempt, for in parts it makes amusing reading on account of its absurdities. "The Irish Question," by Goldwin Smith, is a summing up of all the trouble between Ireland and England from the earliest days down. The character of the author is enough to earn the paper careful attention. The charges of unfairness made against him by some of our papers are hardly sound. After the extraordinary rains of this spring, "Sunspots and Rain-fall," by Sir Norman Lockyer is a paper that should find a host of readers. Catholic young men will learn much from "The Jubilee of the Young Men's Christian Association." The subjects of trusts, and expansion also receive treatment. W. E. Henley contributes poetry, and Mr. Howells a book review.

In the May-June number of the "Book-Lover," Cuthbert Harrison contributes a short but interesting sketch of the unfortunate young Scotch poet, Robert Ferguson, who at the early age of twenty-four years died an inmate of a lunatic asylum in Edinburgh. Some of Robert Louis Stevenson's correspondence relative to the unhappy end of the young poet, are included in the sketch. The concluding article on "Our last book fires," from "Books condemned to be burnt," by J. Anson Farrer, will be found in this number of the magazine. In "My Favorite Novelist and his Best Book," by Frank R. Stockton, the writer places Defoe as his ideal story-teller, and Dickens as his favorite character painter, pointing out, however, the merits and demerits of both authors. A letter addressed to "The Young Book Collector," by C. F. Cozenove, gives some very useful advice to the book collector, advising him among other things, not to build his library upon the shifting sands of current literature, but rather upon the rock of literature that has been braced by the criticism of generations.

In Donahoe's for June the opening article is a sketch of Fr. Faber, by F. A. Cunningham. It is written in a simple interesting style, and profusely illustrated. The illustrations with their accompanying explanatory notes form in themselves a connected biography of this saintly priest. "Men of Action," by James Bennet Allen, portrays the work of our firemen, doing full justice

to their efficiency and bravery. In this issue T. F. O'Malley describes the founding of the first convent school in New England. In evidence of its proficiency he gives a few pages from an early prospectus, which will compare favorably with any of to-day. In connection with its destruction in 1834 the early workings of the "Knowing-nothing Movement" is touched upon. Dashing Phil. Sheridan is nobly defended in a short article by Major Dudley Costello. The "Irish Lawyer," by P. C. Smyth is an entertaining and instructive outline of the Irish law courts and the men who have pleaded in them from the times of the "Brehons" to the present day. "People in Print" contains short sketches of our newly chosen Bishops as well as an account of our Apostolic Delegate's elevation to the Cardinalate.

Among the many interesting articles in The American Monthly Review of Reviews for June those on the Pan-American Exposition deserve, perhaps, the first mention. The one by William H. Hotchkiss, entitled the "Pan-American on Dedication Day," gives a full and pleasing description of the ground plan, the buildings, their groupings and artistic effect. Of all the writer speaks in the highest terms of praise. The second article, "The Artistic Side of the Buffalo Exposition," by Ernest Knaufft deals especially with the nocturnal effect of the brilliant electric illuminations, which may be said to be the character feature of the Pan-American. "It is a sight," says Mr. Knaufft, "such as the world has never seen before." Professor Henry A. Rowland, the great physicist, and late Professor of Physics at Johns Hopkins is the subject of a character sketch. "How Niagara Has Been Harnessed," by W. C. Andrews; "Marconi, Tesla and Pupin—Wireless Telegraphy and Ocean Telephony," by Prof. Joseph S. Ames; "The Oil Strikes in Texas and California," by Dr. David T. Day; "The Winning War Against Consumption," by Sylvester Baxter, and "The Printing of Spoken Words," by Frederica Irland are very valuable contributions.

Werner's for May has for its leading number in the list of pieces adapted for entertainments, "Rock of Ages," with poses by Agnes Walsh. The poses are artistic and realistic, and do credit to the youthful artist, who is but twelve years old. In the same list

is Father Ryan's "Song of the Mystic," pantomimed by Grace B. Faxon. Those acquainted with the southern priest's poems, know what a depth of religious feeling there is in this truly mystical "Song of the Mystic." It portrays in words the striving of the human soul after peace and consolation. At first the soul thinks to find it in things of earth. But as the saintly poet-priest says it can only be found in that "valley" which

"Lieth between two mountains,

And God and His angels are there;  
And one is the dark mountain of sorrow,

And one the bright mountain of prayer."

In the "Recitation and Declaration" department, there are many well selected pieces. Vice-President Roosevelt's Inaugural address is given, and also an excerpt from President McKinley's. For those interested in art, two articles by Dante Gabriel Rossetti are replete with interest.

In the "Catholic World" for June, Fr. Elliott, C. S. P., presents a very informing essay on devotion to the Holy Ghost, "The Paraclete and the Human Soul," also an entertaining character sketch of "Fr. Walworth." W. S. Merrill's "Pre-Columbian America" is comprehensive for its length. "The Responsibility of Book Reviewers" is a worthy protest against the encomiums of acknowledged critics bestowed upon the Pantheistic work "No Beginning, a Common Sense Demonstration of the Non-Existence

of a First Cause, thereby identifying God with Nature." Other note-worthy articles are "Masiquen Lavak," "The Encyclical on Christian Democracy Analyzed," and "Harnack's 'What Is Christianity?'"

Lippincotts for June has for its complete novel, "Four-Leaved Clover," by Maxwell Gray. It possesses more of the qualities that mark good literature than many a more pretentious effort. The charming naturalness of the conversation and brilliant repartee are especially noticeable. While the story contains nothing sensational we cannot commend the heroine as worthy of emulation by our Catholic young girls. Her description of an "indifferent husband" and an "in love one," her "showing how useful the spirit of devil-worship is in matrimony," reflect too well the growing tendency to regard marriage as a contract entailing no obligations, and that may be violated at will. A timely and interesting article on "Population and the Isthmian Canal," several short stories and some poetry complete the number.

The June number of The St. Nicholas for Young Folks is the best issued for a long time. We mention as worthy of special note: "Careers of Danger and Daring," "Imprisoned in a Mine," "Queer Steeds," a very interesting and instructive article on: "Words and Their History," besides a host of others that will please and instruct those for whom this excellent magazine is published.

#### BOOKS.

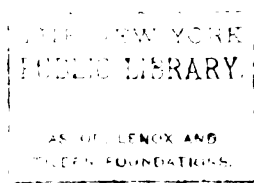
"The Spiritual Letters of the Venerable Francis Liberman, First Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost and the Immaculate Heart of Mary." The Fathers of the Holy Ghost, Detroit, Mich.

These letters of the Venerable Liberman, a converted Jew, and the son of a Jewish Rabbi, are full of the spirit of one who saw with the eyes of a saint and endured with the courage of a martyr. They are very simple, but there is so much sweetness in them, so much that is helpful in living only for God, that one can not read them without feeling purer and stronger. To seminarians many of the letters were written and to them especially is their careful reading to be recommended.

"Pastorals of Dorset," by M. E. Francis. Longmans, Green & Co.

This is a collection of short stories many of which have appeared in The Cornhill Magazine, Longmans' Magazine, Temple Bar, Punch and other British periodicals. Doubtless they are accurate illustrations of English pastoral life, and there is a pleasing freshness about them. But one wearies inexpressibly of the heavy dialect and the bad grammar with which they abound. It will be claimed that these people speak in this fashion—granted—but a little of that fashion goes a long way and a volume of it can hardly be considered a valuable contribution to literature. The make-up of the book is excellent.

Owing to lack of space, other book notices had to be withheld.



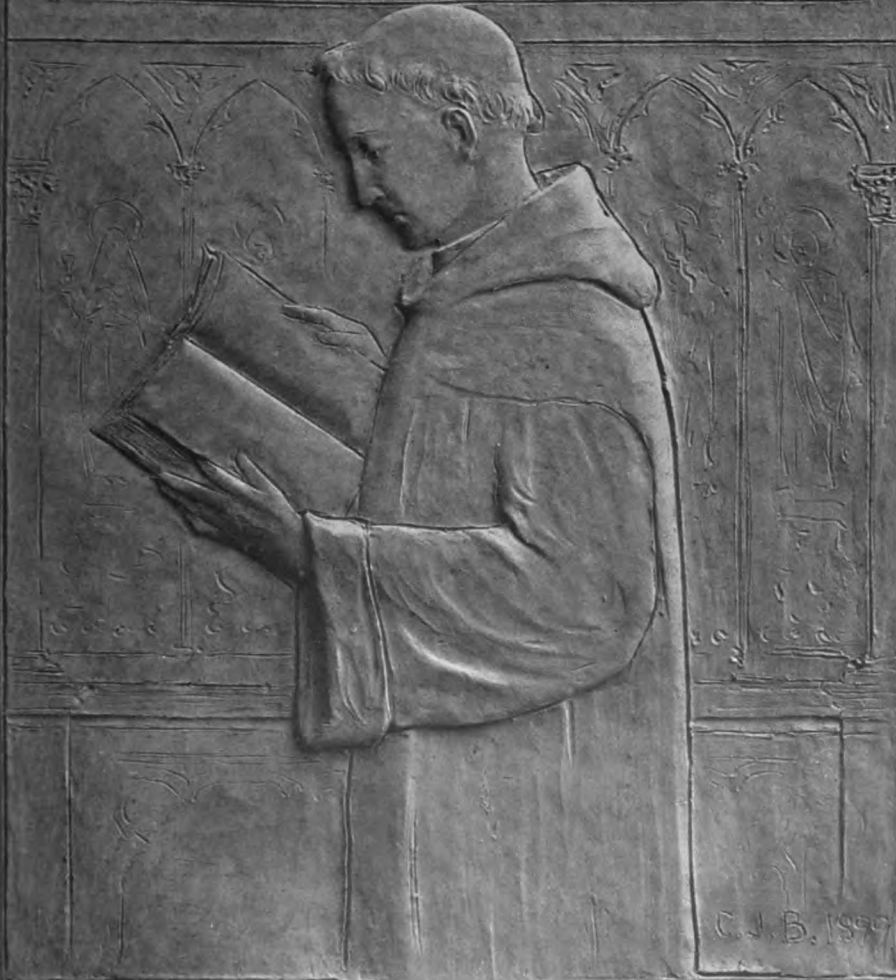




*Arthur Lewis*

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VOL. XIV.

AUGUST, 1901.

No. 2

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### DOXOLOGY.

J. B. C.

**A**LMIGHTY Father, triune God!  
Whose slightest wish, whose merest nod  
All potent is to make or mar  
Great dynasties, by peace or war,  
To Thee all praise and glory be  
Through time and all eternity!

Soul-saving Christ, Jehovah's Son,  
With God the Father equal—one!  
Whose life-blood paid the penalty  
Of man's unfaithful fealty,  
To Thee all praise and glory be  
Through time and all eternity!

Spirit of Father and of Son,  
Whose counsel wise for man has won  
A mediator kind and strong;  
A victim to atone for wrong,  
To Thee all praise and glory be  
Through time and all eternity!

## ST. DOMINIC.

REV. BERTRAND WILBERFORCE, O. P.

*Fast knit to Christ.—Dante.*

FROM time to time in the history of His Church, God is pleased to raise up saints, who, in a special manner represent and reproduce the divine life of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Not that every holy man does not imitate our Blessed Redeemer. All holiness whether incipient or perfect consists in conformity with Him.

But at certain times, there appears a man, towering above all others in spiritual stature, as Saul in the armies of Israel, and so faithfully imitating some one side or view of all the perfect life of our Blessed Lord, that we almost venture to exclaim: "Behold, here, another Christ!"

In every age no doubt heroic souls abound. Some are known and admired by men, the greater number remain hidden. But at certain times a giant appears even among the holy ones, a man that seems to surpass the saints almost as much as they are elevated above the ordinary Christian.

St. Francis and St. Dominic were men of this spiritual stature, pre-eminent even among the saints. When about to speak of them Dante puts into the mouth of St. Thomas Aquinas, the following magnificent words:

"The Providence, that governeth the world,  
 In depth of counsel by created ken  
 Unfathomable, to the end that She,<sup>1</sup>  
 Who with loud cries was 'spoused in Precious Blood,  
 Might keep her footing towards her well Beloved,<sup>2</sup>  
 Safe in herself, and constant unto Him,  
 Hath two<sup>3</sup> ordained, who should, on either hand  
 In chief escort her: one,<sup>4</sup> seraphic all  
 In fervency; for wisdom upon earth  
 The other,<sup>5</sup> splendor of cherubic light.  
 I but of one will tell: he tells of both,  
 Who one commendeth, which of them so e'er  
 Be taken: for their deeds were to one end."<sup>6</sup>

1, the Church. 2, Jesus Christ. 3, St. Francis and St. Dominic. 4, St. Francis. 5, St. Dominic. 6, Dante, Paradise, Canto xi. Carey's translation.

These two, lights of the first magnitude in the spiritual heavens, were intended to illuminate the Church, the Spouse of Christ, and to "escort her" in the restless thirteenth century. That century had especial perils of its own and these two Patriarchs with their spiritual children were given to the Church, that she might triumphantly guide men in the truth in spite of those dangers.

They can both justly be called saints of the thirteenth century, though both born in the twelfth, because when the thirteenth began they were both in their full vigor and they lived in the persons of their spiritual sons to influence the whole of that important age.

St. Dominic was the elder of the two, born, says Dante, in "happy Callaroga," in 1170.

"There was born  
The loving minion<sup>1</sup> of the Christian faith,  
The hallowed wrestler, gentle to his own,  
And to his enemies terrible."

He died when only 51, in August 1221. The last twenty years of his life in which his greatest works were accomplished belonged therefore to the thirteenth century.

St. Francis was born at Assisi twelve years after St. Dominic, in 1182, and was therefore only a youth of 18 when the thirteenth century began. He died in 1226, at the early age of 44, worn out by the wasting flames of divine love.

These two men, the pillars of the Christian Church of that age, stand forth as singular reproductions of the life of Christ. Yet under different aspects. St. Francis was intended by God to reproduce more particularly the hidden life of Christ, His poverty, His humility, His sufferings, and thus the influence of the Franciscans was felt throughout the world by the reformation and sanctifying of the Christian home.

St. Dominic on the other hand was raised up to imitate the public life of our blessed Saviour, His teaching, preaching and ministry of love to others. Thus did these two, one addressing the intellect of men the other the heart and its affections, escort, as Dante expresses it, the Spouse of Christ, the Church of the living God, one at each side.

Not that St. Francis did not preach and his children teach, nor that St. Dominic did not pray and suffer, but that the one saint seems to reflect more copiously on the Church the light of the hid-

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<sup>1</sup>, loved one.

den and suffering life of our Redeemer, and the other that of the public ministry of preaching and teaching.

Our Lord Himself is the source of all light in the spiritual world, the one sun in the heavens of the Church. Different saints, all reflecting the one light of the spiritual sun, represent various aspects of that Divine Light, much as the spectroscope analyses for us the various component parts of the light of the sun.

When we picture St. Francis to our minds, an emaciated figure with pale cheek and eyes almost blind from weeping, rises before us. Barefooted and clothed in one poor garment, he extends his hands, in the form of a cross, and from them, as from the feet, come rays of light indicating the mystical wounds that unite him so closely to Christ suffering, and make us exclaim, Behold another Christ, wounded like His Master!

When we try to imagine St. Dominic, we see a man with brilliant eyes and shining countenance; a face beaming with holy joy and thus attracting all to hear the words of wisdom, understanding and counsel that fall from his mouth. His feet shod in preparation for apostolic journeyings to preach the Gospel of peace, a white flowing garment but girt about the loins with the girdle of truth, with the white scapular representing the breast plate of justice and righteousness and the black cloak of penance, like a shield over his arm to protect him in his conflicts with the evil one. Thus he brings to the mind our Lord going from city to city, from village to desert place preaching and teaching and healing all diseases. His feet are not bare and wounded for he represents our Lord in His public life of apostolic ministry more than in the Garden or on Calvary, his face is shining with radiant joy and peaceful gladness rather than emaciated with agony and furrowed with tears, for he represents more the preacher of good things than the victim for sin; more the light of the world, the joy of angels and master of apostles, than the Lamb of God pierced and suffering as the holocaust of love.

These heroic followers of Christ are generally like Him in this, that they left disciples to carry on their life's work. As our Lord though dying at 33 years old left the Church to do His work till the end of time, so these special images of Christ, giants even among the saints themselves, generally leave followers to perpetuate their work, and to follow them as they also followed Christ.

And the special type of the father is reproduced in the sons. To confine ourselves to the two saints of the thirteenth century,

St. Francis and St. Dominic both organized religious bodies, or rather their orders grew round them and embodied their spirit, and exemplifying what has been said, the one is called the seraphic order, as more devoted to the life of contemplation, the other the angelical, as being especially sent as the messengers of God to announce His word. The most distinguished son of St. Francis is S. Bonaventure the Seraphic Doctor, and of St. Dominic, the Angelical Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas. St. Anthony of Padua, the most popular of the followers of St. Francis is always represented as enjoying a mystical vision of our Lord as an Infant, while St. Vincent Ferrer has as his sign in Christian art, the wings that mark him out as the angel, sent from God to enlighten the earth with his preaching.

We see the same idea in the names of the two Orders. The sons of the seraphic St. Francis are called Friars Minor, or little, humble Friars, bringing to mind the hidden and humble life of Christ suffering and despised, of Whom it was said :

He shall not strive nor cry aloud :

Neither shall His voice be heard in the streets.

—Isaias xlii.

On the other hand the followers of St. Dominic were called, not by him or by themselves but by the Vicar of Christ, the Order of Preachers, the Friars or brothers whose one special duty it is to preach the Word of God. They, in God's plan and the design of St. Dominic, were to imitate our Lord particularly when "He began to preach, and to say, do penance for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."—S. Math. iv, 17.

St. Dominic then was destined to show forth to the world the public life of our Lord, and in his own person for a time, and for centuries through the mouths of his children, to preach and teach.

His early life in the home of his childhood with Felix his father and Blessed Jane d'Asa his holy mother, and his later student's career at Palencia, are almost as unknown as that of our Lord at Nazareth. When twenty-eight he became, at the request of the Bishop of Osma, a Canon Regular, and in spite of his youth was made Superior, the Bishop himself being Prior.

What we may call his public life, in which he was so closely to imitate our Lord began about the age of thirty-five when he accompanied the Bishop of Osma into the south of France. From that time his one work was to preach the faith to the heretics, called



Albigenses, in southern France, and to perpetuate the preaching of the Word of God by instituting the Order of Preaching Friars, to teach the Christian faith all over the world. He died at Bologna in Italy, surrounded by his brethren in 1221.

The ordinary Protestant tradition represents St. Dominic as a cruel persecutor and gloomy fanatic. Nothing could be further from the truth, as Mother Francis Raphael Drane in her "Life of St. Dominic" has triumphantly proved. His whole character, as portrayed for us by his early biographers, gives an absolute denial to such an idea.

He was indeed a strenuous champion of the faith, but a spiritual warrior wielding, instead of the sword and the spear, the heavenly weapons of preaching and teaching, exhortation and prayer.

The other idea might seem at first sight favored by the lines already quoted from the "Paradiso" of Dante,

"The hallowed wrestler, gentle to his own,  
And to his enemies terrible."

Gentle to his own, he certainly was, but how about being to his enemies terrible? He would have replied that he had no enemies. He loved all with intense charity, and was not only willing, but anxious to die for their welfare. His enemies were those fighting against God and His Church, who made themselves his foes by opposing the truth of revealed faith. To these enemies he was indeed terrible. They felt terror at his very name. But it was a moral not physical fear. It was not the same fear which the name of Simon de Montfort and his crusaders inspired into their hearts. St. Dominic was terrible only by spiritual weapons. His words struck fear into their hearts. His arguments were strong, his eloquence convincing, his prayers powerful. The miracles by which Almighty God authenticated his teaching made his enemies tremble.

During the time of the crusade against the heretics many cruelties were committed. We cannot judge the actions of men excited by battle, and driven to fury on account of the manifest and heinous crimes of the obstinate heretics, by the more orderly and humanitarian ideas of the present day, but making all allowance for the difference of times and manners, no excuse can be made for the promiscuous slaughter of women and children in the taking of a town. The inhumanity of such an action is not, as Alban Butler very justly remarks, to be palliated though the inhabitants of that

town were robbers and plunderers, and guilty of all manner of crimes.

Protestant writers who speak so strongly against the Church on account of cruelties in the war against the Albigenses, who were destroyers of civil government as well as of religion, should reflect on the atrocities committed in Ireland against the poor Catholic people by Cromwell in the seventeenth century and by the English soldiers in Ireland during the eighteenth. There is not the slightest proof that St. Dominic had any part in the death of a single heretic. We hear of him indeed saving, by his influence, the life of one condemned to death, but never once of any act of undue severity, though the Albigenses were guilty of the worst crimes. Mother Francis Raphael Drane in the ninth chapter of the life of St. Dominic proves this so clearly that even the *Saturday Review* in noticing her book in 1891, said that "the vulgar conception of him as a relentless persecutor seems wholly unwarranted by facts" and that "he seems to have been a man of kindly spirit, absorbingly anxious for the salvation of others, and seeking it by means of instruction and exhortation."

Every reader of *THE ROSARY* and above all every member of the Third Order should study Mother F. R. Drane's *Life of St. Dominic*, which is certainly the best and fullest that has ever appeared in the English language. In speaking of the above extract from the *Saturday Review*, she said in a private letter to a friend in 1891, "If I can in any way contribute to the removal of some of the traditionary prejudice on this score, it will be a great matter for thankfulness."

Although the real conformity to the Son of God must be in the soul, yet it has ever been a cherished tradition among his religious children that our holy Father St. Dominic even in external appearance bore a certain visible resemblance to the Son of Man, a privilege not always granted even to the saints. Sister Cecilia, one of his spiritual daughters, who knew him well, thus describes him, and we are truly grateful to her for thus enabling us to picture to our imaginations his personal appearance. "He was about the middle stature, but slightly made; his face was comely, in color rather sanguine, his hair and beard of a fair and bright hue, and his eyes remarkably fine. From his forehead and brows there

seemed to shine forth a radiant light, which moved those who saw it to respect and love. He was always joyous and cheerful, save when moved to compassion by the afflictions of others. His hands were long and beautiful, his voice clear, noble and musical. Never was he bald, always preserving entire his religious crown or tonsure, mingled here and there with a very few white hairs."

How like is this description of the servant to the traditionary description given us by Nicephorus Callistus of the external appearance of the Master. "The countenance of Jesus Christ," he writes, "was full of life and beautiful. He was somewhat above the middle height. His hair was a light chestnut hue, not very thick, and somewhat curled at the extremities; His eyebrows dark and slightly arched. From His eyes there sprung forth a marvellous grace of expression. His nose was long, His beard brown but moderate in size."

Again of St. Dominic, Pere Rechac writes from the accounts of those who knew him personally, "his forehead was broad and majestic, and his eyes possessed a singular beauty of expression, which attracted the hearts of those on whom he looked with kindness, though they were capable of striking terror into the hearts of evil-doers. His head was generally slightly inclined, in an attitude of thoughtfulness and humility."

Compare this picture with the tradition bequeathed to us by Nicephorus Callistus about our Lord Jesus Christ: "His neck, inclined a little forward, so that there was nothing stiff or haughty in His bearing, and his complexion was of the color of ripe wheat. His face was neither round nor sharp, but somewhat long like His Mother's, and was slightly tinged with a ruddy hue. Gravity and prudence shone therein, joined with singular sweetness and serenity."

St. Catherine of Siena, who was favored by a vision of the Saint spoke thus of it to her confessor, Bartholomew Dominic:\* "Do not you see him, our Blessed Father! I see him as distinctly as I see you. How like he is to our Lord. His face is oval, grave and sweet, and his hair and beard are the same color."

Father Theodoric of Apoldia, who wrote in the thirteenth century, speaks of the voice of St. Dominic as very powerful and musical, like the sound of a silver trumpet.

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\* See Life of St. Dominic by Mother Francis R. Drane, page 271.

But the real likeness and conformity with the Incarnate God, must be in the soul, and the more we study the character of St. Dominic the more evident will become the close resemblance of his mind and soul with those of Jesus Christ, whom he loved. There is a secret power in love to make us like the object loved. If we love low, earthly, sordid things there is an irresistible tendency to become like them. We should then place before our eyes the highest possible ideal and constantly contemplate it, that we may be drawn into resemblance to it. How truly the poet Pope has said :

"Unless above himself he can  
Exalt himself, how poor a thing is man!"

If we contemplate and love high things, we gradually become, like them, exalted. This is true even in the natural order as psychologists tell us. They try to account for supernatural phenomena in the lives of saints, as for instance the Stigmata, by the action of this natural law alone. In the supernatural order this law under the influence of grace, that is, God's free and loving action, is far stronger.

Now St. Dominic loved Christ our Lord alone. His image was always before his eyes. He was one of those who could say with perfect truth,

"My eyes are ever on the Lord."—Ps. xxiv, 15.

His heart was always pouring out all its affections on our Lord. His one desire was to become like him. This resemblance of soul consists principally in loving what Christ loved and hating what He hated, seeking what He sought and avoiding what He fled from.

The one master passion of St. Dominic's life was his love for souls, his desire to save them by prayer, suffering and labor. Like our Lord he spent the night in prayer for sinners, and his day in preaching, teaching and apostolic journeys. To save souls and as many as possible was the one ambition of his life. For this he prayed night and day; for this he instituted his Order, for this end he wore out his strength and died when only fifty-one years old.

The one thing he incessantly asked of God in prayer was the gift of charity, perfect love to God and man. And what he prayed for so earnestly, he as earnestly endeavored to practise. One of the first things we hear of him in his University days was that he sold his books to feed the poor, and offered to sell himself as a slave to redeem the son of a widow. Again later did he repeat the same

heroic offer. When preaching to the Albigenses, Theodoric of Apoldia tells us, one of the heretics convinced that he ought to be received into the Catholic Church, was held back by fear of starvation. "I depend upon them for my daily bread," he objected, "and therefore I am compelled to belong to them." "Then the Saint, compassionating him from the depths of his heart, offered to sell himself as a slave to relieve the poverty which stood in the way of this poor man's salvation." To spend himself in every possible way for others was the one desire of his soul and nothing could make the character of a man more conformed to that of Christ than this universal and self-denying charity.

It was this fire of charity that caused him to be ever full of joy. The only thing that ever brought a shade over the brightness of his joyous countenance was compassion for the sufferings of others. Otherwise whatever happened to him never made him sad. Though he loved poverty with an ardor equal to that of St. Francis himself, God had endowed him with the best of all riches.

"There is no riches above the health of the body  
And no pleasure above the joy of the heart."

—Eccle'sus xxx, 16.

St. Dominic was very seldom ill. Though he labored with such unintermitting diligence, fasted so rigorously even while travelling on foot, abstained constantly from meat, spent the night in prayer before the altar, he still felt always vigorous. In this he was somewhat exceptional among the saints, who often endured the penance of bad health. St. Lewis Bertrand could not remember a day on which he felt thoroughly well. With St. Dominic the case was different. He appears always vigorous in health, a special gift in the natural order, to enable him more easily and perfectly to do his work, which Dante thus describes:

"Forth on his great apostleship he fared,  
Like torrent bursting from a lofty vein;  
And, dashing 'gainst the stock's of heresy,  
Smote fiercest, where resistance was most stout,  
Thence many rivulets have since been turned,  
Over the garden Catholic to lead  
Their living waters, and have fed its plants."\*

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\* Paradise, Canto xii, Cary's translation.

In this gift of soundness of bodily health he was conformed to the image of his Master, Who was never, as the Perfect Man, afflicted with bodily ill health.

How can I describe the gift of joy that was his? In this again he is exceptional among even the saints of God. No doubt he had a disposition and temperament naturally cheerful and joyous. If he had not been a saint his natural character would have been sunny and lightsome. Joy found a congenial home in his heart. Planted in his mind from the first, gladness found the soil to suit its growth and flourished, bringing forth continually all the lovely blossoms of the joyous spirit.

This was the natural tendency of his soul, and sanctity is built on nature as a foundation. So the Holy Ghost brought forth in his soul with wonderful exuberance the fruit of holy joy. It was like the sun shining upon the earth and making all things glad. His eyes, his brows, his whole countenance shone with a peculiar and indescribable brightness, which all who saw him noticed and which seemed to attract the hearts of all men toward him. It was the effect of the inward joy of his soul, the reflection of the light of the Face of God, in answer to that prayer he daily said, "Let the Light of Thy Face shine down upon Thy servant."

There is "no joy above the joy of the heart." True joy cannot spring merely from outside things. Joy that depends upon external circumstances must be transient and changeable as they are themselves. Real and lasting joy, that remains in spite of all the trials and disappointments of life, must spring from within. It must be the happy effect of union with God, the living fountain of joy. It is the portion and inheritance of those who are "fast knit to Christ." The kingdom of God is within and there only can His joy be found. One thing only brought sorrow to his heart and tears to his eyes. It was the same cause that made St. John write those heart stirring words, "And Jesus wept."—St. John xi, 35.

Deep sympathy with the sufferings, and compassion for their sins, filled the tender heart of St. Dominic with grief and often made him, literally, water the ground with his tears. He was accustomed to pray all night in the Church and was heard often to pray for sinners, crying out aloud in the anguish of his heart, "O what will become of sinners! Have mercy on them O Lord!" At such

times the pavement of the Church was often found wet where he had lain prostrate in prayer. He could only say with literal truth

“My eyes have sent forth streams of water:  
Because they have not kept Thy law.”—Ps. 118, 136.

No doubt the natural cheerfulness of his character accounts in some measure for the marvellous power of attracting men's hearts to himself which St. Dominic evidently possessed. Cheerfulness and the spirit of joy have, as a popular author justly remarks, a power to develop all the best qualities of others and thus to attract their hearts, just as the genial sunshine is able to draw forth the flowers into bloom, and to ripen the fruits of the trees.

But over and above this natural effect, there is in the case of a man like St. Dominic, a mysterious and supernatural power over the minds and hearts of men, coming from the joy which is the fruit of the Holy Ghost. This was possessed by St. Dominic in an eminent degree. Numbers of men, who came within the circle of his influence, were drawn, almost in spite of themselves, to follow him and to partake in his work. To do this was no light sacrifice, no easy labor. Yet the charm of his joyous spirit made the time of clouds a day of sunshine and changed labor into delight.

Among many others Father Stephen of Spain, who was himself drawn into the Order by a few loving words of St. Dominic, testifies to the wonderful influence he and those who caught his spirit showed in the difficult task of reconciling enemies, terminating deadly feuds and drawing men together by the cords of charity.

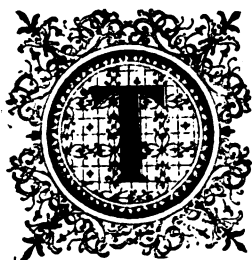
All that I have been able to attempt in this paper, is to indicate a few of the more evident and striking characteristics that make St. Dominic like His Lord and Master. My hope is that some of the readers of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE may be moved to become more familiar with the life and actions of the Saint. Everyone who loves the devotion of the Rosary looks upon St. Dominic as their patron and father

“And should speak of him, as the laborer,  
Whom Christ in His own garden chose to be  
His helpmate. Messenger he seemed and friend  
Fast knit to Christ.”

—Dante Paradiso Canto xii.

## BROTHER AZARIAS.

EDW. J. BROWNSON.

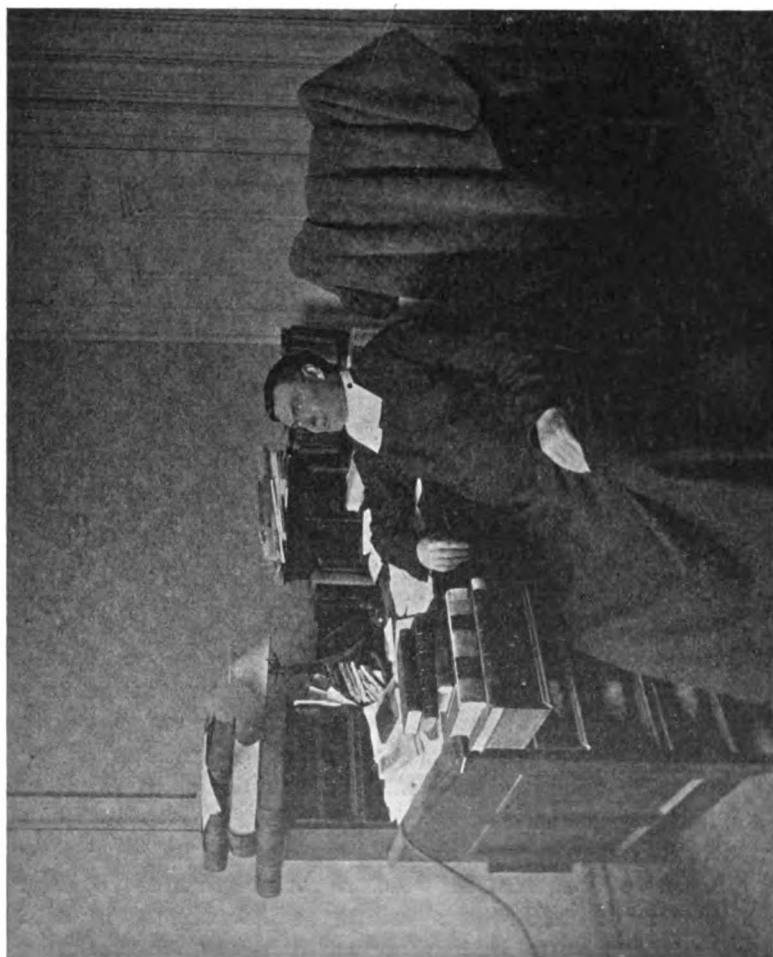


HIS great critic, scholar, and saintly religious was born in Tipperary, Ireland, June 29, 1847. He was still in his fourth year, when his parents, emigrating to the United States, settled in Deerfield, N. Y., a village not far from the city of Utica. The public school at Deerfield was the first institute of learning to number among its pupils the happy, little urchin, Patrick Mullany, who at this early period could barely have guessed what deathless honor should one day be his, how his writings should furnish the best antidote to the Emersonian philosophy, and how his personality clothed with a supernatural freshness and charm, should force itself with a sweet and unobtrusive violence upon the esteem of both fellow-Catholics and heterodox countrymen!

From the union school at Deerfield, Patrick was transferred to the Brothers' Academy at Utica, where he had the good fortune of passing into the fatherly hands of Rev. Brother Justin, a teacher who excelled in the art of arousing life-like action in the mind of the scholar. Under the guardianship of such a man, it is needless to say that the talented boy progressed rapidly, feeling his young soul drawn powerfully on toward the good no less than the true, and developing a habit of solid and virile thinking for which both master and pupil became later on so justly famed.

Though young in years, Patrick even then possessed a calmness and clearness of judgment, for which it was no great feat to discern the nobleness of the Brothers' calling; and having a disposition naturally responsive to grace, there was hardly any matter of surprise in his ambition to be united with men whose lives were consecrated to the worthiest purposes. He was accepted by the congregation and sent to its novitiate, then a small building on East Second street, New York. Here he was put through a course of spiritual training, designed to qualify the aspirant for all the moral demands of his future profession.





**BROTHER AZARIAS IN HIS STUDY.**

After an abridged novitiate of about eight months, Azarias\* was sent to begin his life as teacher in the Brothers' Academy at Albany. His dull countenance and weak constitution were certainly not aids to success in the class-room. In Azarias, the highest interior qualities gave no token of their presence by an exterior, physical attractiveness. Only when, as in a lecture or conversation, his mind warmed by contact with a great truth, did the expression of his features render momentary justice to the genius that glowed within. But this physical drawback was more than atoned for by his wealth of virtues whose influence over youth is solid and enduring. His temper was sweet; his humor, kindly; his humility, sincere; his heart, warm and affectionate; and his discretion, admirable.

At the age of nineteen, he left New York for Rock Hill College, near Baltimore, to be there professor of mathematics. As this appointment testifies, he had progressed far in his studies since leaving the novitiate. He had not only mastered the higher mathematics and pried deeply into astronomy, but had already begun the study of ancient and modern languages, which study he was afterwards to carry to a point of no mean scholarship, and had taken some very considerable strides in the branches of philosophy and literature.

At Rock Hill, Brother Azarias remained for twenty years, from 1866 to 1886, and held the presidency of that institution during the last seven years of his continuance there. He left in broken-down health, for the double purpose of recruiting his strength abroad, and amassing materials for his book on the medieval schools, and other projected works. This was his second voyage to Europe, having previously visited the Old World during the Rock Hill period, before his appointment as president.

After two years, he returned to America, still in an alarming physical condition, but rich in lore, delved out of the British and Parisian libraries and museums.

De La Salle Institute, near Central Park, New York, is proud of having sheltered this saintly and learned brother for the greater part of the ensuing five years, terminated by his death, August 20, 1893, at Plattsburgh, on the west shore of Lake Champlain. Hither he had been invited to deliver a course of lectures to the second session of the Champlain Summer School. The schools of the middle ages formed the subject of these lectures, the last to fall from the lips of Brother Azarias. Fortunately, he was permitted to complete the course before his last illness,— a cold that brought on

\* This was the name given to him in religion.

pneumonia,—forever cut him off, in his forty-seventh year, from the theatre of his earthly sufferings and labors.

That a weak-bodied man, whose constitution had early in life been shattered by an immoderate application to science and letters, and whose lungs by frequent attacks of pneumonia had been long ago reduced to a hopeless and wretched condition, should, like another Bede, not feebly, but earnestly and with effect, continue almost to the very last day of his life those three activities which Bede held so dear,—“to learn, to teach, and to write,”—is one more illustration of the immense efficiency of the human soul, once the enthusiasm of a lofty purpose has thoroughly kindled its energies.

Azarias' first book was “The Philosophy of Literature.” Constructed on an ambitious plan, revealing in every page the patient and deep thought which had preceded its composition, and evading the censure of the critics or rather eliciting their applause by the author's admirable method, his precision of style, his breadth of view, and the general accuracy of his statements, it was such a work as many an aspirant to literary renown may have dreamed of one day producing,—a work that should once and for all establish his right to come into the republic of letters with authority to criticise, instruct, advise and warn.

In this valuable treatise, the author labors to show that such as are man's relations with nature, with his fellow-man, and with God, in whatever period, in whatever society we may choose to consider them, such also will be the literature of that period and of that nation. “Literature,” he defines as “the verbal expression of man's affections as acted upon in his relations with the material world, society and his Creator.” As these relations approach their ideal, that is to say, as man enters into a fuller and more intimate communion with God, with his fellow-man and with nature, his genius gives birth to a deeper and more beautiful literature. And as without religion there neither is nor can be any healthy relation between man and his Maker, or between him and his fellow-man, or lastly between him and the material world, so neither can that literature which is not vivified by that religious idea be anything really sublime and worthy of our esteem. Allison remarks that “it was only when the spirit of God moved on the face of the deep that order and beauty were seen in the world.” And Azarias shows that every spirit which is not of God, be it that of rationalism, or of positivism, or of sensism, or of evolutionism, or of Hegelism, or of pessimism, as it prevents man's full communion



**JOHN BAPTIST DE LA SALLE. FOUNDER OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.**

with his Maker, is that which must first be vanquished before we can hope to see a literature of the highest beauty and power. The denial of the supernatural deprives man of that supreme ideal which must inform every work of art which shall be of unsurpassed loveliness.

Communion with nature cannot be genuine and sympathy with her message cannot long subsist in an atmosphere rife with the germs of rationalistic and atheistic doctrines, for the simple reason that nature can be but a blank to him who knows nought of those immortal splendors, those ravishing loves, those admirable ways of the Godhead, which every truly Christian soul delights to find symbolized in the myriad beauties of the universe. The materialist, the positivist, the disciples of Condillac, Mill and George Lewes cannot read the lessons of nature. They may speak of "the beauties of nature," but can mean thereby no more than the wonders of nature's physiology, the excellences of her corporal structure, modes of operation and systemic habits. Of the invisible soul of nature, the unbelieving physicist takes no cognizance; to her heart he has no access; and so it is that her real loveliness is forever hidden from his gaze. For he has no spiritual realities, no eternal ideas which are hinted at or voiced by nature; and the visible cannot be viewed aright through the eye-glass of principles not given in perception nor capable of being verified by experiment. A phrase not seldom on the lips of the infidel scientist, but employed in no Wordsworthian sense, is "the meaning of common things." What is the invitation when he bids us inquire into the meaning? He has reference to physical causes only. The poor satisfaction of finding out the secondary "why" and "wherefore" is all that he proposes in lieu of the poetico-philosophic task of discovering the relation to the uncreated loveliness which all created things possess. Thus an infidel science ignores the intellectual beauty of nature and knows of no communion with her that is not a mere, empty, fanciful diversion.

But if all creation is according to prototype, and we know that it is, then nature must at least faintly reflect that eternal wisdom and goodness which in the Incarnation have their complete and most glorious manifestation. A very banquet of poetic sweets, as well as of solid truth for the mind's nourishment, is wrapped up in this doctrine; but often as Azarias lightly touches on it, and often as his subjects afford an opportunity for treating it, he nowhere, in any of his writings, gives it a satisfactory development.

To consider this philosophy of nature as outside his province is to deny its most important and most delightful bearings. Strange, then, that a writer of so great susceptibility and tenderness should have paid it so little attention.

When "The Philosophy of Literature" had been given to the world, and crowned with the praises of the learned and judicious, the author was emboldened by its reception to plunge more deeply into the study of metaphysics. After a period of hard thinking and careful investigation of systems, "Aristotle and the Christian Church" attested the success of that application. As this essay shows, the Aristotelian writings, especially as misunderstood and wrested from their right sense by the Arabian school, had become in the thirteenth century a source of fierce disputes and of false and dangerous doctrines. How Arab and Jew confidently appealed to Aristotle's teaching against the Christian faith, had first their day of exultation before victory when the commentary of Averroes had overrun all Europe with its rationalistic principles, and finally their hour of defeat when the great Dominican and Franciscan Doctors had successfully pointed out the true meaning of the Stagyrte, refuted him where wrong, and demonstrated his harmony with Christianity where right, and thus triumphantly turned the argument against their subtle adversaries,—this, and much besides, the essay sets down with definiteness, order, and all the usual merits of the author's style.

Following in the order of time were the essays entitled, "The Nature and Synthetic Principle of Philosophy" and "Symbolism of the Cosmos," both which deal with the formula: "God actualizes Cosmos by the Word and completes its end in the Word." This formula has value when taken as the synthetic principle which unites the two orders of nature and of grace, the rational and the teleological orders, or when considered as the central idea of Azarias' own intellectual activity. But the author blunders in wishing to replace by this principle Gioberti's formula, "Being creates existences." His rejection of the latter on the ground of inadequacy proves that he mistook the aim of the Italian philosopher in proposing a formula that should merely express the whole object of ideal institution. Our knowledge of the supernatural is not intuitive. By exercising reason, we many, indeed, vaguely divine our supernatural end, whose specific character is known only by revelation. But apart from revelation and prior to reflecting we have not even an indefinite knowledge of the supernatural end for which we



DE LA SALLE INSTITUTE, NEW YORK CITY.

were created. Then, why should the ideal formula imply the teleological order more clearly than Gioberti's formula does imply it by merely asserting the creative act to which we owe our existence? But the sole objection to Azarias' formula is not that it affirms the supernatural order. Stripping it of all allusion to the supernatural, it still exaggerates the scope of ideal intuition: "God actualizes Cosmos." By a logical process, it is, of course, shown that the good, the necessary, the true, or the object of our intuition, is God; but of God, as God, there is, in this life, no intuition.\*

After the publication of these last-noticed essays, their author retired from the fields of metaphysical subtleties, and, though he afterwards wrote on the "psychological aspects of education," and, again on the "ethical aspects of the papal encyclical on labor," philosophy after this date was comparatively neglected by Gioberti's erring critic.

History, literature, and pedagogics now occupied his whole attention, not otherwise claimed by the duties of his profession. Besides numerous lectures and addresses, he has given us the excellent work on "Old English Thought," and writings published collectively under the title, "Phases of Thought and Criticism,"—two books that, had he written nothing else, would have sufficed to hand down his name in honor to after ages. A very firm essay on "Literature, its Nature and Influence," notes on "The Sonnets and Plays of Shakespeare," and several essays on educational subjects must complete this list of the writings of Brother Azarias.

Even a cursory review of all these essays would carry this article far beyond prescribed limits. Hardly more can here be attempted than a brief answer to that most important of all questions when treating of a great author's productions: What master-principle lies at the bottom of all his thought, and pervading them all, gives to all his compositions their unity, beauty and significance? Like every superior mind, Azarias views all things in the light chiefly of one seminal idea. In his case, it is the idea of the Incarnation, or of the supernatural, whose life-giving light is diffused through all his works. Never for a moment does he lose sight of this fertile idea of man's dependence upon grace, without which there can be no healthful and complete development of his faculties, no genuine social growth and happiness, and no success for the rational creature, attempting by natural means alone to reach his destiny. It is always the Incarnation whence Azarias derives that imperishable ideal which animates and invests with a

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\* For an analysis of Gioberti's formula, see Brownson's Works, Vol. II.



lofty meaning his every utterance. It may be said that in the light of that august mystery, he, as an author, "lives and works and moves and has his being."

But before pronouncing finally on Azarias' merits, we have yet to see if his ideal of consummate beauty has been given as becoming, as noble, as graceful an embodiment as we have a right to demand, or as human skill permits. Shall a Lucretius or a Shaftesbury deck out error in purer and richer attractions than the champions of truth have the wit or the industry to weave into their defence of sound principles?

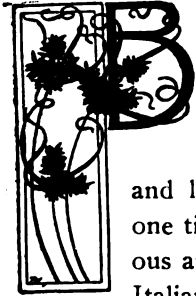
Now, there can be no doubt that for felicity of expression, for purity, terseness, precision and transparency of diction, the writings of Azarias cannot be too highly praised. In the general refinement and exquisite finish of his manner, he most closely resembles Aubrey De Vere, considered as a prose-writer. Besides the extensive similarity of their literary sympathies, principles and methods, both write the same delicately-chiseled sentence, without a single superfluous word, and so exactly conformed to the thought as to seem but one with it; and both have the same delightful knack of expressing the most abstract thoughts easily, deftly, and newly.

Azarias is unlike De Vere in the greater simplicity and severity of his genius. Both have a mission to perform, and both are profoundly impressed with the grandeur of that mission; but with Azarias, that mission is more rigorously restricted in its aims and is far more of a power, ever-present and over-mastering, which lifts him out of himself and holds him resistless "as a three years' child:" hence, Azarias has the advantage of superior loftiness and dignity. But he is less rapid and animated in his style, attractions are less varied, and, while his strength is equal, he lacks the mental vivacity of De Vere. In Azarias, ever austere, recollected and unvisited by any raptures or passions of the poetical kind, we miss the multi-form workings of more impulsive souls, and regret that he has not a higher degree of that life and spontaneity which are the marvellous witchery of all eloquent writing.

Such are the strong and weak points of this truly profound and devoted scholar. The faithful and painstaking method of labor to which, from first to last, he so loyally adhered, has bequeathed its masterly products to posterity, and imposed a perpetual debt of gratitude on all who truly love their country and hope to see the short-comings cancelled of a civilization as wretched under some aspects as many of its triumphs are splendid.

## THE TOMB OF ST. DOMINIC.

GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.



Bologna, "the city of columns," is interesting alike to the antiquarian, the student of history and the lovers of art. Its school of painting, revived under the Caracci brothers is of world wide celebrity, and the high standard of culture and learning attained by the Bolognese rendered it at one time the "Boston of Italy." Its past has been glorious and eventful, but its present, like that of many other Italian towns, is not of an especially brilliant nature.

Burke, describing Bologna under the papal rule before the French invasion, calls it "the free, fertile and happy city and state of Bologna, the cradle of regenerated law, the seat of sciences and arts, the chosen spot of plenty and delight." "But very different," remarks a modern writer, "has been the state of the city since its union in 1860 with the new kingdom of Victor Emmanuel." It was mentioned by Pliny, under its original name of Felsina, as the chief of the Etruscan cities north of the Apennines; and became a Roman colony under the title of Bononia in 189 B. C. St. Ambrose (Epistle 39) speaks of it as much decayed in the fourth century. It afterwards, however, regained its importance and became in the medieval times one of the foremost cities in the Guelphic cause and especially distinguished in the war of 1249. In the thirteenth century we read of Bologna being distracted by the feuds of the Gieremei family with Lambertazzi, the former being Guelphs and the latter Ghibellines. Nicholas III. was called in as mediator and from then until the revolution in 1334 under Taddeo Pepoli who siezed the government of Bologna and afterwards sold it to Visconti, the chief power rested with the Popes. To-day it is an eminently picturesque and medieval looking town, an anachronism, as it were, amidst the rush and progress of the twentieth century.

Lovers of art, assumed or genuine, frequent its picture galleries and feast their eyes upon the glowing masterpieces of

Ludovico Caracci, Domenichino, Guido Reni, and other giants of "the golden age," but to Dominicans, in the world and in the cloister, its chief attraction is to be found in the church of San Domenico, where rest the mortal remains of the great and glorious St. Dominic. The Piazza of San Domenico is a stately square with two columns erected in 1633 and supporting statues of our Lady and the Founder of the Friars Preachers. In the centre are two curious canopied tombs dating from the middle ages in one of which is buried Rolandino Passaggieri, who delivered to the Emperor Frederick II. the final ultimatum of the republic concerning the release of his son Eugius. The old church itself has been modernized but is still intensely interesting on account of its ancient monuments, chief amongst which is the tomb of St. Dominic.

On the death of the Saint, (6th of August, 1221), he was buried first in the church of San Niccola without any monument, and literally, as he himself in his humility desired, "beneath the feet of the Friars," and his body was afterwards removed to its present resting place. This famous shrine with its exquisite workmanship, which is mentioned even in the guide books as "one of the principal sights of Bologna," is designated "Arca di San Domenico" and was executed by Niccola Pisano. In front there is a statuette of St. Petronius and an angel on the left by Michelangelo, but its prominent and most beautiful features are the six large bas-reliefs, the lower series being an addition by Alfonso Lombardo in 1528. These, both upper and lower, represent the principal events in St. Dominic's life. There are two behind, one at each extremity, and two in front, between which last is fixed a small statue of Mary Immaculate, crowned, and holding the Divine Infant in a position which the successors of Niccolo Pisano have in following centuries endeavored in vain to imitate. At the back of these is a small, admirably carved statue of our Saviour and at the angles are sculptured the four Doctors of the Church. The operculum, or lid, was added about ten years afterwards, and "altogether," says Lord Lindsay in *Christian art*, "the arca di San Domenico is a marvel of beauty, a shrine of pure and Christian feeling which you will pilgrimage to with deeper reverence every time you re-visit Bologna."

Let us glance briefly at the subjects of the bas-reliefs. The first represents the Papal confirmation of the Order of Friars

Preachers. St. Dominic had asked for it and had been refused, and the following night the Pontiff, in a dream, saw the great Basilica of the Lateran giving way and supported on the shoulders of the Saint. In the second we see St. Peter and St. Paul appearing to St. Dominic while he knelt in prayer in St. Peter's and presenting him with a staff and telling him to "go forth and preach to Christendom." Well has that edict been obeyed, and admirably is it being carried out to-day by the white-robed Friars in their time honored role of oppressors of heresy and defenders of the Faith.

The third bas-relief represents St. Dominic praying for the restoration to life of Napoleone Orsini, cousin of Cardinal Stefano, who had been thrown from his horse, and in the fourth the Saint's doctrine is undergoing the ordeal by fire. We read in his life that after preaching against the Albigenses he wrote his arguments and that one of his antagonists resolved to test it by fire. The scroll was accordingly thrice thrown into the devouring flames from whence it three times emerged unburnt.

In the fifth is commemorated the miracle of the loaves, when forty Friars, assembled in the refectory with only one solitary loaf before them, were waited upon by angels, and in the sixth we see St. Dominic interceding with our Lady for the youthful deacon Reginald, whose life was despaired of on the eve of his admission into the Order.

The chapel of San Domenico is adorned with exquisitely tinted frescoes and is a veritable dream of beauty. On the ceiling the inspired brush of Guido Reni has depicted the Saint's reception into Paradise; on the right Tiarini has represented him raising a boy from the dead, while on the left Lionello Spada, the pupil of Caracci, has immortalized his act of casting heretical books into the flames.

The chapel of the Rosary is also adorned with frescoes painted by Guido Reni, Caracci, Calvaret, and others, and pausing before the chapel of the Relics, we venerate the head of St. Dominic reposing in a silver case.

In the glowing month of August when summer is at the zenith of her beauty, we celebrate the feast of him who may be termed the warrior of Christ. It is a red-letter day in the stately church of Bologna which contains his tomb, and it is solemnized with pomp

and rejoicing in that Gothic edifice built on the ruins of the ancient temple of Minerva in the "Eternal City." Also, with less outward splendor but with inward joy and thanksgiving, in that spacious convent on the Aventine, hallowed by some of the most sacred memories of his eventful life. It is truly a great and glorious mission which he has handed down to his followers through successive generations. Heresy to-day differs in many respects from the pernicious doctrines preached in the time of St. Dominic, but it still enfolds us in its poisonous atmosphere, and, all unconsciously to ourselves, casts its baleful influence over our immediate environments. The age is calling aloud for a second Dominic, with the same burning zeal and uncompromising hatred of heresy which distinguished the Spanish Friar of the thirteenth century, and when England and America at last shake off the heretical chains which now bind them so closely, it will be surely owing to the energy, devotion and prayers of his white-robed sons.

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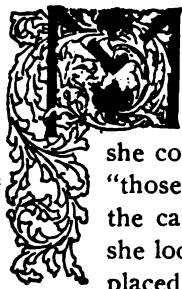
### MY BEADS.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

**A**LONE in the darkness so gloomy and dreary,  
From lips faintly trembling, there steals a sad prayer;  
A prayer sweetly chanted through moments so weary—  
A message to Heaven from a soul in despair.  
And there in my kneeling, my fingers go stealing  
To count the sweet Ave's on my beads wet with tears;  
Each bead has a story of woe or of glory—  
Life's gay happy sunshine—the heart-aches of years!  
Loved beads, old and treasured! the gift of a dear one!  
To me you are dearer than riches or gold—  
A heaven-sent solace! (for souls often lonesome  
To thee as a friend, their heart's tale unfold.)  
Thus in joy and in gladness, in pain and in sadness  
My fingers move on and count the prayers o'er  
And my heart tells its story of woe or of glory  
To those beads, that I'll cherish and prize evermore.

## THOSE PEOPLE.

ANNA HOWARD.



RS. PATERSON'S perfectly controlled face gave no hint of the angry thoughts that swept through her mind as she gazed across her lawn to that of her neighbor. "To think that those people" (never did she condescend to think of the new comers as anything but "those people") "to think that those people should have been the cause of breaking that beautiful stretch of green," and she looked ruefully at the unsightly iron piping that she had placed as a barrier between her estate and that of the Collins'. "Doctor indeed! the presumption of such people, entering the professions, making teachers of their daughters, serving as our very law makers. I for one shall never compromise with ignorance and superstition," and her resolution never in any way to recognize the new neighbors, was renewed as her eyes rested upon her only child, a boy of about eleven, whose handsome face, (alas that it should be so)—bore a striking resemblance to that of a paternal aunt, who had become a Catholic in Rome and had married an Austrian nobleman. Her most fervent prayer was that her boy might never, never hear of this blot upon the family escutcheon, lest the knowledge might tend to discourage his efforts to be worthy of his descent from the Reverend Hezekiah Perkins, first Congregational minister of the city wherein they dwelt, and with an instinctive gesture she drew her skirts tighter about her just as she would have drawn her child away from everything unorthodox in religion, liberal in ideas and uncleanly.

"Ernest dear," the boy started from his reverie at the low, clear-cut words, "I wish you to spend a half hour on your Sabbath school lesson while I oversee the preparation of supper," and she left the piazza, for her New England conscience would not allow her to take it for granted that the two excellent servants would do any duty right unless personally looked after. The boy watched his mother's trim, well gowned figure until it disappeared, then for a moment his mind's eye rested lovingly upon her thin, self-righteous face with its crown of light brown hair, whose waves were as fixed as if glued into place. "What a shame," he thought reproach-

fully, "that the Rev. Hezekiah's sermons were but sawdust to his mental stomach." Perhaps he had inherited some of his aunt's traits—that mysterious aunt whose name had once been accidentally mentioned before him, and about whom he was sternly forbidden to ask questions. He shuddered as he came to the conclusion that she was immured in some dungeon for a dreadful crime, and he hoped the boys at Mr. Buckingham's school would never learn that he had such a relative for they were all of the very best families. There is no knowing into what depths of morbidness such speculations might have led him, had not the sound of childish laughter from the adjoining lawn reached his ears, and presently he was smiling as he gazed upon a little girl, who, with golden curls flying from her pretty head, now romped with a great dog, now stopped to hug her doll, and now exchanged a merry word with a youth, evidently her brother, whose face, so serious while he read, became exceedingly jolly as he alternately teased and petted his little sister. "If the Collins' were only not Roman Catholics!" he thought. He had heard that Tom Collins was very clever and he did love clever people! How pleasant it would be to lend her his jack-knife, he would love to make her a present of his beautiful cornelian agate, and share with her the candy that his mother so judiciously doled out to him, but he thought with a sigh, and he did not stop to ask why he thought so, "Catholics are low people, and I must have nothing to do with what is not good;" and forthwith his New England conscience admonished him that he had wasted a whole quarter of an hour, and when his mother came out to summon him to supper she found him deep in the law and the prophets.

For years the lives of the two families, separated by the iron fence, flowed along in parallel courses, the joys and sorrows, the ambitions and achievements of each bringing them no closer together than they were the day that Dr. Collins had placed his sign upon the door of the Wilkins mansion. To be sure Ernest Paterson had felt a great lump in his throat on the day that he had seen Margaret's mother borne out in her coffin, and every time he saw the girl's sad face under her mourning hat he longed to speak some word of sympathy to her. He often fancied that his mother's face bore a look of pity for the motherless girl and he ardently wished that her feelings would break forth just as he had seen her love and grief for his father break the barriers of her self-control the day that he lay dead in the parlor. Yes, his mother's

heart was rich in affection and it could not but be touched by Margaret's devotion to her father, whose hair had rapidly whitened after his wife's death. Through Margaret's vacations she took the place of his coachman on his round of visits and it was a beautiful sight to see her reading to him on the piazza, while a great dog rested his nose upon her knee, a cat dozed in her lap and pigeons flew about cooing for the dole of food she loved to watch them eat. Then suddenly his admiration and sympathy would seem to congeal, as he thought of her brother who had recently returned, wearing the collar of a "Romish" priest, and remembered that she attended the Sacred Heart Academy and that she carried, yes he had seen her do so, pearl beads in her hands on Sundays!

Trophy after trophy had he won for scholarship, and yet he knew history, literature and science only from the standpoint of his great ancestor, the Rev. Hezekiah Perkins, and of men outside of his own select set he was almost entirely ignorant.

On each home-coming from college he seemed to notice some new beauty or attainment in his fair neighbor. The curls were now coiled in sunny braids at the back of her handsome head, and her gowns, that always showed such a refined taste in dress, had reached her ankles. With what expression she played and how the months strengthened and enriched the tender contralto of her voice. Her rides with her father had familiarized her with the barrenness, misery and temptations in the lives of children of the poor, and once a week he saw her the center of a group of squalid youngsters to whom she read, distributed food and then watched as they romped over the great lawn or amused themselves with her brother's and her own long abandoned toys. "How full of noble purpose is her life," he thought, "and what a pity it should be allied to the Roman superstition." At first he tried to deny to himself that something went out of his life each summer when she departed with her weary father, but at length he took pleasure in acknowledging that something from her beautiful nature had radiated even to him, and had become a force for good in his life.

During a three years' absence in Europe with his mother he found himself comparing her face with that of every woman he met and he tried to laugh himself out of the idea that none were as beautiful as hers. How foolish it was of him to purchase, at an extravagant price, a Madonna whose expression reminded him of Margaret's and how shocked his mother was at the act, for she could not abide the smallest compromise with "Maryology."



Fortune had famed his literary efforts and it was difficult for his friends to understand why he should refuse a tempting offer to make one of the staff of a famous magazine and return to the inland city of his birth. He tried to cheat himself with the belief that he could not bear to uproot his mother from her native soil, but incidentally, yes, he thought incidentally, he would just like to merely satisfy his curiosity about how Margaret looked and what she was doing. So he returned to the old home, a handsome, warm hearted man, with a character pure, courageous and truthful—the very realization of what his mother had dreamed he should be, and what wonder that in her pride, she could see no one worthy to be his wife among all the rich and cultured girls into whose society he was thrown.

Three weeks after the home coming of the Patersons, the soft stillness of a June night was broken by the beautiful harmony of Margaret's voice. Ernest and his mother, seated on a balcony that looked across the Collins' lawn, ceased their conversation to drink in the music, and when it had died away what wonder that they were both wroth to have the spell broken by the yowling of two cats that tore back and forth through their pansy bed with fatal results to those lovely flowers. "Isn't it a shame," exclaimed Mrs. Paterson, "that I can have neither flowers nor vegetables for those pests; they have completely ruined my aster bed. Those people (they were still "those people") are all to blame for their presence in the neighborhood. It is not enough that the young woman of the family should throw crumbs all winter to sparrows, but she must repeatedly feed the most disreputable looking cats."

Ernest was obliged to acknowledge that Margaret was guilty of those and several similar offences. It was clear to him that animals guilty not only of vagrancy but also of disturbing the peace should be put out of the way, and without a word he entered the house and presently reappeared with his revolver.

"I wonder we never thought of shooting them before," remarked his mother while he took aim, and in a second one of the contestants was stretched lifeless among the flowers while the other flew with tail in air across the neighboring lawn.

"There it is now," exclaimed Mrs. Paterson excitedly, as the animal paused for breath near the Collins' grape vine arbor.

The report of the revolver rang out upon the night air, followed by a human shriek as a white robed figure staggered forth from the arbor, reeled and fell upon the gravel walk. It seemed all like a

horrible night mare to Ernest, the blood streaming from underneath Margaret's arm, the tense, bloodless lips of the old doctor dumb and helpless in his agony. Instinctively, for reason seemed to have left him, the young man rushed forth for doctors, telegraphed for New York's best surgeon, obeyed the cook's command to summon a priest and two nursing sisters from the convent.

Great God! it seemed as though his gaze must penetrate the curtains through which he saw the moving shadows of those about the girl's bedside. Would his mother ever come home to tell him how she was! He paced back and forth in the gray dawn, one prayer upon his lips, one agonizing thought throbbing through his brain. He saw the surgeon arrive from New York and by and by his mother arrived haggard and aged ten years it seemed to him. The bullet could not yet be probed for and the girl's only chance for life was a change in the weather. In vain his mother tried to make him rest and eat, but hunger and fatigue were no more to him than they were to her, as with a lingering kiss upon his lips she left him to take her place beside the unconscious girl. It was the third day after the accident, and unshaven, unkempt and unwashed he paced back and forth past his undisturbed bed. The surgeon in an adjoining room was awaiting a favorable turn in the girl's condition which was still as bad as possible owing to the intense heat. Ernest felt that he would go mad without some consolation, and yet whenever his mother came home he hurried her back, feeling that she who had always nursed him back to health must do the same for Margaret. With his aching head between his hands, he at length sat down. Presently he was aware of the presence of a tall manly form in the room and a hand rested tenderly upon his bowed head. He looked up and his eyes met those of Father Collins. The two men's hands were clasped warmly and in a few moments the younger man was obeying a command to eat. "An east wind," he exclaimed dropping his cup in the excitement, and leaning from the window to make sure of the sudden change. "I'll wake up Dr. Stevens. It means life for—" and the words were lost in one great sob.

Ernest was right in his prophecy for at the end of a week the bullet had been removed and Margaret was out of danger. Still Mrs. Paterson remained at the bedside several hours a day, and every time she returned home Ernest greedily listened to her stories of Margaret's wonderful patience and sweetness.

"Just think," and Mrs. Paterson's eyes filled with tears, "she called me 'mother' through her delirium and I grew so fond of it that it seemed hard and cold when she addressed me as Mrs. Paterson." Then followed perhaps a story of Sister Matilda's experience in caring for sick soldiers or a reference to Sister Clarissa's wonderful knowledge of medicine, but what impressed mother and son most was the forgiving spirit of the Collins' and Margaret's unselfish solicitude for everything to which she had ministered. More than once Mrs. Paterson found herself saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner," as she learned at the sick girl's bedside that love may be lavished upon the lowest forms of life without exhausting itself, because its source is Infinite Love itself.

While the girl's life hung in the balance this proud woman had frantically begged Father Collins and the attending priest to pray for her recovery and she earnestly believed that the Masses they had offered had brought about Margaret's recovery, and when Ernest had become sufficiently composed to settle down to work, she was pleased to notice that he did not resume his writing, but devoted his time and energy to the study of Catholic doctrine. His was the hand that culled the choicest flowers in the garden to gladden Margaret's room and out of his modest fortune he had paid the specialist's exorbitant fee, not only thinking it cheap, but feeling a life-long debt of gratitude for the skill that had saved a life so precious.

At length the day came when his mother was to accompany him to Margaret's house, and as he dressed with infinite care for the great occasion, he composed a thousand sentences to express the sorrow that he felt for the pain he had caused her. Needless to say they all slipped from his mind as he stood before her, and he felt with chagrin that he had never appeared so awkward and stupid in his whole life.

A few hours after this memorable interview, looking up from the book that he was trying to read, he noticed his mother's gaze fixed intently upon him.

"A penny for your thoughts, little mother," he said playfully. For a moment she was silent and then with a sigh she replied: "I was just thinking how happy it would make me to have you fall in love with Margaret. You resemble your aunt Cornelia in looks and character, and like her you might come to believe in the Catholic faith."

With an alarmed look Ernest started toward the portrait of the Rev. Hezikhiah Perkins, and after examining it exclaimed: "It actually remained in its frame, mother, while you uttered those words! So at length the mystery about my aunt is cleared up and—"

"I have become reconciled to her. We always loved each other but her conversion caused an estrangement. I look at things differently now. She and her husband, the Count von Schonberg are on their way to visit us."

It was upon Ernest's strong arm that Margaret leaned when she took her first walk out of doors in the late September sunshine, and where of all places should they stop to rest but in the very arbor where Margaret had sat on that memorable June night. When they issued from the shady retreat there were traces of tears upon her blushing cheeks, but her lips and eyes were smiling as Ernest's handsome, proud face beamed down upon her. Across the lawn (no longer bounded by an iron fence) came his mother, his aunt and his uncle to meet them, and just as poor tired Dr. Collins drove up there was such a hugging and kissing of the young people that he wondered if their elders had taken leave of their senses. As he alighted from his carriage Mrs. Paterson ran excitedly towards him exclaiming: "O, doctor, you will not make us all unhappy by refusing to let Margaret marry Ernest!"

A cloud passed over his face as he began, "mixed marriages—"

"He was baptized into the Church this morning," interrupted the Countess. "My husband and I were his sponsors."

"God bless you both, my dear children," exclaimed the old man, "this is the happiest moment of my life."

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## THE ASSUMPTION.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

**G**OD'S lilies, whiter than the driven snow,  
When autumn comes, with solemn tread and low,  
Think you that He doth bid them all back to the dark dust go?  
And this pure Flower, the loveliest of them all,  
Think you, at death, she knew the shadowy pall?  
Ah, no! there was no place on earth where God's flower could fall!

## THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

## SECOND FLOOR PAVILION, OR ARCADE.

MARY SEWELL.



THE corridors on the second floor are arranged on the same general plan as those on the first floor; but they are higher, the columns a little less massive, the coloring lighter in tone; and an airy effect of great loftiness and spaciousness is thus given.

The floors are mosaic and the ceilings uniformly a barrel vault with pendentives. The scheme of decoration was planned throughout by Mr. Casey, and worked out and carried into effect, especially in the matter of color, by Mr. Garnsey.

The decoration is greatly varied, each corridor containing a distinctive accent of color and design; yet, taken as a whole, there is a harmony throughout these upper corridors that is remarkable. It was necessary that this harmony should be, for the open arcade around the deep well or court of the first floor, gives a view of all the corridors at once, so to speak, throwing the color effects and principal decoration into prominence all together. The color scheme was borrowed in part from the beautiful library in Siena; it is rich green-blue in the pendentives, golden yellow in the penetrations and soft, gray white in the body of the vault. The west and east corridors are exceptions to this rule; they are terminated by double arches instead of ending directly upon a wall, and here the end penetrations are glowing red and the pendentives yellow. The delineation of the spaces is simple and like the mosaic in the lower corridors, though perhaps more elaborate. The penetrations are outlined by a bright, many-colored border, very wide, enclosing the entire vault in a single, vast rectangle. This is divided into compartments by bands of ornament, occurring always over the

columns of the arcade. These bands accent the importance of the arch in the construction of the vault.

In the spaces between them are garlands, wreaths and panels for paintings and inscriptions. One of the most interesting of the decorations of the penetrations is a series of "Printers' Marks," which is continued through all four corridors. There are fifty-six in all: sixteen in each side corridor, ten in the west and fourteen in the east corridor. They are painted in black outline and are about a foot and a half in height. By a printer's mark is meant the engraved device which the old printers used in the title page or colophon of their books, as a trade mark, or personal emblem, as one would use a seal, so that a glance at a book told its publisher. Of late years the custom has come into favor again—as witness the neat device on books issued by THE ROSARY PRESS.

Many of these old marks were beautiful bits of design. Others had their chief value in symbolical meaning. It would take too long to describe in detail these interesting marks, so I shall tell you where you may find them all, and study them at leisure if you wish. They were all taken from "Printers' Marks," by Mr. William Roberts, published in London, 1893. In this book these and many others, are illustrated and explained.

In the arch at the west end of the north and south vaults, Mr. Perry has four bas-reliefs, representing Ancient Prophetic Inspiration. The chief figure in each is that of a priestess or sibyl in the act of delivering the prophetic warning which has been revealed to her in the rapture of divine frenzy. These sibyls were regarded as the chosen messengers of the gods, and therefore their ravings were received as an inspiration.

These bas-reliefs are eight-cornered and measure three feet eight inches from side to side. Beginning in the south corridor the first panel shows the Cumaean or Roman Sibyl. She is represented, according to ancient history, as an old withered hag, whose inspiration came from the infernal powers. A male figure clad in the splendid uniform of a Roman general, and a nude woman complete the picture. At the feet of the woman is a box of manuscript, and she takes in one hand an end of the long scroll which the sibyl holds in her lap. I think this woman stands for Roman art and literature.

The panel on the other side of the arch shows a Vala or Scandinavian Wise Woman. Her long hair is unbound, a wolf-skin is over her head and shoulders, and she typifies the bold, barbaric

inspiration of Northern nations. To the left is a Norse warrior, and stretched upon the ground on the right is a nude woman, representing the free, untrammelled vigor of the genius of the North.

In the north corridor the two panels represent Greek and Persian inspiration. The Greek panel shows a priestess of the great Oracle of Apollo at Delphi. She is seated upon a tripod placed over a mysterious opening in the earth, from which the sacred fumes come to intoxicate the priestess and fill her with the spirit of prophecy. On one side an old man is taking down her words on a tablet. He is, evidently, Greek science and philosophy. On the other side a nude woman personifies art and literature.

In the last panel, Persian Inspiration, the face of the priestess is veiled to signify the occult wisdom of the East. A man is prostrate at her feet in an ecstasy of religious devotion, and a woman, dressed chiefly in anklets, armlets, fillet and necklace, stands listening in the background, evidently typifying the sensuous, poetical spirit of eastern art and literature.

The subjects of Mr. Shirlan's paintings in the vault of the west corridor do not sound as lovely as they look. They are, beginning at the left: Zoology, Physics, Mathematics, and Geology; on the east, again beginning at the left: Archaeology, Botany, Astronomy, and Chemistry. Each science is represented by a female figure, seven and a half feet high. Each is accompanied by various objects appropriate to the science represented; and the expression of the face, the lines of the drapery, even the color itself, is made to aid in representing each science. Thus in Chemistry the predominant colors are purple, blue and red, the colors which occur most often in chemical experiments. In Geology a peculiar purple and orange are the principal colors; the first being the ruling color in many of the common rock formations, when seen in the mass, and the latter being the color of lichens found on boulders and rocks. In the matter of line there is most difference between the abrupt, broken line in the drapery of Archaeology, and the moving, flowing line in the drapery of Physics. The method of Archaeology is mainly excavation, carried on among architectural and sculptural fragments; while the swirling drapery of Physics suggests the flame and heat which attend experiments in this science. And so it is all through the list, showing a mastery in expressive painting, and a fine imagination in the poetical and artistic conception of the sciences.

At either end of the corridor is a tablet bearing a list of names of men distinguished in the sciences depicted. I hope the reader will not be shocked when I confess I have never read them. A passing glance and I went on to the inscriptions in the penetrations on either side of the tablets. The first is from Bacon: "The first creature of God was the light of sense; the last was the light of reason."

The next is from the Gospel of St. John, and used in the sense here implied seems to prove a wonderful lack of spiritual understanding: "The Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth not."

On the other side is, first a quotation from Pope:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

The second is from Emerson: "In nature all is useful, all is beautiful."

Along the center of the vault there are three medallions, representing Sculpture, Architecture and Painting. These are typified by beautiful women, one drawing at an easel, one chiselling the features of a bust—that of Washington—the other drawing the plan of a building. These are by Mr. William B. Van Ingen.

In the north corridor are a series of beautifully colored paintings in the vault and along the north wall, by Mr. Reid. Those in the vault are five in number, representing the senses. They are octagonal medallions, measuring six feet and a half across. In each the sense suggested is represented by a lovely young woman, more of the modern than of the antique type of beauty, and draped in graceful folds of material which brings to mind our present day fashions rather than the usual classical robing most used by artists in treating ideal subjects. Being painted on a ceiling, so that one is required to look directly up in order to study them, the figures, though represented sitting, appear to be poised in the air, with little or no regard to the laws of gravitation. They appear to be supported by the cloud banks behind them, the background being sky and clouds. The suggestion of the sense portrayed is very ingeniously and beautifully given, the expression of the face and the attitude as well as the action all contributing to the effect. Taste is



shown drinking from a shell, while around her is foliage and a vine laden with ripe grapes. She wears flowers in her hair, and the idea may perhaps be taken as that of the autumnal feast of the harvest.

Sight is looking at her reflection in a hand glass, evidently well pleased at the reflection, for she is smiling happily. A peacock of gorgeous plumage is beside her, mayhap to typify beauty and pride.

Smell is seated beside a bank of lilies and roses, from among which she has taken a lovely white rose, the fragrance of which she is enjoying.

Hearing holds a large sea shell to her ear, dreamily listening, recalling one of our childhood fancies, when we thought we could hear the roll of the tide in the shell, the sound of which the fairy of the shell had imprisoned.

Touch is watching a butterfly which is walking on her bare arm, the tiny feet on her flesh imparting a new sensation to her nerves. A setter dog, a beauty, lies asleep behind her.

The subjects in the four circular panels along the wall are, from left to right, Wisdom, Understanding, Knowledge and Philosophy. These are also represented by seated female figures, of the same types as the figures representing the Senses, which are rather of the "Poster" style of art, though very beautiful and well done. The paintings along the wall are less sketchy, and more solidly done. Wisdom holds a large tablet, and wears a white flower in her hair. She is a very dignified, grave young lady, with all her beauty. Underneath is the inscription: "Knowledge comes but Wisdom lingers." And I cannot decide to which of the two this is a compliment. Knowledge in the next panel, has a scroll and a yellow flower in her hair. She is as grave and lovely as her sister. Understanding holds a book, and wears a red flower. Philosophy, last of all, wears a wreath of bay leaves, and a Greek temple is in the background, emblematic of the Greek origin of philosophy.

Alternating with Mr. Reid's ceiling paintings is a series of rectangular panels, painted in low tones of color in a style suggesting classic bas-reliefs. These represent ancient, out-door athletic contests. The decorations in the penetrations of the sides of the corridors take the form of dragons and swans, serving as supporters of the panels containing the printers' marks.

In the pendentives tablets for inscriptions alternate with medallions containing trophies of various trades and sciences. The inscriptions are from Adelaide Procter's poem, "Unexpressed," and are as follows :

"Dwells within the soul of every artist  
More than all his effort can express. .

No great thinker ever lived and taught you  
All the wonder that his soul received.

No true painter ever set on canvas  
All the glorious vision he conceived.

No musician \* \* \*  
But be sure he heard and strove to render,  
Feeble echoes of celestial strains.

Love and Art united  
Are twin mysteries, different yet the same.

Love may strive, but vain is the endeavor  
All its boundless riches to unfold.

Art and Love speak ; and their words must be  
Like sighings of illimitable forests."

There is a broad semi-circular border which follows the line of the vault at either end of the corridor, and at the east end this border is ornamented with a bright-colored tracery, the chief tints being violets and greens. At the west end the border is plainer, with five tablets, two of which are decorated with the obverse and reverse of the great seal of the United States. The other three contain inscriptions. First is one from Pope :

"Order is Heaven's first law."

Then from Cicero: "Memory is the treasurer and guardian of all things."

The last one is from Emerson: "Beauty is the creator of the universe."

## INCIDENTS OF A ROMAN PILGRIMAGE.

SISTER M. AUGUSTINE.



WAS quietly domiciled in the spacious Monastery of Villa Maria in Viale Regina, Rome, awaiting the opening of the first general chapter of the Ursulines to which I had been sent as representative of my community, when I was surprised and delighted by the receiving of a ticket of admission to the Basilica of St. Peter during the ceremony of the papal blessing of the Piedmontese Pilgrims at 12 M.

I have before me now as a precious souvenir of the occasion the square of purple paper which was to be my open sesame to the longed-for vision of Christ's Vicar on earth. One of the Ursulines from Montana had been enabled by the kindly offices of Father Fidelis Stone to obtain these tickets of admission and she shared her privileges with the American Sisters who were there in Rome. These Sisters from Montana were accompanied by a little Indian girl from one of the great reservations of the West—a gentle sweet-voiced maiden, who was, I believe, the first little girl of her race to whom so great a favor, as a trip to Rome had ever been granted.

It was 10 o'clock A. M., Nov. 15th, 1900. As a full hour had generally to be allowed for reaching St. Peter's from Villa Maria, there was no time to lose.

To me fell the duty of preparing little Maria Kolinsuta (child of God) for the event. She is a very intelligent child and with such confidence and love does she venerate the kind Mother Superior that while fully appreciating the favor she was in no way surprised that "Mother" had obtained it for her. While I braided the long strands of her dark hair and fixed therein her Indian ornaments, she plied me, after the manner of children the world over, with questions, in her soft voice, to which I fear I gave scant answers, for there was no time to lose.

A few minutes before eleven we stood ready at the great conventual door for our carriages. The Superioress General of the Rocky Mountain Missions, her assistants, our little Indian and myself took the first landau and left the others to follow.

Who can describe the charm of a drive through Rome? Every street, every corner, every house, every stone even has a history of its own. In no place on earth is it so easy to dream with open eyes as in that city of the Caesars and of the Popes. As we crossed

the bridge of San Angelo the Castle clock marked twenty minutes to the hour and we knew we were in time.

It is hard to believe any novelty can move the curiosity of the Romans in a city which has been the theatre of the world's history, but they seem to have preserved a perennial childhood of the soul and are as eager to view an unusual sight as are the inhabitants of some border town in our own land where the arrival of the stage-coach is an event.

Arrived at the piazza, we passed under the arcade on the north side and ascended the interminable flights of steps leading to the Porta Bronza of our tickets.

Our progress was constantly arrested by Swiss guards and others anxious to view our little Indian protege. Of all the noted personages who have trod those hallowed places, I think she was the first of her race to enjoy such a privilege; truly there was something new under the sun for Rome that day.

The facts that her name was Maria Kolinsuta (child of God), the daughter of an Indian chief among the Flat-Heads; was a Christian; ten years old; had made her First Communion and came from the Rocky Mountains of North America were repeated over and over again in half a dozen languages. After many interruptions we reached the basilica in which were assembled the pilgrims from Piedmont, reinforced by bands from various places along the line, until the number reached 25,000, headed by their priests and bearing aloft the banners of the confraternities or municipalities to which they belonged.

A wide aisle, up the centre, to the Confession and beyond it, had been divided off by a temporary wooden balustrade. Through this aisle the Sovereign Pontiff was to be borne at the appointed time.

The throng was immense, and the picturesque dresses of the various villages and hamlets, the expectant looks, the gay banners, the awed hush and respectful attitude made a picture never to be forgotten. Rich and poor, old and young, men, women and children, laymen and clerics, thus mingled indiscriminately, brought forcibly to mind the Catholicity of the Church and made us feel we were indeed in our Father's House, awaiting the Pontifical blessing of his highest representative on earth.

Again was our course up the aisle frequently arrested by the Camberlengos, who conducted us or scrutinized our tickets. These ushers in their pleasing dress and heavy gold chains of office are most courteous, but very dignified usually; in this instance, how-

ever, dignity was laid aside for a brief space in undisguised interest in the strange sight our little one presented. Again and again was our story repeated; at one point quite a number of these officials gathered around the child, examined her dress of deer-skin, her strange necklace and bracelets, and even drew her tiny knife from its beaded sheath and laughingly feigned terror at sight of the war-like instrument. Some venerable looking men leaned over the balustrade and asked us as we passed who she was? whence she came? At last we reached the transept on the left of the Confession and were assigned very good places, almost beneath the statue of our holy foundress St. Angela Merici. By standing on tip-toe or even on the temporary benches and craning our necks we could see, over the heads of the vast concourse, down almost to the Bronze Door by which the Pope was to enter. It lacked but a few minutes to twelve when two Camerlengos approached us saying: "We would like to present your little Indian girl to the Holy Father, as an object of special interest." We were quite astonished and indeed overwhelmed by such a mark of favor. The Superioress made a movement as though to follow, but was politely informed that only the child would be presented. A few hurried words to her telling her not to be frightened, that the gentleman would take care of her and that she was going to see the Holy Father, etc., and she was gone!

Suddenly a greater hush seemed to have fallen upon the multitude, an almost electric sensation of awe took possession of all. I looked with strained eyes and beating heart and beheld away off in the distance a vision of whiteness. I can find no other word to express adequately that first view of the Pope. Advancing with a tranquilly floating motion over that sea of heads came the august presence, seeming far more like some pure emissary from another world than anything belonging to this earth. The only thing approximating it, in the vastness of its setting, the graceful tranquility of its motion and its strange aloofness from all mundane things, was a vessel that had passed us on the sea with snowy canvas filled with the breezes of heaven, sailing tranquilly over the waters which it scarcely seemed to touch.

The people between me and the centre aisle hid from me the bearers of the *sedes gestatoria* and so the great white throne seeming to glide along impelled by unseen forces, appeared altogether like something mysterious and unearthly. The white-clad Pontiff with the alabaster face and snowy hair covered by a small white skull cap made an impression of purity and spirituality never to be

forgotten. Slowly he proceeded, passing the altar of the Confession on its Gospel side and was lowered facing it with his back to the high altar; thus he was hidden from our view. All knelt and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin was chanted by the accompanying clergy. At its conclusion we heard in the distance a single voice of remarkable clearness and sweetness, chanting Oremus. Those around me whispered, "It is the Holy Father, listen." The voice seemed very far away and almost lost in the immensity of the great basilica, but there was no indistinctness nor tremulousness of old age. And now an indefinable sensation as of some supreme and awe-inspiring event about to transpire was felt by every one. Slowly the venerable Pontiff ascended the steps and stood at the altar in full view of the entire assembly; he seemed very frail as he leaned forward for an instant in prayer, his hands clasped and his elbows resting on the altar. Suddenly, however, with a magnificent gesture which seemed more like a command than a supplication, the right arm alone (for with the left hand the Pope grasped the altar) was raised aloft in strange fullness of power while the benediction was invoked; then the triple blessing in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost was imparted to the kneeling multitude. There was something so majestic in the raising of one arm, that it recalled vividly to me a great picture I had seen, of Moses striking the rock and commanding the water to flow. In this grand attitude Leo XIII. was every inch a Pope—a fit leader of the people of God, a fit successor to that long line of great and holy men who have sat in the Chair of Peter, and whose dust reposes in many a carven shrine, beneath that glorious dome where genius has paid high tribute to holiness. After the blessing the Holy Father unaided descended from the altar and received the special homage of some favored few admitted to kiss his hand. Among these was our little Indian girl, upon whose head he laid his hand in special blessing.

At the moment the Pope again appeared aloft in his portable throne, a cry of "Viva il Papa Re," resounded throughout the vast Cathedral and was echoed and re-echoed by the vaulted arches above. Slowly, smoothly the *sedia gestatoria* moved onward, the Holy Father, leaning alternately to right and left, gave his blessing. At intervals of about a minute he rose to a standing position. This was taken as a signal for renewed Vivas, which brought a benignant smile to the lips of His Holiness.

The glance of the Pope as he leaned forward to bless was something wonderful in its penetrating comprehensiveness. Several

remarked to me what I had myself noticed, that it seemed intended for each individual like a luminous ray sweeping over the multitude and touching each one with a point of light. This glance had in it a yearning sweetness and fatherly solicitude such as Christ must have felt for those he fed on the mountain side. Those wonderful eyes are the more remarkable from the extreme whiteness of the face, vesture and chair. About ten times the mingled cries of "Viva il Papa Re," "Vive le Roi Pape," and "Long live our Pontiff King" rang out as the procession wended its way slowly back to the great Bronze Door. We deemed it a consecration of the Anglo-Saxon tongue to hear it re-echoed from Peter's dome. Many English speaking people must have been present for the cry which a few American nuns first raised was instantly caught up all over the church.

The rapt look on the pilgrims' faces was a study fit for a master's brush; it embodied and expressed the deepest sentiments of faith and loving loyalty.

After the papal blessing, received from his own hand, the pilgrims partook of a bounteous repast served in the great apartments of the Vatican. They were waited upon by men of princely rank in church and state; indeed rank seemed to be completely forgotten in the holy brotherhood of faith and love which linked the hearts of the pilgrims in their various acts of devotion such as visits to the seven churches, to the Catacombs, the Coliseum and other shrines hallowed by the memories of saint and martyr.

A very cultured lady of Turin, with whom I traveled later, told me she had made the pilgrimage with the peasants and had shared their quarters and lived their life until all the works of the Jubilee had been performed and the pilgrims had returned home; only then did she resume her rank and spend her time in Rome in a manner suitable to her means and position.

Our little Indian girl, who by the way had another audience with the Holy Father, attracted quite as much attention after the ceremony as before and an informal reception, as it were, was held in the transept for the benefit of people from all over the world literally. Dear old peasant women in snowy kerchief and cap with their little children in quaint attire wanted to touch the deer-skin dress and wampum of the strange little maiden of the western forests. She, although but ten years old, was deeply impressed by the wonderful privilege she had enjoyed and said to the saintly Superioress of the Montana Missions, "O, Mother, the Holy Father blessed me and even laid his hand on my head! What will the girls say when I go home!"

## THOUGHTS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

THE LITERARY SUPERIORITY OF THE BIBLE AS COMPARED WITH  
ANY OTHER BOOK EVER WRITTEN.

WILLIAM ELLISON.



**S**TUDENTS and men of well-disposed minds, who have read the Sacred Scriptures with an earnest desire to profit spiritually by their perusal, have borne testimony to the literary merits as well as to the historical value and Christian worth of the sacred volume.

Secular and profane writers have from age to age vainly sought to institute comparisons between the literary style of the Scriptures and that of some great author perchance famed in historical records, and sometimes with disadvantage to the former according as the commentator's principles and views were darkened or vitiated by non-Christian feelings and prejudices. But whenever the same tests or comparisons have been made by pure-minded Catholic writers, whose souls were imbued with the light of faith and truth, decided preference has been given to the style and genius of the writings of the Bible, as being incomparably superior in simplicity and directness of expression, profundity and depth of conception of moral truths, in the dignity and authority in which the utterances are clothed, as well as in the salutary effects produced in the mind of the conscientious reader.

Specimens of the masterpieces of Homer, Milton, Shakespeare and other great secular writers have been put in competition with paragraphs from the Bible, and whenever the test was sincere and honest the best samples of the renowned authors have sunk into insignificance beside the inspired writings of the Bible.

If, for instance, we happen to be coming back to a life of penitence in the true spirit of the Prodigal Son, where shall we find the real sentiments of reformation so feelingly and aptly expressed as in the utterances of King David, the Royal Psalmist? The Lamentations of the prophet Jeremiah breathe forth strains of grief and sorrow over the irreparable loss of souls, in a manner so truly touch-



ing as to be utterly beyond the power of mere secular or profane writers to express in words. In the Book of Job too, we find breathings of soul-stirring melancholy and affliction far transcending in intensity of mournful expression anything that mere secular writers are capable of. For example, "Man born of woman is filled with many miseries, lives but a short time and then dies." Many sentences more expressive of crushing and afflictive grief might be given from the wailings of Holy Job, but we prefer the above quotation as concisely summarizing man's lot from the cradle to the grave. But, as we ponder upon the writings of Holy Scripture, we note the concise expression of the afflicted soul of Him who was about to enter upon His passion, "My soul is sorrowful unto death," and we recognize in that momentous expression of overwhelming sorrow a depth of affliction far above the mere human mind to conceive, and an utterance of profound grief that must stand for ever as being the most pathetic on record.

It is, however, when we examine the New Testament that we come across some of the most striking passages of Holy Writ delivered in admirable brevity and simplicity of language, and yet uttering eternal decrees of the most astounding import and importance to the whole human race.

In our legislative halls we behold the framing of constitutional laws made for the government of our common country, but we see the same hedged around with technical precautions and safeguards, verbose utterances and long-winded preambles, roundabout and indirect in their phraseology, which the legislators no doubt consider necessary to prevent default and infringement by an unscrupulous public, who, in order to suit their own ends, would fain upset all laws and enactments. In the department of justice we notice the well-intentioned safeguards are more imperatively applied because legal disputants are prone to engage the services of the cleverest lawyers for the sake of winning their respective suits, and not seldom by the able arguments of eminent counsel who are not over exact in stretching legal principles to subserve their own purposes.

In the Bible we see divine laws promulgated with refreshing brevity, clearness, sincerity and directness, without evasive or involved meaning, and uttered in language so simple that all but the perversely blind may read and understand.

Who can read unmoved that part of the Bible which speaks of the genealogy of the human race, and in which such terms are used in tracing the descent, as "who was of Adam, who was of

God," etc.? To us, at least, the style here employed in tracing back the record, seems surpassingly simple, yet sublime and effective. In recording the first miracle we see the recital of the great event set down in the briefest and simplest form. The ever Blessed Mother having been in communication with the chief steward of the feast, and learning that the wine had run out, gives the intimation to her Divine Son, who utters a mild protest because "His hour had not yet come," yet He could not refuse the request of His Mother, and He says to the waiters: "Fill the water-pots with water;" and that being done He says: "Draw out now and carry to the chief steward of the feast," etc. The great miracle of changing the water into wine was therefore wrought noiselessly, without argument, contract or hesitation and almost in a moment's time. In the miracle of stilling the storm at sea we observe the same sublime formula, its simplicity and effectiveness of execution: "Peace, be still;" and upon the deliverance of these divine commands turbulent waves become as calm as a well and boisterous winds are changed into mild zephyrs.

Among the striking passages so full of supreme power and simplicity may be noted the momentous message from heaven itself, plain, short, direct and without introduction or preamble, namely: "This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him."

Was there ever before or since a message of transcendent import communicated from heaven to earth in so few and simple words?

In the all-important test question of the lawfulness, or otherwise, of paying tribute to Caesar, we admire the promptitude and clearness of the decision of the great Arbiter of the world and of mankind, expressed in a single sentence. Having verified the genuineness of the image and inscription on the coin He had asked to see, the Supreme Judge of the universe pronounces judgment in these simple words: "Render therefore to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's." And yet the proud and learned Pharisees, Doctors of the law and representatives of the people, could not gainsay the validity and justice of the finding, which will stand eternally on the records of time as a legal pronouncement which can never be repealed.

What Christian reader has failed to admire the divine unction of the Sermon on the Mount as its sweet echoes have been wafted adown the ages for nearly nineteen hundred years? Or who that

reads it with due reverence, can fail to profit by the sublime precepts it inculcates, or to be guided by the saving principles it contains? Yet we see in the divine utterance the utmost simplicity and brevity of expression combined with unspeakable authority and majesty of diction. In our readings of the sacred volume we take notice of the significance and transcendent import of such sentences as "Go in peace, thy faith hath made thee whole," and "Arise take up thy bed and go into thy house;" also of "Lazarus, come forth," or the potency of the brief words in the calling of the Apostles, namely: "Follow Me." Again in the creation of the world, "Let there be light, and light was made," or "Let Us make man," we see extreme brevity of speech in proclaiming the great decree, while we observe that divine consultation was thought to be advisable, as emphasizing the value of man in his immortal aspect.

We can contemplate quotations like the foregoing without terror, but when we come face to face with such pregnant sentences as "Arise ye dead and come to judgment," and "Depart from Me ye accursed," etc., etc., we are, or we should be, filled with awe, knowing that the former will be the lot of all mankind, for that eternal summons cannot be evaded, and fearing that the second will be the dread fate of many, we are impressed with the simple formula employed in the issuing of such dread decrees, and we are convinced that the language employed in the Holy Scriptures cannot be duplicated or matched by any mere human utterances whatever. In our attempt to institute comparisons between the literature of the Bible and that of famous authors of ancient or modern times, we only have in mind the compositions of the best specimens of literary culture that have ever existed as the exclusive product of man. We may, however, be permitted while on this study to take a passing glance at the inferior productions of mediocre minds, and the profane class of writers whose creations are of the very low order, which, in a degree, might be termed wicked, vicious, and even blasphemous, inasmuch as the writings are done without good motive or intention, and are generally put as a stumbling block before the feet of the unwary, causing an amount of moral injury to plastic minds, which may never be known till the judgment day. The United States Prison Commissioners who have met at various times to organize measures for the abatement of juvenile crime, were astonished at the number of young boys that criminal acts have placed within prison walls, involving the state in hundreds of millions of money for the support of corrective institutions. When

investigations were made and searching inquiries set on foot the results showed that a fearful proportion of juvenile crime originated in the perusal of bad and filthy and immoral novels, "yellow" journalism, vitiated books and other publications written to order to meet a certain demand of the trade, in which commercial profits might be reaped. We here refer to a class of writers who, it is feared, have cut themselves off from all religious restraints and moral scruples, and who are ready to grind out from their literary mills any sort of literature no matter how ill-smelling or poisonous it may be so long as it earns a support for its degraded authors.

In the slums of the great modern Babylon—London—these contract writers live mostly in the top flats or in the garrets, and are called penny-a-liners. In Paris, Berlin and in all of the great capitals of Europe they are to be found in abundance, as also in New York, Chicago, and other American cities wherein the spirit exists that inclines to journalism that is termed "yellow," and which is deplored by the Catholic hierarchy and clergy of the United States, as well as of all other states and countries where there are souls to be guarded and saved from moral wreck and ruin. And yet it is a question as to which are the more guilty, the publishers who employ the low penny-a-liners, or the venal scribes who produce the vile stuff to order.



### VIOLETS.

SISTER FRANCIS DE SALES.

**S**HADOWED 'neath the forest trees,  
 Shadowed by the woodland grass,  
 Shadowed in the fern's embrace,  
 Fair as morning in the sky;  
 Mother, Spring's own gift to thee,  
 Thoughts of thy humility.

## THE DRYAD.

MARIE AGNES GANNON.

XXXVI.



RS. COLE bustled about with happy importance, preparing her Thanksgiving dinner.

Emmy's offer to help was waved airily aside.

"Do, now there's a dear, go dress yourself as pretty as can be, and then go into the parlor with Walter and his father."

Mrs. Cole did not add what was in her mind—that Mr. Tennyson would be along shortly. She had been careful of her words concerning him lately.

There was little choice left to Emmy in the matter of dress. She still wore the simple black gown she had bought when Arthur died. To please Mrs. Cole she had sewed a bit of delicate old English lace in the neck and sleeves, and Walter had given her some white rosebuds and fern.

She arranged her heavy yellow hair as Mrs. Cole had taught her to do, in a very becoming manner. As she fastened the flowers at her belt and looked in the glass, she felt surprised at her festive appearance.

"Who would think a bit of old lace, and a few flowers would so improve a dress," she thought, and lingered a little in satisfied contemplation of her reflected image. "Now if Arthur were alive, he would want me to have my picture taken." With a smile and a sigh together, she went out to the parlor.

Billy had arrived, and was already engaged teaching Walter a new game he had brought with him.

"Don't Miss Emmy look sweet," called out Walter, as soon as he caught sight of her, as she stood an instant in the doorway.

"She does, indeed," agreed Billy, hastening to greet her. "You are always sweet," he continued in a low voice as he took her hand.

He wondered, half a second later, how he had been so bold, but evidently she was not displeased, and that made his heart beat quickly and happily.

Mr. Cole was apt to be like a school-boy home for a holiday on such occasions as this—on his good behaviour of course, but ready to break into mischief as soon as opportunity offered. He told old jokes with such a hearty good will, and so evident an enjoyment of them, that it was impossible not to join in the laugh with which he always finished.

After telling Emmy that she looked “out of sight,” he began to speak of the prevalence of slang, and from that went on to tell how the habit of it grows upon a person unconsciously.

“Why, the other morning,” he said, with a chuckle in anticipation of the joke, “Mrs. Cole says to me, ‘I wish you’d begin to let up a little on slang!’”

And he laughed heartily. In the midst of the merriment Mrs. Cole announced that dinner was ready, and they followed her to the dining-room.

It was a merry dinner. Everything was cooked to perfection, and the turkey was tender and juicy. Emmy had the wishbone, and Billy immediately engaged her to wish with him. Walter was the gravest of the party, but that may have been because he was so much occupied in doing justice to his mother’s cooking.

The dinner came to an end, and every one of the diners (save Walter, who laughed to see the fun) insisted on helping to clear the table. Then there was a lively rush from dining-room to kitchen, little screams and exclamations when collisions became imminent, and then at last a cozy quiet conversation in the parlor.

Billy had quite forgotten to feel awkward in the midst of this domestic bliss, so foreign to him since his early boyhood. Emmy was happy, in spite of the fact that she was contrasting the present day with the Thanksgiving day of the year before. Arthur had been with her then, and there had not been very much in their larder to make a feast with.

“Never mind, Emmy,” Arthur had said, “it is an American holiday. When Christmas comes we will keep that.”

She wondered if he knew how prosperous and well she had become. Billy broke into her reflections by proposing a walk. Mrs. Cole said she thought that she herself had better rest in anticipation of her exertions in behalf of expected evening guests. Mr. Cole had a book he wanted to finish reading, so the two young people went for their walk quite by themselves.

Billy felt very proud as he walked beside Emmy. He too, was contrasting the present day with Thanksgiving days in the past.

The air was just cold enough to be bracing, and as they walked along briskly there was a sense of exhilaration felt by both. They did not talk much at first. Billy had done well during the last year. He could honorably ask Emmy to marry him now. The change in him was almost incredible, and it seemed as wonderful to Billy himself as it possibly could to any one else.

"Do you know the past year has made a man of me?" he asked Emmy suddenly.

"I know it has made a woman of me," she answered, blushing and smiling. "I have done so well lately in every way, and cannot help feeling that I owe very much to you. If you had not been so thoughtful for me after Arthur's death I do not know what I should have done. Mrs. Cole has been very kind—but you brought me to her. I have often wished that I could say this to you. I am very, very grateful to you, for your constant, thoughtful friendship."

She poured all this out quickly and eagerly, her voice trembling a little at the end. Billy could not answer her at once, and for a while they went on in silence.

"Well," he began, speaking in little abrupt jerks, "I think I owe all I am to you. I have been a reckless scamp. I used to say it was fate, and that I couldn't help it. I was a fool, a rascal, everything that is unworthy and unmanly. I broke my mother's heart, and my sister's—but there is no need to tell you of that now! I drank, I went with low men, I wasted my time in continual seeking after amusement. You cannot imagine how an intelligent being could sink to such depths! But it is like being under a spell. Then I met you. I think I loved you from the first time I saw you. The distance between us seemed impassable at first. Then, little by little I took hope, and began to try to raise myself up. I began by trying a bit of detective work—I thought I could make money quickly that way—then I got frightened at the way it was turning out, and I meant to give it up. But that was just at the time I had gained what I wanted in it, and it turned out well." He told her about Reynolds and Moll Bushwick, and the terrible confession of the latter.

"Now," he said after a long pause, "I am only waiting to find out if you can care for me a little."

"I do care for you—very much," she answered.

"Do you care enough to marry me? Can you trust your life with me?"

"I do trust you," she said in a low voice.

"Emmy! are you sure you know all I understand by those words? And do you mean it all—all?"

"Yes," she answered steadily, "I know all it means—and I mean it all!"

They walked on talking of the past, planning for the future, oblivious of all around them.

"I almost forgot to tell you of the piece of good fortune that enabled me to tell you my hopes sooner than I expected," said Billy, coming back to everyday life after a while. "You know, when Mr. Evans delivered Moll Bushwick's confession to Capt. Marden, he told the captain that the credit of obtaining it belonged solely to me. Well, then the captain wanted to see me, and I went to his house. He is a queer old chap, but I liked him instantly. We had a great talk—before I knew what I was about, almost, I told him all about myself, and something about you, too."

"Oh, how could you!" she exclaimed bashfully.

"Well, you see, it came in when I was telling how I watched and followed Reynolds, and then how I began to change my views. You see, you were the reason of the change in me, dear."

"But the good fortune?" said practical Emmy, diverting Billy from another flight of feeling, "you have not got to it yet!"

"I am coming to it though. Yesterday he sent me a letter asking me to accept, as a small expression of his gratitude to me for clearing up the mystery and lifting the shadow from his niece's life—"

"Oh, what, what?" she said, laughing impatiently.

"The house adjoining his own residence," concluded Billy.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and then could not find another word to express her astonishment and delight.

"Now that was right clever of the old chap, wasn't it? We will look after things for him when he and his family are away. It does seem strange that everything is turning out so bright for me—who have been such a careless, worthless fellow!"

They came back finally to the residence of the Coles.

"Having so much, Emmy," Billy said simply, "I don't see any need of a long engagement. You are perfectly sure that you do love me, are you?"

"Perfectly sure," answered Emmy demurely.

"Then what do you say to being married at Christmas!"

"Oh—that is too soon! Let it be New Years," she said blushing. "We can begin our life together with the New Year."



He was satisfied with this, and then they went upstairs, Emmy a trifle shy at last, because Billy was going to tell the Coles at once. "They have been such very good friends," he said.

## XXXVII.

DEAR ELODIE:—This letter has been delayed so long that I shall waste no time in telling you what I am sure you have heard from Christian before this. That very eventful day, when I learned the story of my parents' lives is a day never to be forgotten, but I cannot talk about it, nor write all about it yet. All that I can tell I will write you now.

I had finished the painting of the Dryad, and was fairly carried out of myself as I looked long at the picture. The face looked out of the canvas like the face of a living, glowing spirit. Tonio met me as I ran out to the garden, and tried to stop me because he had a letter for me. I waved him aside, paying no attention to his words—indeed I have no recollection of meeting him then—and he was so troubled at my excited face and manner, he has told me since. I believe, though he has not said it, that he feared my father's fate for me, and indeed I was like a wild creature that morning.

I can never be grateful enough to Tonio. He gave up his own ambitions, his life in fact, to my father, with loving faithfulness that nothing on earth can recompense. And to think that once I disliked him so!

Then—after I went into the garden—Bertie came, and told me a wonderful secret. I was so happy. It was so sudden, so unlooked for.

Even after I went to the studio and found my father there, (but I did not know then that he was my father), the great happiness Bertie's secret had given me was uppermost in my mind. I told grandma of that before I told her about finding my father in the studio—it was strange!

Then came the dreadful revelation that caused me such agony. I was dazed, and yet enough consciousness was left me to realize all the pain that it would mean to me through all the years of my life. It was fearfully hopeless, too. If I had only read the letter that Tonio had tried to give me, some of the unnecessary suffering could have been saved, for the letter was from Mr. Evans, and outlined the story of my father's innocence. I heard it fully—the strange story and confession—on the next night. What happened after that Christina (I forget so often to call her aunt!) has told you.

Before he died my father talked to me about my mother. They had told him that she was dead, and his only answer to that was: "I thought so!" Then he fell into a quiet, dreamy, indifferent state. When they told him I was his daughter he was greatly astonished. "I feel a little like Rip Van Winkle, my child," he said, with a grave smile. But he did not wish to live—he said that his heart had died when my mother did, and he could not understand why he "had come back to life."

He passed away very peacefully—it was the first time I ever saw death.

The years he had lost since my mother's death made too great a gap—they could not be filled in, nor bridged over. He could not take up his life again after such a lapse of time.

Grandma is not strong. The strain of those years, so filled with care and dread, has left its mark on her. Yet she is cheerful, and she and Christina talk, talk, talk, and still have something left to say on the next day.

Every one has much to tell and explain to every one else—it seems sometimes that we will never get to the end of it.

Bertie often talks of you, and tells me that you made him more in love with me than ever, telling him of so much that happened at school—you rogue! !

Ah Elodie, is it not all wonderful? Who could have imagined all that has come of my painting the Dryad? When I think now of all I felt while I was at work on the dear, lovely face it is like a dream! I used to kneel before the picture, and tell it all my thoughts. If my mother had lived we would have loved each other very, very much. They tell me that she did not seem to care much for me when I was a child—how can they know? My poor child-mother, so wilful, making such great mistakes—sad, with all her beauty. I would have worshipped her!

I am glad I painted the picture, though it will never go on exhibition now—it is too sacred to all of us to be subjected to public criticism.

We have purchased the small paintings of my mother, made by Fontana, from Walter Cole. He is a nice boy, and I believe he hated to part with the portraits, and would not only that he was told I was the "beautiful lady's" daughter.

Now, my dear friend, I can tell you everything in my life easily, as once I could not—you understand that now. And I own that you were right in telling me that ambition was not the highest incen-

tive in the world. I know more now than I did some months ago, and I have found a higher purpose and motive in life than I had thought possible—for me—in those days.

Perhaps, some day, I may paint another picture—Bertie says I am to do as I please all my life! We are to be married in the early spring, and we will go to the Tower House to live.

Grandma will stay with Aunt Christina. I do not wonder that she does not want to go back to the place where she has suffered so keenly. With Bertie and me it is different. We have so many dear memories of the place.

Now Elodie, will you be my bridesmaid? You must, you know!

I cannot tell you of all the wonderful things that have come into my life—I can only tell you that I am so happy that even the tragedy and sorrow in the life of my father and mother, and my own recent share in it, does not mar that happiness, though it does temper it with seriousness. Bertie will not hear of a long engagement, and the wedding will be such a quiet one that grandma and Aunt Christina say it is better not to wait longer.

Uncle Larry and Aunt Christina are as merry as a pair of children, or fairy god-parents—it is hard to decide which they are most like.

Write soon, and tell me when you can pay me a visit, so that we can talk over the many unwritten things.

With much love to you, dear Elodie, I am, your friend.

M. RUTH HOWARD.

(The end.)

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### WHY?

TERESA BEATRICE O'HARE.

*AH, poor, lone bird that broke thy heart with singing,  
The deep, love tones unanswered as unsought;  
Thou hast no place in happy wildwoods ringing,  
With songsters warbling without care or thought.  
Go whisper to the roses of thy longing,  
They love and bloom, and love until they fall,  
And hear them answer, with the tenderest pity,  
"Poor, foolish bird, why didst thou love at all."*

## ST. ROSE'S SETTLEMENT, NEW YORK.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

## SETTLEMENTS—WHAT ARE THEY?



NE of the social works of the day, familiar to non-Catholics, but little known to Catholics, is that commonly called Settlement Work. It may or may not be carried on upon a religious basis, but upon such basis was the first one founded, in England, by the students of Toynbee Hall.

"What is a Settlement?" you ask. It is this.

Some one is desirous of helping the poor, of giving real personal service. She speaks to one or more with attractions like her own. They resolve upon action. A flat or a house is secured in some locality, where poverty abounds, usually some crowded locality. Perhaps the workers are able to pay the rent, or wholly or partly to support the work. But usually, outside those who are to be the regular workers, some generous hearted persons have been found to whom the work appeals, and they engage to meet the chief expense, or it may be that a church meets it, but usually a college or university or a seminary or several institutions of learning, banded together, bear the expense, and the resident workers are their students or graduates. When several colleges unite the result is that they support settlements in different cities. In this case while there is a general board of management, yet great scope is allowed for "home rule" in each settlement.

The idea is to meet the poor not on a social level, but on a yet higher plane, that of brothers and sisters in humanity, children of the same Father—"Our Father who art in Heaven." And standing with them there, to reach out, not down, to them the helping hand. How Catholicity can enrich settlement work, with its fulness of truth and beauty of devotional life!

The workers need not engage to reside permanently at the Settlement house, though many do live on from year to year, especially the leader, commonly known as the "head worker." Others stay for some months, or come often, at stated intervals, for a more

limited time, while many of the earnest workers do not reside there at all, but attend regularly at appointed times, for teaching classes, conducting clubs, taking charge of some amusement, giving practical talks, etc.

A Settlement house is not one into which the poor are taken as residents and cared for. It is one to which they come, adults and children, for instruction, counsel, amusement, and any helpful purpose. The Settlement workers, as a rule, go about a good deal to the homes of the poor, bringing the sunlight of a cheery word, the warmth of a friendly sympathy, into life's dark and dreary places. And yet oftentimes they give no more than they receive in object lessons of devotion, patience, and loving self-sacrifice, so often to be seen among the poor.

Methinks there are no sweeter flowers  
Than humble violets chaste and fair,  
Deep hidden in the waving grass—  
We scarce would know them blooming there,  
Save for the perfume pure and sweet  
We cannot crush beneath our feet.

'Tis thus the purest souls on earth  
Are hidden 'neath an humble guise;  
Their heaven-born purity would shrink  
Deep down from gaze of worldly eyes—  
And yet the virtue laden air  
Proclaims them hidden every where.

The Settlement house is usually a centre for a generous amount of "Fresh Air Work" in summer, and the scene of some simple festivity in the Christmas season, graced of course by a heavily laden Christmas tree. A May party follows in due season. Visits to museums, libraries, and other places of interest and instruction may at any time be made, and will become the fruitful source of many a friendly talk in the Settlement.

Individual work is the aim of the Settlements. Clubs are formed of young people of different ages, many small clubs being preferred to few, but large ones, as the worker in charge can then more closely enter into the lives of those whom she would help. Yet here again and every where I feel that the help is not all on the one side. The man or woman who goes into such work from high and holy motives, even he or she who goes into it from the merely human motives which move many an earnest philanthropist, must



**REV. CLEMENT M. THUENTE, FOUNDER OF ST. ROSE SETTLEMENT.**

be uplifted by the close touch of those whom to help Christ said is to help Him. Study and travel broaden lives, we know; but what more varied study is there than that of humanity? What more foreign bit of earth to many than the lowly places where the poor live?

A main object of the Settlement is to help the poor in their home life. If mothers and children are drawn to the Settlement house it is only that what they learn there may be put to use at home, in kindly bearing with, and caring for, each other in the home circle; in holding themselves in patience and hope amidst the trying circumstances and petty annoyances of daily life; in the giving of dainty touches to otherwise gloomy dwelling places; in more determined endeavors to improve their condition in life, etc.

The giving of temporal help is not a leading aim, though through the Settlements much help is secured from cooperating charitable societies; for who may be better trusted to know the worth of applicants for relief than those who live in their very midst? Settlements go far to prove the falsity of the assertion that the poor do not want to see a visitor who does not come with money or temporal help of some kind. The hearts of the poor are human, excessively and sensitively human; and the human heart is warmly responsive, well nigh always, to kindly interest and sympathy. It makes "all the difference in the world," perhaps, that the Settlement worker who visits their dwellings does not come down from life's higher places. Entrance may still be hers therein, but her daily position towards the poor is that of a neighbor ever kindly, ever helpful.

#### ST. ROSE'S SETTLEMENT.

When Rev. Clement M. Thuente, began his apostolate in St. Catherine's, New York City, he found earnest hearts in good measure, but he found a deplorable state of affairs, likewise. He discovered that any number of children of Catholic parentage, children whose very names denoted their Catholic birth and nationality, Irish, Italians, Poles, Bohemians, etc., were, Sunday after Sunday, frequenting the non-Catholic chapels and mission houses that abound in the vicinity. These children were permitted thus to endanger their faith for the temporal help to be gained thereby, and for the pleasure of fresh air excursions, Christmas trees, etc. In justice to the parents we venture to say that, in many cases, their trust in their children led them to believe that their little ones could

frequent such places and still remain Catholics, but in many cases the state of affairs was the result of the absolute indifference of parents themselves to the faith of their baptism.

How regain these children? It was a pressing question. There was only one way to reach them; it was by the personal visitation of their homes. No light task this, in a large district consisting of tenement houses five floors in height, with often four families on a floor. And after this visitation it would be as necessary to keep in constant touch with them in their daily life. It was by personal visitation on the part of non-Catholics that the loss to the Church had been effected. Every family had been already visited by Fathers Thuente, Wynn, and Martin, and the faithful rounds thus made convinced the former, who was in charge, of the need of permanent workers, along social and religious lines, in the locality.

To rescue souls from heresy was the initial undertaking of the Dominican Order itself. St. Catherine's territory offered a field of labor identical with that which called into existence the First, Second, and Third Orders of St. Dominic, as far as souls were concerned. Nevertheless, with the best will in the world to help, the Dominican nuns of the two congregations in St. Vincent Ferrer's parish found themselves powerless to add house to house visitation to their already arduous and time-filling duties of teaching and of orphanage work. They had to resist the earnest desire of their brother Dominican that they would come to his aid in such a manner. Again arose the question, again and again—What can be done to remedy this deplorable state of affairs?

Within the confines of St. Monica's parish, which lies not far from St. Catherine's, there had previously existed a "Settlement," under Episcopal auspices. The head worker, Miss Marion F. Gurney, had become a Catholic, and had therefore withdrawn from her work in the Episcopal Church. She was quietly awaiting the moment for beginning again, on Catholic ground, and under Catholic auspices. Father Thuente looked deeply into the scope and plan of Settlement work, and found that it could be made to fill the need of St. Catherine's admirably. He considered too that it was a work that should appeal strongly to Dominican tertiaries, offering, as it did, a real apostolic work in behalf of God and souls, and yet permitting its workers to continue their family life. It was thus that St. Catherine of Siena and St. Rose of Lima had sanctified their lives. So varied are the works of a Settlement that the spare time of a worker, be it much or little, can be utilized.





**RT. REV. JOHN M. FARLEY, AUXILIARY BISHOP OF NEW YORK, SPIRITUAL  
DIRECTOR OF THE CATHOLIC SOCIAL UNION.**

He placed the matter before a tertiary, Mrs. William Arnold, one already devoting herself tirelessly and in many ways to the parish needs. She resolved to assume for a year the financial burden of such an undertaking. The matter was laid before the Prior of St. Vincent's, Very Rev. P. V. Hartigan. His warm approval being given, that of the Provincial of the Eastern province, Very Rev. L. F. Kearney, was sought and also obtained. Right here it is a pleasure to add that when Father Hartigan's term of Prior was ended, the good will that he had shown was continued in the person of his successor, Very Rev. Bernard J. Logan.

Fortunately a house near St. Catherine's was vacant. It was small but would do for the beginning. With his Superior's sanction Father Thuente at once rented the property. He decided to place the work under the patronage of America's first native born saint, a true daughter of St. Dominic, and early in October 1898, outside of the little dwelling passers-by beheld a gilt-lettered sign which read: "St. Rose's Settlement." Thus, quietly, humbly, was born the good work that is known to-day even far beyond the parish, city, and state of its birth.

Miss Gurney, from the first, has resided at St. Rose's, devoting all her time to the cause. There is now another permanent worker. Her other assistants have come from many different parishes, at stated hours of the week, to teach Christian Doctrine, to attend the library, teach sewing, give lessons in plain English to foreigners, or to boys and girls who are at work during the day, and at times to minister to the healthful amusement of the children, etc. The domestic work of a Settlement is usually of the simplest kind, one person being employed to live at the house to attend to all necessary household concerns. The basement of the church is used as a club room for the larger boys, for the sewing school, and other large gatherings. There are rooms there also for the Holy Name Society, which was early founded at St. Catherine's and has to some degree been utilized in helping on the work of the Settlement, and of the parish in general. The parochial census was taken by this society, the territory being divided into districts, and assigned to the different members who made therein a house to house visitation. However, with a few noteworthy exceptions, the great burden of the work of the Settlement has been done by ladies.

An essential feature of such a work is a library; it offers the means of drawing to the house both old and young, the latter especially. But it is one of its greatest financial burdens, if books have

to be purchased. St. Rose's was early fortune-favored in its library equipment. There exists in New York a library of which even America's greatest city may well be justly proud. It is the Cathedral Free Circulating Library, built up and still ably directed by Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Ph. D. Father Thuente no sooner resolved upon the Settlement then he called upon the Rev. Director, asking if it would be possible to obtain from the Cathedral centre a starting fund of two hundred volumes. To his surprise and never-ending gratitude Father McMahon responded by the promise of a thousand, the selection of which would be left with the Settlement if so desired. The needs of the locality were considered, both closely and broadly, and the donation was made of carefully selected books, including many of the latest and most valuable publications, in travels, biography, history, science, fiction, etc. both for adults and children, but especially were they chosen with a view of helping the great body of public school children in the neighborhood. At the same time the Settlement was constituted "Branch D of the Cathedral Library." The first generous donation of books was followed by another, smaller but as valuable. Donations came also from St. Vincent Ferrer's and from friends elsewhere, until the library now numbers two thousand volumes.

The Catholic Settlement is full of high and holy possibilities, but to fulfill them it must be something far different from a merely social centre for the moral, intellectual, and physical benefit of the people, as are so many of the non-Catholic Settlements. It must be founded upon the thoroughly religious basis of an apostolate for the salvation of souls, and must make use of all its social advantages of personal intercourse with children and adults to spread a knowledge of the faith, to instill a love of it, a reverence for it, and to secure a greater fidelity to the duties of religion. In the Year Book issued at the time of the first public conference held under the auspices of the Settlement, April 4, 1900, over which Rt. Rev. John M. Farley, Auxiliary Bishop of New York, presided, the aims of the work are set forth clearly and briefly:

"First—To improve the social, intellectual and religious condition of the poor by organizing and directing the energies of Catholics of leisure in their personal service, thus promoting fellowship between Catholics of different social grades.

"Second—To counteract by personal influence and by the diffusion of sound Catholic teaching the irreligious influence of a secularized school system, a misguided philanthropy and an anti-Catholic propaganda."

This aim is reached by the following works:

"First—The conduct of clubs and other popular gatherings for the development of social life.

"Second—The distribution of Catholic literature.

"Third—Classes in Christian Doctrine for public school children and for the instruction of the ignorant and neglected, whether children or adults.

"Fourth—The protection of Catholic immigrants in our midst.

"Fifth—Friendly visiting in the homes of the sick and poor."

The various classes, clubs, etc. meet either at the Settlement house, or in the basement of the church. The scope of the work may best be seen by the outline being followed during the present year, which closely resembles that of preceding years:

Library: open for circulation of books Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, from 3 to 6 p. m. Tuesday, 3 to 6, and 7:30 to 9:30 p. m.

Monday—3:30 to 5:30 p. m., religious instruction for girls, first confession; 3:30 to 5:30, Club, Little Defenders of the Holy Name, small boys; 7:30 to 9, religious instruction, first communion, working boys; 7:30 to 9, Good Counsel Club, large boys; 7:30 to 9:30, night school, English taught to adult Italians, men and women.

Tuesday—3:30 to 5:30 p. m., religious instruction, girls, first confession (second group); 3:30 to 5:30, religious instruction, boys, first confession; 7:30 to 9:30, religious instruction, perseverance class, young working women.

Wednesday—3:30 to 5:30 p. m., religious instruction, girls, first communion; 2:30 to 5:30, Ladies' Sewing Circle for the Poor; 7:30 night school, adult Italian class (as above); 7:30 to 9:30, physical culture class for young women of St. Rose's Club; drawing class, boys.

Thursday—3:30 to 5:30 p. m., Children of the Rosary Club, little girls; 7:30 to 9:30, Good Counsel Club, large boys; 7:30 to 9:30, dressmaking class for young women of St. Rose's Club.

Friday—3:30 to 5:30 p. m., religious instruction, first communion boys; 3:30 to 5:30, Ave Maria Club, little girls; 7:30 to 9:30, night school, adult Italian class, (as above); 7:30 to 9:30, religious instruction, first communion, working boys.

Saturday—9 to 10 a. m., religious instruction, perseverance class, school girls; 10 to 12 a. m., sewing school 123 little girls.

Sunday—10 a. m., religious instruction, children, first group; 2:30 p. m., religious instruction, children, second group.



THE SETTLEMENT LIBRARY.

In addition to the above, religious instruction is given at various times, Sundays and week days, to adults, at their convenience. And arrangements are being made for the following week day classes: manual training for boys, embroidery and painting for girls, and a children's choral class.

The fruit of two years earnest work was seen of late, when the sacrament of Confirmation was administered by Right Rev. John M. Farley, Auxiliary Bishop of New York, to nearly ninety candidates, men and women, boys and girls. Nearly all of these had been won by personal visitation from Protestant mission houses where their faith was endangered, or from practical infidelity. After the ceremony the bishop delivered a three-fold address: to the candidates confirmed, to the parents, and to the workers at the Settlement. His words were expressive of heartfelt congratulation for the work accomplished, and earnest exhortation to all to future perseverance. In addressing the workers he applied to their labors that word expressive of the highest phase of religious work created to meet the needs of human souls, "special vocation."

This event is a forceful illustration of the broad spirit of the Settlement in its work of saving souls. The first great apostolic commission was "to teach" not one but "all nations,"—the Settlement strives to extend the knowledge of the faith to all. Ten nationalities were represented, either by place of birth or parentage, in the candidates prepared for Confirmation: Irish, twenty-six; Ital-

ians, twenty-four; German, fourteen; Bohemians, ten; English, eight; Norwegian, two; Spanish, one; French, one; Danish, one; Swedish, one.

Fresh air work occupies pretty well the vacation days. Under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Society this popular charity has been making great advance along Catholic lines. A spacious house belonging to the city, in the midst of acres of wood and meadow, and bordering on the sound, has been placed at the disposal of the Vincentians for the use in summer time of the poor children of the tenement districts. It is situated in Pelham Bay Park, Baychester. Fully sixty of the children from the Settlement enjoyed its hospitality in 1899. In 1900 the Dominican Sisters kindly placed at the disposal of the Settlement the building preserved from their terrible fire at Sparkill, Rockland County. There, throughout the entire summer, the poor boys of St. Catherine's parish, to the number of forty, spent two weeks in the delights of country life and freedom. Two students filled the office of care takers, residing all through the season with the boys. Twenty children this year went to the Baychester home. The expenses of the summer at Sparkill were met by the Dominican tertiary who first made the Settlement in St. Catherine's parish a possibility, and who now fills with zeal and ability the office of president of the Catholic Social Union.

It was in April 1900 that this association was formed. By that



THE MAY QUEEN AND HER COURT.

time St. Rose's was no longer an experiment, but an established fact. It had proved its ability to wrestle with the need. It had the warm approval of His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, who on every possible occasion made the kindest enquiries concerning its workings, and its success. While several of the many volunteer workers had come and gone again, an earnest little band had persevered, and was ready to encourage others to begin the good work. Hence, a meeting was called, the work in all its bearings was considered; a constitution was drafted and accepted; officers were chosen and installed. The organization now consists of seven committees: House, Visiting, Library, Religious, Social, and Industrial and Employment. These cover the general scope of the work. Upon one or more of these committees the officers and active members serve, reporting to the chairman of the respective committee, and engaging to give three hours service each week. The active members are assessed three dollars a year. Associate members pay ten dollars a year, and give personal service occasionally. Honorary members pay twenty-five dollars annually, but are not required to give service personally. The board of government consists of a president, three vice-presidents, a secretary, a treasurer, the chairman of the several committees, and the local spiritual director. The spiritual director of the Union at large is Rt. Rev. Bishop Farley. One need not necessarily belong to the Union in order to give a helping hand to the Settlement. Donations of money and all things useful to such a work, which strives to help old and young, children and adult, sick and well, will always be thankfully received; so too will any period of personal service given in an apostolate spirit.

St. Rose's has entered upon the third year of its existence. While it is a work in which Dominican tertiaries assist both by active membership and financial help, according to their means, the work is not one exclusively for them. Some of the most devoted and tireless workers have no call to enroll themselves in the Third Order of St. Dominic. One may be perfectly free on this point. But workers, more workers, is ever the cry, as day after day reveals some new need of soul or mind or body among the destitute, and even among the working poor in our thickly populated districts. One ever pressing need is for those who will teach catechism, and give simple religious instruction. The children to be taught are of all nationalities, but as a rule all speak English, though their parents may not know a word of the language. A great field for Settlement work exists among boys and girls who have not made their

first communion, and are yet overgrown for the ordinary Sunday School classes. They themselves have been careless about learning, and in their homes there was no one to give interest, or to uphold the hand of authority; and now human respect will keep them from associating with those far younger than themselves. Usually it is a harder thing than human respect one finds to cope with, it is positive indifference. One hears of these children from other children, from their neighbors, from helpless parents, perhaps; hears of them when visiting others here and there. Truly it is a divine mission to seek them out in the highways and by-ways of the great danger-laden city. The spiritual ignorance of the poor is often dense, their enlightenment a high and holy mission. It is a work that should appeal to our graduates of Catholic schools and colleges, those who have themselves been thoroughly instructed in the faith. What better tribute of gratitude for the gift of truth can one pay than to spread its blessings among other and needy souls?

Another ever pressing need is of those who will visit the poor. We are slow to follow the saints and saintlike souls in this apostolic mission. It is not so much for want of good will, as because we do not realize the power even the weakest of us possess to bring into some shadowed life some little cheering ray of God's love, just through the uttering of a few kindly words of sympathy, of counsel, of tender, judicious chiding, it may be. Perhaps it is more than any thing else our dread of taking the initiative in a phase of the Master's work strange hitherto to us. When brave souls form Catholic Settlements here and there throughout our land, then the way will be opened and the more timid can follow, and, each doing a little, much for the Master will be accomplished.

Still another pressing need is of more spacious quarters for the work. The little house that has cradled it is so over-crowded that at times even the staircases are utilized for classes. A building fund has already been opened. The peculiar kind of work done at the Settlement would seem to necessitate a building designed for the purpose. The success of the cause demands an amount of individual instruction, and as the needs of those who are taught are so widely different there are very few who can be instructed together. A great deal of the work must be of an informal, unorganized kind. At the same time, social features must largely prevail. In every thing the Settlement must conform to the wants of the poor whom it reaches, and the limited time at their disposal. The Cath-





A GROUP OF SETTLEMENT CHILDREN OF VARIOUS NATIONALITIES.

olic Settlement with its strong religious aim seems to demand quarters specially arranged for instructing several small groups at the one time, men and women, boys and girls. This is not a need of the non-Catholic Settlement, where the social feature is the dominating one. Then, too, the Settlement should be a dwelling place for several workers, be they those who can stay permanently, or for months at a time, even for those who could give a shorter period, but give it continuously. There is an immense amount of apostolic work that can and ought to be done by the Catholic laity, but there are certain conditions under which that work can be well done. The needs are so pressing, they bear so heavily upon the glory of God and the salvation of souls, upon the welfare of homes and of country, that it is timely and necessary that they be earnestly and prayerfully dwelt upon, and fulfilled as far as the generosity and charity of all will make it possible.

Since the above was set in type the Settlement has sustained a severe loss in the person of Father Thuente, its founder and director. Early in the present year he was transferred to the Western Mission Band, where his zeal will find even a wider scope than in the old field.

Two other late occurrences are happily not subjects of regret as is the foregoing. (1) The Settlement has moved to new quarters where it was possible to rent two small houses; and (2) with the full approval of His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, a public appeal in behalf of the building fund has been opened through which already fourteen thousand dollars have been received. Deeply grateful to the generous donors the managers eagerly, prayerfully, await the kind gifts, large and small, of many others, that it may be possible to purchase land now available and to erect and equip a building well adapted to the high and holy work.

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ADDRESS OF THE HON. MORGAN O'BRIEN DELIVERED IN NEW YORK CITY ON THE OCCASION OF THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE SETTLEMENT.

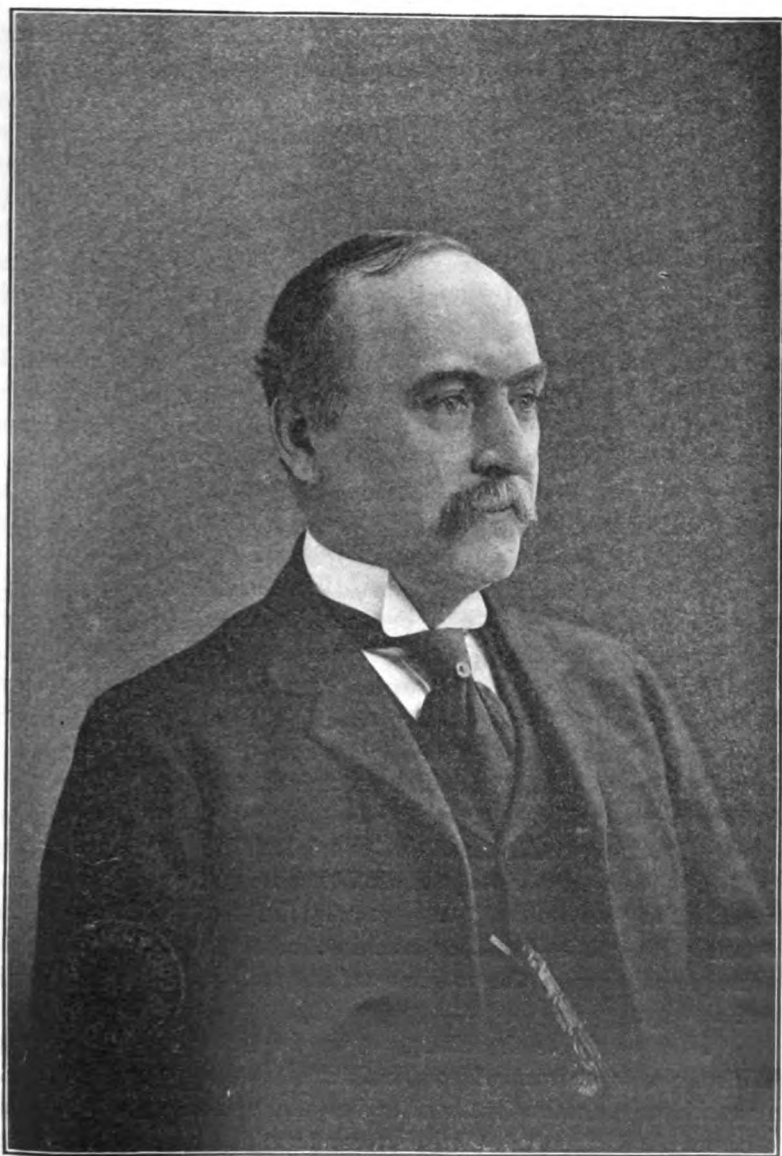
"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am grateful for your warm and generous reception; and coming as it does in large part from friends and neighbors, it is doubly welcome. Your presence in such numbers attests your earnestness in the cause for which we have assembled and will be a stimulus and encouragement to those engaged in the active management of St. Rose's Settlement.

"You would think me remiss if I did not take advantage of this opportunity to express publicly our respect and admiration for the Dominican Fathers who to most of us are not alone friends and spiritual advisers, but are ever in advance of every good work that tends to promote religion and charity. They have inaugurated this noble work which I venture to predict will be of lasting benefit to our own community and will also serve as an example and inspiration for the spread of similar settlements throughout the country. We all regret that Father Thuente, the one first assigned as spiritual director, is not present to receive together with the ladies and gentlemen engaged with him, our acknowledgments of the value and progress of the labor and effort which have been expended in the successful inauguration of a Catholic Settlement.

"The object and meaning of a Settlement you know; and my purpose will be to say a few words about its necessity and importance. The tendency of modern life is to abandon the field and the farm for the city; and hence great aggregations of people of the poor and working class are compelled to crowd into the tenement districts. Many of these people lack education and religion, and some, unfamiliar with our language and our country and its traditions, have great difficulty in warding off the ravages of hunger and cold. If they are to be left to struggle alone with poverty and without a helping hand or sympathetic voice, if their children are to grow up without religion or education, what is to be the future of our cities or our country?

"From all the great centers of population, the alarm has been sounded that vice and crime have grown enormously; and for months our senses have been shocked and our minds disturbed by what we read and hear of the moral condition of our own city. If those claiming to be familiar with the subject are to be credited, gambling and immorality have greatly increased, crime is more frequent and vice has become not only rampant but at times defiant.

"A solution of the conditions of poverty and crime has enlisted the attention and thought of those who were greatest and best in the human race. So difficult, however, is the problem, that in pagan times, although crime was visited with the severest penalties, a practical solution of poverty was never even attempted. The great and beneficent principle of charity presents one of the most distinguishing marks between a pagan and a Christian civilization.



**THE HON. MORGAN J. O'BRIEN.**

"When we read of the marvelous material growth of the great Eastern Empires, like Syria and Egypt, each in its turn, for the time being, swaying the destinies of man and of the world; or if we come down to the days of cultured Greece or the picture presented by what has been regarded as the greatest of all the ancient Empires—that of Rome—we are forcibly struck with the giant strides they made, not only in material but in intellectual advancement; an intellectual advancement which has never been equalled, much less excelled. Whether we take the age of Pericles which in architecture supplied the patterns that are still the envy of modern builders; or in sculpture recall the triumphs of Phidias and Praxiteles; or in poetry the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer; or in oratory recall the eloquence of Demosthenes; or in philosophy, the achievements of Plato and Aristotle; or if we select any field of intellectual activity, there is hardly one—and I might go so far as to assert with some, there is none—in which the human mind reached the height that was attained under a pagan civilization. But amidst all this material splendor and intellectual triumph, we shall look in vain for the existence of a single charitable institution in which an asylum was afforded for the poor or the afflicted.

"Were it not that the reason is easily found, it would be remarkable that in so many different nations, some of which had reached such an advanced stage of civilization and were noted for their progress in all other directions, no steps were ever taken to extend a helping hand to those who in all times should have been the objects of solicitude and care to their more fortunate brothers. We know, however, that it was due to a policy which sacrificed the individual to the interests of the State; and to the end that the latter should not be burdened, but should receive the full advantage to be obtained from those who could assist it in bearing arms and in extending its power, the physically imperfect and the unfortunate were put to death or sold into slavery; and thus for the principle of charity, the ancients substituted homicide, infanticide and slavery.

"How complete the change upon the advent of Christianity! With the advancement of its principles step by step went the erection of houses and institutions for the relief of every form of human misery. And when the Christian communities had been raised to the dignity of States, and in time overspread the civilized world, in place of the pagan idea that the individual was nothing and the State was everything, was substituted the benign principle which

recognized that each individual is connected, not only with what transpires around him here, but is finally destined to an immortality of existence.

"Down the ages, then, this principle has come, and is the basis not only of religion but of true democracy, which recognizes individual rights without regard to physical conditions, sex, age or religious belief. Its monuments in one direction are to be found in those magnificent charitable and eleemosynary institutions which attest the zeal and self-sacrifice of noble lives. And when we contrast this picture of noble lives and splendid institutions for the alleviation of the condition of the unfortunate and the afflicted with what went before it, we have an image of beauty and splendor which, regardless of material environment, dwarfs the grace and beauty which in sculpture, oratory, poetry and art, the most distinguished of the ancients had amid the splendor of the greatest material civilization.

"But although under a Christian civilization, much has been done to relieve distress and reform the criminal, the problem of diminishing or preventing the existence of poverty and crime is still before us. The existence of the poor, their suffering and their trials have often called forth a generous response upon the part of philanthropists, and for the last two hundred years the rigors and penalties of the criminal law have been mollified and softened with a view of reclaiming the criminal. If, apart from the humanitarian view, we disregard the obligations imposed upon those who are richer and more favored, to share with their less fortunate brethren out of their abundance, if we disregard the noblest sentiments which naturally well up from a generous heart to extend sympathy and succor to those in misery and distress, if we are lost and deadened to a realization of our duty to humanity, and if we but regard poverty and crime from a selfish standpoint as a menace to our own comfort and the safety and permanence of the State, then does the importance of a true solution of the problem become apparent, which would seek, not to relieve poverty when created, not to reclaim the criminal when defiled and contaminated by imprisonment, but which would seek a remedy which to some extent prevents the existence of both.

"The time of great moral reformers has been mostly taken up with philanthropic schemes for relieving distress and with plans to reform the criminals, and I am not minimizing or belittling

the efforts of those who, finding ill conditions, are thus disposed to supply a remedy. Herculean efforts have been directed to change conditions which are seemingly the outgrowth of our social system and little thought or effort has been given to applying the axe to the very root from which these conditions spring. And so we find in the history of other countries as we have found in our own, from a beginning when equality in wealth and when a more equal distribution of those things essential to life prevailed, proceeding with years and with a higher material civilization to a broadening and widening of the conditions existing among the people, it would seem as though the heritage of some is unlimited wealth which they can find neither the time nor the opportunity to utilize or squander, while the heritage of the majority is poverty, misery and distress which, accompanied by ill-equipped education, unfits them for the unequal struggle they are obliged constantly to wage for the ordinary necessities of life.

"So we find in our own country that civilization is advancing, wealth accumulating, fortunes running up into hundreds of millions, corporations and trusts bestriding the continent and a few possessors of fortunes so colossal that it seems when contemplated like a dream of Aladdin; and, in the same country, under the shadow of the same social system, we find men, women and children growing up without the benefits of education and religion and unable to secure at times the very means and necessities essential to life. And these surroundings of poverty are bequeathed with interest compounded just as wealth is handed down from generation to generation.

"This is not an overdrawn picture of disparity of social conditions, but the careful student of history, the hopeful patriot of his country, must and does feel that these social inequalities can in some way be adjusted consistent with law, consistent with vested rights, consistent with government and so as to prevent the growth and increase of a class in our country who are prepared and ready under their blind and misguided sense of injury and wrong to tear down the institutions of the country upon which our peace, our liberty and our prosperity depend. But wherein is this rule consistent with the rights of all to be found? Are those to whom the interests of the people are entrusted, are those to whom the wealth of the land is given, to stand idly by, and, without a single effort at bringing about a solution of those problems which menace the safety of

all, to be held hereafter blameless if through their inaction and culpable neglect, the unhappy results which have flown from like causes in other countries should unfortunately have place in our own? Are those who are deprived of the wealth and bounty which the God of Nature seems to have intended for every man, woman and child within our land, are those who are without the means of allaying the pangs of hunger or staving off the winter's blasts, are they alone to be blamed for feeling discontented with their hard lot? Are they to be held responsible for the accidents of birth, for the absence of education and of those means which instead of placing them among the class of useful and industrious citizens, would from their very cradle, assign them a place among the ranks of poverty and crime?

"In one of his great novels, Victor Hugo presents the character of a young artisan who, though starting with a good heart and a naturally bright intellect but devoid of education and moral training, becomes attached to a woman of his own class by whom he has a child. Unable to get work and without food, he sits for days in an unfurnished chamber and watches the ravages of hunger and cold upon the woman and child whom he had undertaken to protect. In desperation, he rushes out into the city and steals. His theft results in three days of food and warmth to the woman and child and five years in prison for himself. While there, maddened by the torments of a cruel and heartless jailor, his passion breaks bounds and he kills his tormentor. And when upon trial for this crime and asked by the judge if he had any explanation or excuse to make, he thus replied: 'I admit that I am a thief and an assassin. But why am I a thief and why am I an assassin?' That author says truly: 'There are two phases in this malefactor's life; before his fall and after his fall. And beneath these two phases there are the question of education and the question of penalty; and between those two questions, lies the whole social organization. Here was a man with an excellent intelligence and an excellent heart. But destiny placed him in a society so badly ordered that he ended by theft; and society put him into a prison so badly ordered that he ended by murder. Was he really criminal? Or are we the real criminals?' How much stronger the picture had the character been that of a poor widow or that of a homeless boy whom the necessities of hunger and cold had finally placed, before reason had fairly dawned, in a prison environment and in a prison garb!



"The problems thus presented are being pressed more and more upon our attention; and though, as already said, the reclamation of the criminal class and the alleviation of the distress of the poor have received serious and earnest thought and effort, I venture to assert that until recently no serious movement, no intelligent or prolonged effort had been made to strike at the very root of the problem, which should lie, not in the punishment of the criminal, not in the alleviation of the condition of the poor, but in the prevention of conditions which would beget both.

"And when we think of the dignity of a single life, when we think of the importance of rescuing from poverty and crime a single moral being, when we think of what it means to have saved but one of the human family, then can we fully appreciate the magnitude of the work and the grand results that may be achieved by a Catholic Settlement. We all know that each individual, however poor, however meagre may be his talents or his abilities, is not only related with all that exists about him here, but is finally destined for an eternal life; and when we recall that the very poorest is possessed of a mind which under proper conditions may be enriched with unlimited culture, a heart which may be kept warm with generous impulses and a will which properly trained, may overcome every obstacle, then must we realize what a splendid work he or she is engaged in who succeeds in saving from the consequences of crime and poverty but a single human being.

"To accomplish this what is needed is to impress upon a struggling individual or family the dignity and importance of life and true manhood and true womanhood. Let them know that they stand not alone, and by a kindly act, a sympathetic word and natural intercourse prove to them that they are our brothers, less fortunate, it is true, but still, related to us by the most sacred ties of brotherhood and humanity. As said by the Poet Burns:

" 'It's comin' yet, for a'that,  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brothers be for a'that.' "

"This will dissipate poverty and crime as effectively as day will dissipate the night, or light darkness. This is the object of a Catholic Settlement—to extend a helping hand to all, regardless of race or color or creed.

"And if we consider the work of extending morality and religious principles in its effect upon the permanency of our country and institutions as well as upon the individual and the family, then it becomes doubly important. The safety of a Republic, it is conceded, rests upon the virtue of its citizens just as monarchies are sustained by strong central governments supported by large standing armies and in which the governing principle is force. There are but two principles of government: one the power of the sword sustained by the power of the hand that wields it; the other the power of the law, sustained by a virtuous and intelligent public opinion. Differently expressed, 'There is the principle of force and the principle of love.'

"Those who founded our government were religious men imbued with strong religious convictions. They came over a trackless ocean and cut a way through dense forests and by their intelligence and their religion gave us a constitution and government which is the envy of the world. The fact, however, stands prominently forth that virtue has decreased in proportion to the destruction of the religious and moral sentiment among our people. We know that more of man's destiny has been committed to our country than to any other nation in Christendom, but we also know that nations, like individuals, may live unto the fulness of their time or perish prematurely. If we regard, therefore, our duty to God or to our country or our fellowmen, can any doubt exist of the importance of every serious effort which would promote morality and religion?

"Should we not all do something, however small, to prove that our patriotism is alive and active, that we love our country which secures to us the inestimable benefits of civil and religious liberty and whose well-being is linked with every fibre of our hearts? And should we not also be active in cooperating with our priests and pastors in extending the beneficent work of charity which 'blesses those who give as well as those who receive?' By thus doing something to succor the poor and help our less fortunate brethren, we contribute to the stability of our country, unite ourselves in thought and act with the lives and the devotion of our great religious leaders and bring our hearts and minds and deeds in accord with the divine purposes and work of our beloved and heaven-inspired Holy Roman Catholic Church."



**COUNT ALBERT DE MUN.**

## COUNT ALBERT DE MUN.

COUNTESS DE COURSON.



**A**MONG the prominent French Catholics of the present day, Count Albert de Mun holds a foremost place. It was he who, only a few months ago, eloquently defended the religious orders against the violent and unjust attacks of their enemies; indeed, for the last twenty years, by right divine of his splendid gift of eloquence he has been, so to speak, the official champion of God and His Church in the French Parliament. From his father, Count Albert de Mun inherited the high principles and chivalrous sentiments of a long line of noble and gallant ancestors, some of whom fought for Christ in crusading days with the same tenacious courage that is displayed by their descendant in his hand to hand struggle with the freethinkers of the twentieth century.

His mother was that lovely, gifted and holy Eugenie de la Ferrouays, whose brightness and sanctity have been revealed to us in Mrs. Craven's well known book: "A Sister's Story," which has been as widely read in America as in Europe.

Eugenie's winning character, at once so fascinating and so holy, stands out among a singularly gifted family group, and, in one of her letters, Mrs. Craven mentions with pardonable pride how the memory of his young mother clung to the Catholic orator. In 1873 she writes thus: "My nephew, Count Albert de Mun, has lately been speaking very well indeed at an assembly of workmen and it is delightful to me to hear him and to hear people say around me: 'C'est bien la le fils d' Eugenie.'"

In April 1839, Eugenie's first child Robert came into the world; his mother's fervent prayers had been that "he should ever love God, be pious and good and endowed with beauty both physical and spiritual," and in each particular her petitions were granted. Albert, her second son, was born on the 7th of April, 1841, at Lumigny, in the department of Seine et Marne. The chateau had once belonged to the freethinking philosopher Helvetius, whose daughter married Count de Mun's great grandfather. Soon after the birth of her second child, Madame de Mun's health began to

fail. By the doctor's orders she and her husband with their eldest boy went to Italy; the following year 1842, she died at Palermo, leaving to those who knew her the memory of an angel upon earth and in her sister's heart a void that nothing could ever fill: "As long as I live," wrote Mrs. Craven many years later, "Eugenie's death will be for me a grief unrelieved by any earthly consolation."

Both brothers were educated at home for some years, under the care of an excellent tutor; they completed their course of studies at a college at Versailles and then, at a short interval, entered the military school of St. Cyr, whence Count Albert came out in 1862 as a sub-lieutenant. The first years of his military life were spent in the regiment of the "chasseurs d' Afrique" and in some of his subsequent speeches he revives, with evident pleasure, the reminiscences of those days of military life in Algeria. In 1867, he married Mademoiselle Sinsonne d' Andlau, a distant cousin and he was the father of two children when the war of 1870 broke out. He served with General de Clerembault around Metz and his coolness under fire attracted the attention of General Chaugarmes. When, many years later, Count de Mun resolved to enter public life, the old soldier wrote him a characteristic letter, in which he expressed his conviction that the "chasseur d'Afrique" of 1870 would encounter the perils of public life with the intrepidity and calmness that he displayed when facing the "Prussian cannon."

After the fatal battle of Sedan, Monsieur de Mun was sent as a prisoner to Aix la Chapelle. There he made the acquaintance of an old German Jesuit, Father Ecke, who seems to have had a most beneficial influence over him. He had always been a practical Catholic, but the tragic scenes through which he had passed, his country's misfortunes, the vicissitudes of the war and later the horrors of the Commune, which he witnessed, deepened his religious feelings and increased his natural thoughtfulness. He had within him the instincts as well as the gifts of an apostle, and, on his return to France, he resolved to devote his energies to the regeneration of his country.

Reflection had convinced him that in order to apply an efficacious remedy to the social evils of the day, it was necessary to go to the very root of the evil itself, to bring light and truth to the working classes, among whom the freethinking theories of the Revolution had undermined the influence and authority of the Church.

When once his mind was made up as to the line he must follow to attain the object he had in view, Count de Mun descended into the arena with the hereditary courage of his crusading ancestors. He had to face, not indeed the "Prussian cannon" to which General Chaugarmes had alluded, but the prejudices, suspicions and fears of those in whose eyes anything that is new must necessarily be dangerous; he also had to struggle against the blind hostility of the men on whose behalf he labored. His first and most devoted auxiliaries were his brother Robert, to whom throughout life he remained closely united and M. Rene' de la Tour du Piu Chambly, a cavalry officer like himself, who had fought by his side on the field of Gravelotte.

To use the words of Mrs. Craven's biographer: "These three men, young, rich and independent \* \* \* were possessed with the Christian thought of giving their hearts and minds, and in a due measure, their purses, to 'levelling up' the working men of Europe. \* \* \* They determined to found clubs where men of good will, in whatever class, might be welcomed by the title of common respect and Catholic faith."

Thus was founded the work of the "Cercles Catholiques;" in January 1873, Mrs. Craven, in a letter to a friend, describes how her nephew opened one of these clubs at Vaugirard: "Albert de Mun made a brilliant speech which I wish you had heard. I had never myself heard him speak in public before, and I was amazed at his eloquence, moved at his deep conviction and pleased at his wonderfully beautiful and fluent language. It was certainly most singular to look at this good looking young man, in his dragoon's uniform, holding forth, \* \* \* as if he had been preaching from the pulpit, with the name of our Saviour and that of Catholicism on his lips. \* \* \*"

Later on Count de Mun left the army, but, although he no longer wore the uniform that invested his first appearance as a public speaker with peculiar interest, he retained certain characteristics of a military orator: courage, straightforwardness and a chivalrous love for the poor, the weak and the oppressed.

In a declaration, written some years later, he sums up the primary object of his work. This object is a noble one: he wishes to make the teaching of the Church on moral and social subjects known to those, whose faith has been undermined by the revolutionary spirit and who have been taught the "rights of man," but not the "rights of God." By enlightening and moralizing the lower

orders, who are often more ignorant of than hostile to the doctrines of the Church, he hopes to reconstitute society on the basis of justice and of peace. The eloquence, which with him was a natural gift, was employed in expounding these views, and, as his aunt Mrs. Craven observes, it was an uncommon sight. Of noble birth, essentially aristocratic in his appearance and manners, he became the friend, teacher and champion of the working men and to their moral and material well-being, he devoted his time and efforts. One of his companions in these early days of his self-imposed mission, describes the impression that he produced upon the young men, whom he endeavored to enlist in his crusade:

"The sight of this cavalry officer who could hold a meeting captive, fascinated by his voice, who preached devotedness, sacrifice, love of the poor and humble, and who held out as the reward of this awakening of faith and charity, the hope of happier times, this sight was in itself alone a lesson that necessarily impressed itself on our young imaginations."

It is difficult to estimate the results obtained by Count Albert de Mun in his social and religious work of the "*Cercles Catholiques*." Final results cannot always be measured by what meets the eye and it sometimes happens that the good seed requires time to develop and bear fruit. It is certain that many of the social and philanthropic works that have been established in France within the last quarter of a century owe their existence to the generous impulse that originated with Count de Mun. His conviction that men of the world have a mission to fulfil towards their poorer and more ignorant brethren has become the conviction of hundreds of devoted men in France and more especially in Paris. Some of these have continued the work of the "*Cercles Catholiques*," others have embraced tasks, different in their organization, but similar in their primary object: the moral and material well-being of workmen, and among these there are many who gratefully confess that the heavenly spark of zeal and self-sacrifice was kindled in their hearts by the soldier-apostle, whose striking individuality impressed their youthful imaginations. In 1876, the electors of Pontivy in Brittany chose Monsieur de Mun as their representative in the Chambers, but owing to the unjust manoeuvres of those who dreaded his influence at the "*Palais Bourbon*" he only took his seat definitely in 1881. Since that day, in the stormy and generally hostile atmosphere of the French Parliament he has, on every occasion, proved himself an eloquent and fearless champion of all good causes. It

was he who protested against the shameful desecration of the Church of St. Genevieve, called the Pantheon, which, in defiance of all justice, was transformed by the Government into a pagan temple, where the remains of Victor Hugo were laid to rest beside those of Voltaire and Rousseau. He eloquently demonstrated the iniquity of the act that drove from her Church "the most popular saint of the national history of France," the patroness at whose feet the people of Paris, for centuries past, had sought help in every calamity; the gentle shepherdess, whose name is still beloved and honored after the lapse of years.

Count Albert de Mun is never more eloquent than when he touches on the social subjects, to which he has devoted much attention and study. He strives to bridge over the abyss that separates the rich and the poor, the employer and the workers, an abyss that is often widened by ignorance and prejudice rather than by ill will. He endeavors to point out to the rich their duty towards the toilers and sufferers of the world and to teach the latter patience and resignation. His voice has an indignant ring when he denounces the cruelty of the men, who by robbing the poor of their faith, rob them of their one consolation and joy: "Faith," he truly observes, "is the only safeguard against rebellion, \* \* \* how can you preach resignation to those from whose walls you have torn the image of the Crucified Lord, Who, showing His bloody brow and torn limbs to sufferers, seems to say to them: 'I have suffered more than you have and I am keeping for you a place by my side in eternal glory.'"

Although so earnest in his defense of the working classes, Monsieur de Mun is not a socialist. In 1878, at Chartres, he protested that: "we are not and never will be socialists; we wish to see the social question solved, that is all."

By his birth and family traditions he belongs to the old French nobility, yet he keeps well abreast of the progress of the age and has more than once expressed his conviction that Catholics should play an active part in the transformations that are taking place around them; that they should endeavor to direct the advancing movement and never stand aloof to deplore what they cannot prevent. Thus, having recognized the social question as one of the gravest problems of modern times, he bravely set to work to grapple with it, bringing to bear on the question the teaching of the Church, to whose motherly solicitude for the poor and suffering he continually pays reverent homage.



As a champion of the rights of God and as a defender of the working classes, Count de Mun's ability and single hearted earnestness have generally met with due recognition, even from those who do not in all things share his views; his conduct in politics has been more severely criticized and probably less understood.

Circumstances, so to say, forced him into political life; he was fully occupied by his social work when his election at Pontivy sent him to Parliament. In this new sphere of action, his attitude as the defender of God and His Church has never varied; but his opinions as to the form of government best suited to the requirements of the moment have altered with circumstances and it is these variations that are a cause of bitter reproach. In 1881, when he entered public life, he was a royalist, and in a famous speech at Vannes, he openly proclaimed his belief in the rights of the king who personified "the ancient glories of France." During the months of General Boulanger's extraordinary and truly inexplicable popularity, he believed, with many others, that the ambitious General might prove the Saviour of his country. In a letter written in 1889, Mrs. Craven, Count de Mun's aunt, touching on the subject, observes that: "the only way in which it (Boulangism) can be accounted for is the universal discontent which has so many just causes that the man, whoever he is, who comes forward as the representative of them all, is accepted as such with almost miraculous unanimity."

Our readers know how the too sanguine anticipations founded on General Boulanger came to naught!

In 1892 in defence to the desire of Pope Leo XIII., Monsieur de Mun accepted the government of the Republic, an act that drew upon him the blame and criticisms of many of those who so far, had fought by his side. Disowned by a certain number of his friends, the Catholic champion has hitherto met with scanty recognition from his political adversaries, whose injustice and violence have not diminished since his adhesion to the government of the Republic.

One point however is above discussion: whatever may have been his political variations, Count de Mun's sincerity and single-mindedness are undoubted and his faithful and universal defence of the interests of the Church must insure to him the lasting gratitude of the Universal Mother of nations. To the Church of God, his first and last love, his guide and his oracle, he has remained closely united in fair weather and in foul and his name is enshrined among those of her devoted sons and able defenders.

As an orator, Count de Mun possesses remarkable gifts: his handsome person, full and sonorous voice, his aristocratic bearing contribute to the success of his eloquence. His speeches are well ordered, and clothed in language at once brilliant and elegant. He has extraordinary facility and one of the charms of his eloquence is that it apparently flows naturally without a trace of effort. Yet Monsieur de Mun is an indefatigable worker and unlike many orators he does not rely solely on his natural gifts, but cultivates and improves them by close and constant study. Without intruding on the sacredness of his private life, we may add that he is a fervent and exemplary Catholic, the worthy son of a saintly mother.

Such is the man, who, at the present moment, stands before the French Chambers as the defender of hundreds of religious men and women, whom an atheistical and tyrannical Government may any day cast adrift on the world.

The next few weeks will tell us whether his noble efforts are crowned with success: the malice and folly of men are great, but God's power is greater still and has proved itself in circumstances even more perilous than those that now surround the Religious Congregations in France. In any case, whatever may be the result of the struggle, Count Albert de Mun has now a new claim to the gratitude of Catholics; they have been able to judge that his splendid talents are unimpaired, nay that his eloquence has ripened with time and study; that his earnestness and ardor are as great as when, thirty years ago, he began his public career.

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### IMPRISONED.

ALICE S. DELETOMBE.

**L**IKE some caged bird that sadly frets all day  
 Against its golden bars and luckless strives  
 To win quick freedom, then at last contrives  
 By chance fortuitous, not forceful way—  
 To free a flutt'ring, bruised wing, and stay  
 Pinioned awhile in sudden pain that gives  
 Mock taste of liberty, yet prisoned lives  
 Mad with desire or silent in dismay—  
 So I, against the bars of Circumstance  
 That cruel shut me in, did fret and pine,  
 And eager sought to grasp the key of Chance  
 Until belief of Purpose—All-Divine,  
 Has brought my soul release, in wide expanse  
 Of sweetest freedom—for Content is mine!

## The Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.



**THE REVEREND DIRECTOR OF THE ROSARY CONFRATERNITY :**

Dear Father :—Some years ago the Confraternity of the Rosary was erected in my parish, under diploma from the Very Rev. A. V. Higgins, O. P., S. T. M., then Provincial. Since that canonical erection, we have built a new church and consequently the Altar of the Rosary has been changed. As the new church is still in an unfinished condition we have no evening service, and, in consequence, the Rosary Procession on the first Sunday of the month has not taken place for a long time. The new church is a mission church, Mass being said in it once every two weeks. Again, it frequently happens that I can not have the Rosary Procession on the first Sunday of the month.

Please inform me if it will be necessary to obtain again the canonical erection of the Confraternity by reason of the new church or from the fact that certain conditions, prescribed by the Confraternity, namely, the public recital of the Rosary in church, and the Rosary Procession once a month, have not been carried out.

Would it be better to send the names of the Confraternity to some church where all these conditions are fulfilled?

Yours sincerely in Christ,

F. C. K.

The questions asked in the foregoing letter may be resumed as follows :

1. If a Confraternity church is destroyed or torn down, and a new church is built, is it necessary to obtain again the canonical erection of the Confraternity?

2. If the conditions prescribed by the Confraternity, viz: the public recital of the Rosary in church, and the Rosary Procession once a month, be omitted, is the canonical erection lost?

3. If the aforesaid conditions are not observed would it be better to send the names of Rosarians to some church where all things prescribed for the Confraternity are carried out?

To the above questions we may add:

4. Does a Confraternity of the Rosary established under a diploma from the Dominican Provincial still remain validly erected?

Answers:

1. It is not necessary to obtain again canonical erection. The sixth article of the "*Ubi Primum*" reads: "In case a church in which the Confraternity is erected, be torn down or in any way destroyed and a new church is built on or about the same site, since the place is considered the same, all indulgences and privileges are transferred to the new church without requiring anew the institution of the Confraternity."\*

2. The canonical erection of the Confraternity is not lost by the non-fulfillment of these conditions. In the thirteenth article of the "*Ubi Primum*" our Holy Father merely exhorts Directors to provide for the public recitation of the Rosary. In no way does he place it as an essential condition. In reference to the Rosary Procession, if it can not be held on the first Sunday of the month, it may be held any Sunday that is convenient. The fourteenth article of the Constitution cited reads: "In order that this solemn act of supplication may be performed regularly, we extend to all Directors of Confraternities the privilege conceded by Benedict XIII. to the Dominican Order, of transferring it to another Sunday, should anything occur to prevent its taking place on the usual day."

3. Do not send the names to any other church. When the parish is regularly organized it can observe all the ritual of the Confraternity.

4. Prior to October 1898, Dominican Provincials had the authority of erecting Rosary Confraternities. All Confraternities erected solely on this authority are no longer valid and Directors must obtain Letters Patent from the Master General of the Dominicans in order to possess canonical erection for their Confraternities. But if such diplomas of the Confraternity also bear the signature of the Master General of the Order of Preachers, the Confraternity is to be considered valid. Upon examination of the diploma under question we find that it has not only the signature

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\* "*Ubi Primum.*" See THE ROSARY MAGAZINE of January, 1899.

of the Provincial but also of the Master General. No doubt need be entertained as to this Confraternity enjoying all privileges and indulgences.

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On August the second, the Dominican Order celebrates the feast of Blessed Joanna, the mother of St. Dominic. Her memory is cherished not merely in the great Dominican family, for all Rosarians feel that there exists between them and her a certain relationship. Her great life of sanctity enkindled in her son that flame of Divine Love which lighted up the whole world. Dear Rosarians thank this holy mother for the care with which she guarded the child which heaven entrusted to her.

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The fourth day of August is consecrated to the memory of a man whose heart encompassed the world. Like his loving Master "he wished not the death of the sinner but that he be converted and live," and not one class of sinners merely, but all sinners. To realize this end the Order of Friars Preachers was called into being. This, however, would ensure but few laborers for the vineyard where the work was so great. His Heaven-conceived plan would enroll in its ranks every child of Adam. The Order of Penance, better known as the Third Order of St. Dominic was established to give all classes, whose vocation the world claimed, the benefits of religious life. Under the royal mantle, under the beggar's garment, the religious habit or garb might be worn. This was but to symbolize the interior consecration of one's self to God. To St. Dominic's mind the world was but a great battle field on which all were summoned, and there they must be either "with Christ or against Him." The religious of the Cloister were to be the officers and officials of his grand army. Their duty was to help and encourage those of weakened fortitude but the Saint knew the inconstancy of human nature. He knew that armament was needed for the fray, he prayed that Heaven might grant the equipment, and Heaven's Queen, responsive to his prayer, gave him the Rosary. With it he armed every soldier. Its miraculous success history records. To-day as formerly it is the same powerful weapon. How many victories it has won! How many souls it has saved! How many untold miracles it has wrought! Dear Rosarians how much we owe to St. Dominic! Praise and thank him. Ask him to teach us to wield this weapon with some of that dexterity which he achieved.

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The fourth glorious mystery of the Rosary we commemorate on the fifteenth of August. During the first years of the Church,

the Christian world celebrated the Death of Mary. The unfitness of this soon appealed to Christian instinct. Mary's life was as no other life. Death meant for her not what it meant for mankind in general. More truly than St. Paul could she say: "Oh death where is thy sting," and also "I desire to be dissolved and be with Christ"—my Son. The infallible guidance bequeathed the Church, gave its approval to the celebrating of the termination of Mary's life by her Assumption in to Heaven rather than by her death. Let us join the grand chorus of praise that has ascended to the Queen of Heaven, through all the centuries, on this her glorious feast. As Children of the Rosary we are especially dear to Mary. The mother's exultation and glory should be the children's joy.

#### INDULGENCES.

August 4th, St. Dominic's Day—1. Plenary; conditions, confession and communion. This indulgence is granted to the faithful as well as Rosarians living in Dominican Parishes. 2. Plenary; Rosary Procession. 3. Plenary; Visit to the Rosary Chapel. 4. Plenary; Visit to Confraternity Church where the Blessed Sacrament is publicly exposed. Conditions, confession and communion, prayer for Sovereign Pontiff. Partial; Seven years and as many quarantines. Rosary Procession.

August 15th, Feast of the Assumption—1. Plenary; Rosary Procession. 2. Plenary; Visit Rosary Altar. Conditions, confession, communion and prayers for the Pope. 1. Partial; Ten years and as many quarantines. Recitation of the Rosary. 2. Seven years and as many quarantines. Recital of the five mysteries. 3. For those who say weekly the entire Rosary seven years and as many quarantines. 4. One hundred days. 5. Seven years and as many quarantines. Visit Rosary Altar, confession, communion, prayers. 6. One hundred days. Visit Rosary Chapel. Conditions for 4 and 5 are the recital of the five mysteries.

*The Rosary Magazine requests all pastors of churches in which the Rosary Confraternity is canonically established to send the name of Church, and of the director, also the date of diploma. It will register these and publish a list of the same.*

*It offers its services in obtaining diplomas for all who wish the Confraternity established, also in forwarding applications to the Master General of the Friars Preachers, for priests who desire the personal faculties of giving the Dominican blessing to Rosaries.*



## ROMAN NOTES.



THE Pontifical commission of sacred Archaeology has within the past few months restored and systematized in the Christian cemetery of S. Priscilla on the Via Salaria, a large staircase which descends into a piscina or fish pond covered with an apse. The piscina must be considered in connection with a group of upper edifices where stood the Basilica of S. Silvestro discovered in the year 1888. Professor Marucchi writes thus of it: Having had the desire to study this monument, which seemed sufficiently noteworthy to all the members of the commission, I set myself to the work. I was able to confirm in the first place that it was really a baptistry as I discovered a graffite inscription which read: "Qui sitet ven (iat ad me et bibat)," a clear allusion to the waters of grace the like of which is found above other ancient baptistries. And also from the presence of other graffites and from hundreds of crosses traced on the apse, I concluded that it must be a monument once held in great veneration. I passed to the study of the historical memoirs of the place, and the thought struck me to compare this new monument with the history of Pope Liberius, of whom it is narrated that in this locality he had solemnly administered baptism during the period of the Arian controversy. Continuing along this line, I suspected that in this baptistry there should have been formerly placed a monumental inscription, and after an accurate research among the ancient epigraphs published by De Rossi my attention rested upon the "Silloge" of Verdun compiled by an anonymous pilgrim who visited the Roman catacombs about the time of Charlemagne, when, namely, the historical monuments were as yet preserved therein. From a study of this "Silloge" composed in exact topographical order, I noticed that

said pilgrim, after copying several inscriptions of the Via Salaria and the groups of inscriptions of the Basilica of S. Silvestro in the cemetery of Priscilla, immediately copied another "ad fontes," that is in the baptistry. From this expression it is reasonable to deduce that he transcribed the epigraph not indeed of a baptistry far away but of the baptistry near to the Basilica of S. Silvestro or the one which is now the object of my study. That inscription, in elegant Latin distichs not later than the fourth century, is of the greatest historical importance and of dogmatic value. It speaks of St. Peter and of the authority of the Apostolic Chair. It seems to me, therefore, and all my colleagues are in accord with me, that in the monumental baptistry of Priscilla there can be recognized a grand memoir of St. Peter, of the Apostolic ministry exercised by him in that place, and of the baptism conferred by him in those surroundings, of which an ancient tradition has conserved the record. This after all would be most natural, inasmuch as the cemetery of S. Priscilla was dug underneath the country property of the family of Pudente and of Pudenziana, in whose house, as is well known, the Prince of the Apostles was received as a guest. And in the cemetery of Priscilla are seen, in fact, the most ancient pictures and the most archaic inscriptions in some of which is repeated in memory of the Apostle the name "Petrus."

This new "memoria," then, of the cemetery of Priscilla can be very well connected with the other of the neighboring cemetery called "Ostiano." To this latter can be referred the discovery made in the crypt of S. Emerenziana, excavated many years ago under the care of Mons. Crostarosa, where Mariano Armellino read the letters "Sanc Pet" and I recognized the name "Emerentiane." Inasmuch as, perhaps through all that region the Apostle had to exercise his ministry, the two cemeteries might, at one time, have been joined together. It is not improbable, moreover, that by continuing the excavations in that zone of subterranean Rome, other memoirs will be brought to light.

Everyone can see how the multiplication of these records is a thing of the greatest importance, because it is a further confirmation of that great historical fact, namely, the coming of S. Peter to Rome, and the foundation by him of the Roman Church.



# Our Father,

A March by J. H. M. Rychkowski.

Our Fa-ther Who art in Hea-ven,

hal-lowed be Thy Name.

Thy king-dom come, Thy will be done on

earth as it is in Hea-ven.

Give us this day our dai-ly bread, and for-

*Our Father.*

give us our tres-- passes, as we for-

give them that trespass-a-gainst us, and

lead us not in - - - to temp-ta - - - tion

and de-li-ver us from e - - - vil.

P A - - - - - men.



August is by excellence a month dear to Rosarians, for with the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption and that of Saint Dominic falling within it, it receives a special stamp, that seals it for all the lovers of the Rosary. The opening article of this issue is one that has for its subject matter the great Saint Dominic. It is written by Father Bertrand Wilberforce, himself a loyal son of the Saint. The style is simplicity and clearness itself and for this reason we give it special applause, for we want it to be read and grasped by all, that all may be quickened at the outset of the month with something of the same burning zeal that filled the heart of the Saint. Then as the days wear on, their passing will be marked by an increase of the dispositions favorable to the worthy celebration of the Feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Mother. We trust therefore that all will read this article, prayerfully, and that there may be born of this perusal, a strong determination to live pure, loving, unselfish lives—lives which though they can not make the warrant of exemption from bodily decay, will nevertheless, give the assurance of an eternal salvation of the immortal soul.

On the 13th of June of this year, in the city of Florence, the great Roman Jesuit, Father Zocchi delivered a powerful sermon against the reading of bad books. As in America so in Italy this evil seems to be growing. It is said that the matchless eloquence of this renowned preacher almost exhausted itself on this important sub-

ject and made an impression that will be productive of much good. In his peroration he referred to the great work which Savonarola, the "sainted friar" as he was pleased to call him, did in this direction and rehearsed the incident of how the Florentines moved to remorse by the burning words of the zealous reformer, brought to the Piazza San Marco, their books of licentiousness and setting them afire vowed to mend the error of their ways. Would to God that every pastor of souls in the land would constitute himself another Savonarola and thunder forth against the reading of bad literature. How much evil is wrought by this sort of reading it is impossible to calculate and one can well understand why that arch-fiend Voltaire should exclaim: "Let me write the books for our youth and I care not who makes the laws."

In the death of Miss Sue X. Blakely, which occurred on the 17th of May, the cause of Catholic literature lost an efficient and industrious worker. She wrote much for the various Catholic magazines and journals of the country and all that she wrote bore the stamp of Catholicism. The consecration of her powers to the faith which she loved so deeply, was absolute and unqualified. In her style there was a quaintness which gave to her writings an old-fashioned flavor, if by "old-fashioned," you understand the absence of a certain rushing, impetuous, almost bewildered fashion which many of the moderns affect. She was calm, clear, and never strove after effect, by the

employment of startling means. Her life was written in her productions and the beauty of her soul shone out in them, strongly and without a spot to mar it. May she rest in peace.

The venerable Dominican, Pere Monsabre, celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination at Havre, on the 22d of June. The occasion was marked by a celebration of great solemnity. Among the distinguished ecclesiastics present were the Archbishop of Rouen, Mons. Fuzet, and the Archbishop of Bagdad, Mons. Altmayer. Pere Ollivier's sermon on the gospel of the Mass, was worthy of himself and of the great man who was being honored. In the evening Pere Monsabre himself spoke, and it is said that the preachment then made will rank with the best efforts of his life.

To this great and good brother, we bring the tribute of our congratulations and pray that the evening of his life may be as full of happiness as was the noon-day of wonderful achievement.

"Like Oaks monks are eternal." On the 15th of June the new Dominican Convent of the Holy Cross, in Cologne was blessed by Bishop Fisher. One of the special features of the occasion was the eloquent address of this learned man. In it he reviewed the period of Dominican activity in fields of intellectual and religious interest, embracing upwards of six centuries in the classic city of Cologne. He spoke of the achievements of Thomas of Aquin, of Albertus Magnus, Henry Suso, Tauler, Ambrose of Siena, Henry of Cologne, all of whom are identified with the history of the old Cathedral City, and contributed largely to its best development. In conclusion he expressed the earnest hope that the return of the Dominican Fathers, after the unjust exile of nearly a century, would mark the beginning of an era of splendid operations along the same lines which so distinguished the sons of the first Convent of the Holy

Cross of Cologne. God grant that this may be so and that on the shores of the mystic Rhine, so familiar to the sound of Dominican voices, may multiply the number of Dominic's sons, all aflame with the fire of Apostolic zeal.

A most encouraging letter which we reprint here, was written by the Holy Father, to our distinguished historian, Rev. Reuben Parsons. Graceful acts like this give evidence of the watchful and truly paternal care which he extends to all his children and to all their works, be they never so varied.

To Our Beloved Son, Reuben Parsons, Priest of the Archdiocese of New York:—Beloved Son, health and Apostolic blessing! For the six volumes which you have recently published, and which you have sent to Us, you have received two encomiums, both of which you have deserved; one because of your spirited talent and great erudition, the other because of your fervent zeal in defense of the Catholic cause from audacious calumny. In the execution of your laborious design, you have had only one object in view, namely, such a refutation of historical errors as would impel separatists to enter into the Church Fold. May God second your endeavors, dear son! Nothing is nearer to Our heart than the hope that the One Fold of Christ may soon shelter all who have been redeemed by His Blood. And now, mindful of the privilege of Our office in your regard, We accord Our Apostolic Blessing to you most lovingly, as a testimony of Our affection for you.

Given at St. Peter's in Rome on the twentieth day of May, in the year MCM I, the twenty-fourth year of Our Pontificate.  
LEO PP. XIII.

We append a copy of the letter received from the Holy Father by the Rector of the Catholic University. It is an evidence of the deep interest which the Holy Father holds for the University, and as such, is highly prized by the Reverend Rector whose energy and talents are all consecrated to the success of the institution, which he adorns and governs:

Our Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Blessing:—The great interest with which, from the very beginning of Our

Pontificate, We have regarded the Church in the United States of America caused Us, among other things, to urge the speedy founding of a great University at Washington, and once founded to strengthen it with Our authority and every evidence of good will. For the needs of this age have been especially dear to Our own heart, namely, that the young men who are the future hope of the clergy should be most thoroughly imbued, first, indeed, with virtue, but at the same time with divine and human learning also. What We have learned from time to time concerning the Washington University has shown Us that Our confidence has not been misplaced; and now the report which you have just made to Us testifies that it is taking on a still more gratifying growth, both through the generosity of Catholics and through the skill and influence of its teachers. One thing still remains to be desired, and that is that this noble institution

should increase in the number of its students, and this is to be effected by the interest and zeal of the Bishops. If, perhaps, by sending students to Washington, they seem for the time to be depriving themselves of useful workers in their diocese, they will, in the end, reap a far greater gain both for themselves and for the whole American Church, since the clergy shall be educated under one and the same teaching, and animated by one and the same spirit.

Hoping for the accomplishment of these good things, with the same desire with which you are striving for the good and honor of your Churches, We most lovingly impart to you, Our beloved Son, to the Rector, the professors, and the students of the Washington University the Apostolic Blessing, as a pledge of Our love.

Given at Rome, from St. Peter's, on the thirteenth day of June, 1901, in the twenty-fourth year of Our Pontificate.

#### MAGAZINES.

The July Century is devoted chiefly to fiction. Besides the serials it contains nine complete short stories. Among the authors is Seumas MacManus with a story entitled, "Mrs. McCafferty's Mistake," which is quite in line with his humorous sketches of Irish life. Alice Katharine Fallows, in contrast with her paper of last month, shows how much more difficult is the lot of a woman in working her way through college. She is barred from many of the means of support to which men commonly resort, principally because of restricting college laws, and consequently there are comparatively few in the larger colleges for women who support themselves entirely. Grover Cleveland's second paper on "The Venezuelan Boundary Controversy," is a clear, scholarly exposition of the diplomatic negotiations preliminary to the final decisive action of the United States. From the facts submitted it is evident that the President's message to Congress of Dec. 17, 1895, which was severely criticised at the time, was justifiable in all respects. The Administration realized the risk that was involved, but it knew that a principle which deeply concerned the interests of the nation was at stake, and preferred the risk to that greatest of calamities "which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice and the consequent loss of national self-respect and honor"—hence the Presi-

dent's message and the immediate action of Congress. The event has proved the wisdom of the step.

To the American Review of Reviews for July, R. E. C. Long contributes an article on Tolstoi. It is very appropriately styled, Tolstoi in Thought and Action," being a clear, concise setting forth of the noted Russian's political and moral creed, as well as an insight to his practical life. In Tolstoi Mr. Long finds a dual nature: Tolstoi the man of theory propagating a doctrine to which he will allow no exception; and Tolstoi acting on these theories only in so far as present conditions will admit. In this his "action" is not inconsistent with his "thought," but the inconsistency is one peculiar to men professing too exalted ideals. Professor G. F. Wright seeks to justify Russia's seizure of Manchuria. To this end he brings forward facts known to him personally, showing that the occupation of this territory was wholly unpremeditated on the part of the Russian government, being brought on by the Chinese themselves. Next citing the history of the province's colonization, the treaties of 1858 and 1896, and the outlay in railroad construction consequent on the latter treaty, he concludes that Russia is justified in retaining Manchuria. Other interesting and instructive articles are: "New Phases of Polar Research," "The

Washington Memorial Institution" and the "Twentieth Century Club." Next month there will appear an article on railway consolidation.

The July North American contains a paper of great worth on "Catholic Christianity," by Cardinal Gibbons. With this just and appreciative article on the greatest of religions the series on the world's religions is terminated. To see the rights of the Church so treated and respected is not a very usual sight, and is a cause of gratification to her members. The writer in his opening lines makes reflection on the wonderful spectacle of Christianity in general, and points out its antiquity, power and universality. Thence he is led to deplore the divisions of Christians, that lack of unity which causes the failure of so much high endeavor to aid mankind. Against this he places the unity of Catholics, and proves the supremacy and divine character of their Church. The disputed question of the relations of trade balances and national prosperity is the subject of three articles. They are answers to the striking paper of Charles R. Flint in last month's number. Mr. Howells contributes "A Possible Difference in English and American Fiction." Another literary feature is "Polyrhemus," a poem of Alfred Austin. The man of affairs will be interested by the other articles on Porto Rico, Southern prosperity and other public questions.

The World's Work for July upholds the high standard of excellence, marked in the preceeding numbers. "Trees and Civilization," by Gifford Pinchot. Forester of the department of agriculture, is a timely and impressive article. The writer points out the necessity of preserving our forests, which despite ignorance, recklessness and wastefulness, are still very extensive; in fact one-third of the area of the United States is classed as woodland. "Making Good Roads," is a practical paper showing the method pursued by the National Good Roads Association, in teaching the people how to build good roads. Its method consists in giving practical examples rather than in theorizing. Booker T. Washington contributes a paper entitled, "The Salvation of the Negro," in which he describes the method pursued at Hampton Institute, in educating the negro. The object of the institution is to teach the colored man all kinds of trades, so that he shall not be a burden on the community, but a ne-

cessity. Other articles are: "Photograving Tropical Fishes," "James R. Keene Manipulator," "Wall St., and a Broker's Day's Work," "The Meaning of the Court's Island Decisions."

The Catholic World for July contains an article on the Chinese question by the Rev. Bertrand Cothonay, O. P. The zealous missionary treats of the state of Christianity, and especially of Catholicism in China. He also takes occasion to refute the fallacies uttered against the Catholic Church by the Rev. Arthur H. Smith in the Outlook for March 16, 1901. In reference to this article Father Cothonay says: "I find it very perfidious, inasmuch as the writer gives occasional praise to the Catholic Church, and would like his readers to believe him impartial and of good faith. He may be of good faith, but he is terribly blinded by his prejudices." An article entitled "The Cremation Movement is Anti-Catholic," by James P. Murphy, may profitably be read by Catholics. The writer shows that while the tendency of the age may be for cremation, yet to-day, as well as in the days when she so valiantly and successfully battled against the funeral pyre of pagan Rome, the Catholic Church condemns the practice of cremation. In reply to a number of Bishops seeking a formal statement on the question, Pope Leo said: "It is not lawful to arrange for or order the cremation of one's own or any other person's body." But it should be borne in mind that this legislation has no binding force under certain circumstances, such as pestilence and the like. "A Man's a Man," by Mary Sarsfield Gilmore is an interesting and well written love tale bearing on the late Cuban war.

The July Lippincott is given up to "stories for the summer." The value of the number would be enhanced by the omission of "A Woman for Nothing." Told in a listless manner, drawn out far beyond its proper length, it has no literary value. Morally it smacks too much of the sensational. Mary E. Wilkins', "Two For Peace," is a well told tale though it pictures something highly improbable. "A Lightning Change," is by far the best college tale yet presented. A very appropriate and timely paper is "The Men Who Signed the Declaration of Independence." Anecdotes old and new, showing the prominent traits of the more distinguished, are pleasantly interwoven.

## BOOKS.

Sermons, Panegyrics and Miscellanea, by the Very Reverend C. J. O'Connell, Dean, St. Joseph's Church, Bardstown, Ky. THE ROSARY PRESS, Somerset, Ohio.

Many of the sermons contained in this collection were published before in a small volume, the popularity of which suggested the present reprint and the annexation of certain sermons subsequently delivered. Father O'Connell understands the genesis of a sermon. He knows that the preacher must have his subject well in hand, that he must in fact be possessed of it; that there must be order, clearness, directness, and that there must be sufficient amplification to bring the ideas home to all, for the fact remains that the grasp of all the hearers is not the same; a thing patent to some may be lost to others, hence the advisability of different modes of presenting the same idea. In these sermons there is displayed a great knowledge of Scripture, very happily marshalled into service. Though the quotations are many, they are all in point, and one does not get the impression that they were subsequently sprinkled, as condiments are added to improve the flavor of viands.

The memorial address on the occasion of the death of the Reverend Eugene O'Callaghan, is one of great tenderness and beauty, and all who read it will be impressed with the truth of the words of the reverend speaker, "whether I have spoken of him as I would desire or as becomes the occasion, my tribute is certainly sincere, is heartfelt."

Under the heading of *Miscellanea*, are given some fine letters written on various occasions to the Sisters of Loretto by Father O'Connell who is their spiritual Father, and a brief history of the foundation of the Community of The Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross—the Sisters of Loretto as they are generally called. It is altogether a most readable book and one that will exert a good influence in the Catholic family, inasmuch as it contains good doctrine, interesting history, and most excellent direction that cannot fail to be of profit to all.

Canadian Essays, Critical and Historical, by Thomas O'Hagan, M. A. Ph. D. William Briggs, Toronto. \$1.

We are glad that the essays con-

tained in the volume before us were put in enduring form. Dr. O'Hagan writes so well that it were a pity to lose to posterity anything that comes from his pen. Along with a marked talent for turning a beautiful sentence he has the faculty of seeing clear and thinking straight on any subject to which he addresses himself. Breathing through all of the essays in this collection, there is a spirit of patriotism, an intense love for the land of which he is native and to whose manner he is born. He tells us that one hears more of Carman, Roberts and Campbell in New York in a week than in Canada in five. We accept his statement for we believe he knows whereof he speaks. Still, he unfolds much of Canadian writers that is new even to New Yorkers and brings to light many a literary gem the existence of which was not even suspected by us, of the States. The cause of Canadian literature will profit much if these essays be extensively read and we earnestly hope therefore that they will find a generous welcome, certainly at the hands of Canadians and as well by all readers of English.

The Life of Erin's Pilgrim Bishop, Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy, is a work gotten up by the Sisters of Providence, St. Mary's of the Woods, Vigo Co., Indiana, and printed by THE ROSARY PRESS. This book, though but a brief sketch of the life of the saintly Bishop of the fifteenth century, is one of the most interesting biographies that could be put in the hands of any Catholic reader. The life itself is contained in a few pages, but in the work are contained two very eloquent discourses delivered during the ceremonies at Cork—to which place the sacred relics were taken from Ivrea, in Italy, where the young and saintly Bishop died over four hundred years ago. The first of these discourses was delivered by the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Lord Bishop of Waterford, and the second by a son of St. Dominic, the Very Rev. Dr. Keane, the recognized Father Tom Burke of the day.

"Come Holy Ghost" is the name of a volume just received from B. Herder. It is from the pen of Rev. A. A. Lambing, L. L. D., or rather this well known writer has compiled from the most approved ascetical writers and theologians a series of readings calcu-

lated to foster and explain devotion to the Spirit of Light and Love. The scope of these quotations is varied, treating of the nature, office and operations of the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity; His procession from the Father and Son, and His relation to them; His operations within the Church as a teaching body and in the individual members as such of that Divinely constituted and infallibly taught institution, and finally, His operations within each and every individual soul. When we say that these lessons are taken from the best ascetical writers and theologians we at once place them beyond criticism and declare the excellence of the present work. The object of the book is one deserving especial consideration. Devotion to the Holy Ghost is too little practiced amongst us, who owe to Him the priceless gift of faith. He is the Spirit of Truth abiding in the Church forever. He is the Sanctifier of our souls in Baptism, our Strength in Confirmation. From Him we receive grace to avoid sin; to practice virtue, and, by the aid of this same Divine Spirit the saints mount higher and higher in the path which leads to perfection. The whole structure of our spiritual life depends upon Him as upon the architect and builder. How fitting it is, then, that we should cultivate a tender devotion to the Holy Ghost! And, since to know God is to love Him, this volume by endeavoring to make the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity better known, strives to create in the hearts of its readers a more filial love and constant devotion to the Holy Ghost. The book is arranged into short chapters, so that it may be picked up during the spare moments of a busy life or better still be used in the time of meditation to stimulate thought and devotion.

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"The Catholic Girl in the World," by Whyte Avis, London. Burns & Oates, through Benziger Bros., their American agents. Price \$1.00 net.

A great deal has been said and written against the masculinity which the modern craze seems desirous of imposing on the woman of our time. To all women of refinement and sense these attacks on a fad, that wishes to rob them of their charm, must come with a double welcome. Between the covers of the book before us there is a great plenty of healthy ideas, strongly and pointedly expressed, and bodying

forth the ideal of woman as she was intended to be by her Creator, an expression of the poet's "eternal womanly." It is a good refutation of all the advanced nonsense which the blue-stocking element of modern womanhood puts forth, and should be in the hands of every Catholic girl. This would be a poor world indeed without a goodly contingent of noble, christian, womanly women. Let everything be done to keep their numbers great and to hold them close to their shining model, the Mother of God, of all women, the paragon and the queen.

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"The Vicar of St. Luke's," by Sibyl Creed. Longmans, Green & Co.

Mr. Goring, the Vicar of St. Luke's, the hero of this story is of the type, which, owing to the condition of affairs in the Anglican Church, is no stranger to readers of modern literature. He is an ordained minister of the Anglican Church, with a pronounced leaning to all that is "high" in that Church. In his endeavor to introduce ritualistic observance into his services he raises a tempest that brings out his rare gift of being able to calm, control and win over an almost frenzied parish. He is wedded to celibacy, but the appearance of a gifted and noble young woman on his scene of action, awakens in him disturbing emotions. His splendid structure of purity, reared by his religious sense as the only fit habitation of a priestly soul, begins to totter, but before it falls, Elsie is dead. Subsequently he becomes a Jesuit Novice and the story closes with an incident in the novitiate parlor, which shows him to be possessed of a spirit of nothing less than heroic meekness in receiving without a single show of anger, a blow in the face from a drunkard, the father of Elsie. The story is interesting though there is nothing new in it. It is very well told and there are passages of much strength and beauty. It is altogether a readable book and fits very well into the times.

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"A Mirror for Monks," by Lewis Blossius. London Art and Book Company.

This is a translation of the well known "Speculum Monachorum" and one, by the way, which is capitally made. It is a reprint of one published in Paris in 1676, but here and there is modernized, though not enough, fortunately, to destroy the medieval flavor which becomes the booklet so well.



Lord Coleridge's opinion of the work will be indorsed, we dare say, by all who read it. He says of it, "without any of the dryness which too often mars the best works of the kind, we know none, not even excepting 'The Following of Christ,' so superior in other respects, which unites in the same degree sweetness, tenderness, lively feeling and naive expression."

Mother Mary Baptist Russell, by Father Matthew Russell. Apostleship of Prayer, New York. \$1.50.

The story of a life devoted to the relief of suffering humanity must ever appeal to generous hearts, and such a story becomes the more edifying in proportion as its recital is simple and natural. Father Matthew Russell, in recording the events in the life of his sister, Mother Mary Baptist Russell, Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy in California, tells such a story, and in the manner indicated. Sister Mary Baptist having offered herself for the California Mission, although but twenty-five years old, and only three years professed, was appointed Mother Superior of it, and, with a small band of volunteers, bade farewell to their Convent home in Kinsale, on the 23rd of September, 1854. The story of her subsequent trials and victories seems almost incredible. Her heroism in taking charge of the small-pox hospital in San Francisco, at the outbreak of that disease in 1868, when no other religious denomination could be found to brave the dangers of the malady, her boundless charity and compassion for sufferers, her skill as an organizer and foundress of charitable institutions, all bear witness to the perfect altruism which dominated her character. A perusal of her letters, which form a very interesting part of her life, will convince any impartial mind of this fact. The work is written in an interesting manner, well and copiously illustrated and neatly bound.

"Meditations on Psalms Penitential," by the author of "Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office." B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

This is the title of a book of devotion intended to dispose sinners to contrition, and to increase the fervor of just souls. In the preface the author eulogizes what the Church calls the "seven

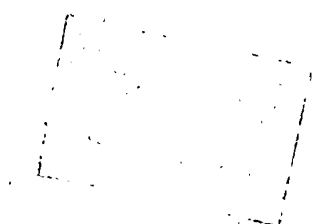
penitential psalms," and enumerates the public Offices in which she singles them out for special use. He likewise assures us that, although there may be a similitude of expression in the devotional commentary on the "Miserere" to Savonarola's Meditation on the same psalm, his manuscript "was in the hands of the Censor Deputatus before the publication of either of the recent editions of that Meditation, and that the author had no access to Savonarola's works." The method of treatment is excellent. Each psalm is printed both in Latin and English in parallel columns, and a critical paraphrase, based primarily on the Vulgate text according to the Douay translation, accompanies most of the verses. Then follows after each psalm, in order, a general description of it—a sort of intrinsic analysis of its purpose, end, and the motives which called it forth. Each psalm is terminated by three points of meditations, which consist principally in harmonizing other portions of the Sacred Scriptures. Besides the "seven penitential psalms," the book contains a meditation on Psalm cxxxviii. which is intended as an introduction to examination of conscience, and reflections on Psalm cii. as a thanksgiving after absolution. The book is worthy of a place in every Catholic family.

"Milly Aveling," by Sara Trainer Smith. Benziger Bros., New York.

Of the writers of Catholic fiction Miss Smith was certainly one of the best. Milly Aveling which was unpublished at the date of her untimely death is an interesting story teaching a good lesson of patience under affliction, faith in prayers, and the force of good example. There is a simple strength about it; a refreshing freedom from the maudlin strain in which very "good" books are sometimes written. It is not without spirited action and the descriptive passages are well done.

The Roman Missal adapted to the use of the laity from the Missale Romanum. Benziger Bros. \$1.00 net.

This is a very good translation of the Roman Missal in its entirety, to which are added the calendars of the Benedictines, Jesuits and Servites. To the laity this will prove an interesting volume and will enable them to follow more intelligently the divine service.





VISIT OF NICODEMUS TO CHRIST.

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C. J. B. 1901

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## LA FARGE AND RELIGIOUS ART IN AMERICA.

EUGENIE UHLRICH.

The illustrations in this article are made from photographs taken by Curtis & Cameron, Boston, and loaned by the courtesy of Mr. John La Farge.



JOHN LA FARGE has been most fortunate both in his inheritance and his environment. Through his ancestry and his early training the traditions of France were his, and by his American birth he was destined to work out these traditions in the bare and difficult, but also unformed and flexible conditions of a new land. He himself did not want to be an artist, but spent his early youth in classical and legal studies, and in Paris, though studying for a time with Couture, he was also much interested in archaeological studies, and in relation to art, continually impressed with the need of the middle-man, so to say, who would interpret to the untrained outsider the message of the artist and bring the two in touch. This wide and gracious education has given him the broad view of life and the mastery of language which have kept up on the one hand his own aims and on the other enabled him to tell of these aims in such a way that his writings are almost as inspiring as his art. Indeed, it is in his writings that he has been most true to the desire of his youth—to make the outsider understand the work of the artist. Moreover the early habits of French speech and study give his



ANGEL IN THE PAULIST CHURCH, NEW YORK.

language the directness and lucidity which is characteristic of French prose and has yet, in his case, the distinction of being in English and thus not weakened by translation.

The first concerted art movement had its birth in the year of the Centennial and it was perhaps a happy coincidence that in the same year he was chosen to decorate Trinity Church in Boston. Up to that time Mr. La Farge had been known chiefly as a painter of easel subjects with a singular felicity in the use of color as well as unwavering sincerity in expression. This, indeed, was the keynote of his character for even in his first studies in Paris he felt the protest against an art which had come down to a formula, where the landscape was like a curtain hung behind the figures and the colors laid on after set rules, and sought to work for himself, in color and in light and shade, with some general fidelity to nature. Always full of deep religious feeling in his art, the decoration of Trinity Church sent him towards experimental glass work, it being his idea to produce a glass that would be more harmonious in treat-



ANGELS IN THE PAULIST CHURCH, NEW YORK.

ment and suitable in color to the strong lights of our climate than any then made. For in Europe where this art was rich in the inheritance of the old cathedrals, it had yet become hampered by conventions and the mechanical facility of modern production, until it was little more than a clever trade, the work of which is turned out at so much per yard. Any one who has lingered in the old cathedrals, held by the charm of their glowing windows, and then looks upon some of the modern work must feel, even if he does not understand, the reasons. And though we ourselves have built no great churches as yet, there has nevertheless grown up among us since the days of Mr. La Farge's experiments in glass a new-old art and now we make the finest glass in the world. The sceptic need only look upon one of the painted, imported windows and then find the rich mosaic of a window done by Mr. La Farge.

Colored glass was known even to the Greeks, and Gregory of Tours (544-595) tells of leaded glass. The old glass, say well on into the thirteenth century, when the art seems to have been at its



height, was almost entirely a mosaic and without painting and remains to us in all the rich glory of its color. In the fifteenth century when the art of painting reached a height never before attained, began the time of elaborate glass painting and also its decadence, a decadence which has continued to this day in Europe. The old method was to make a design, fit to it bits of glass of various sizes and colors, and bind them with lead. It was this method to which Mr. La Farge turned and practically reinvented. Indeed, the drapery glass and the opalescent are two effects which the old masters knew not. The drapery glass was, in part, the result of happy accidents. Uniformity was the great desire of conventional machine workers and glass of uneven colors and varying thickness was discarded by them. With the new coming of the hand worker in the reinvented way, the very lack of uniformity in thickness and color was seen to give a wonderful advantage in producing variety and fullness of effect, and instead of being discarded was deliberately sought. Now drapery glass is made by throwing the liquid glass upon an iron table and rolling and pulling it much like a cook would a pie-crust.

The opalescent glass looks not unlike porcelain at a near view and has of course been long in use for ordinary purposes. The credit of first using it in windows is variously placed and questioned, but of the beauty of its opaline tints when placed against the light there can be no question.

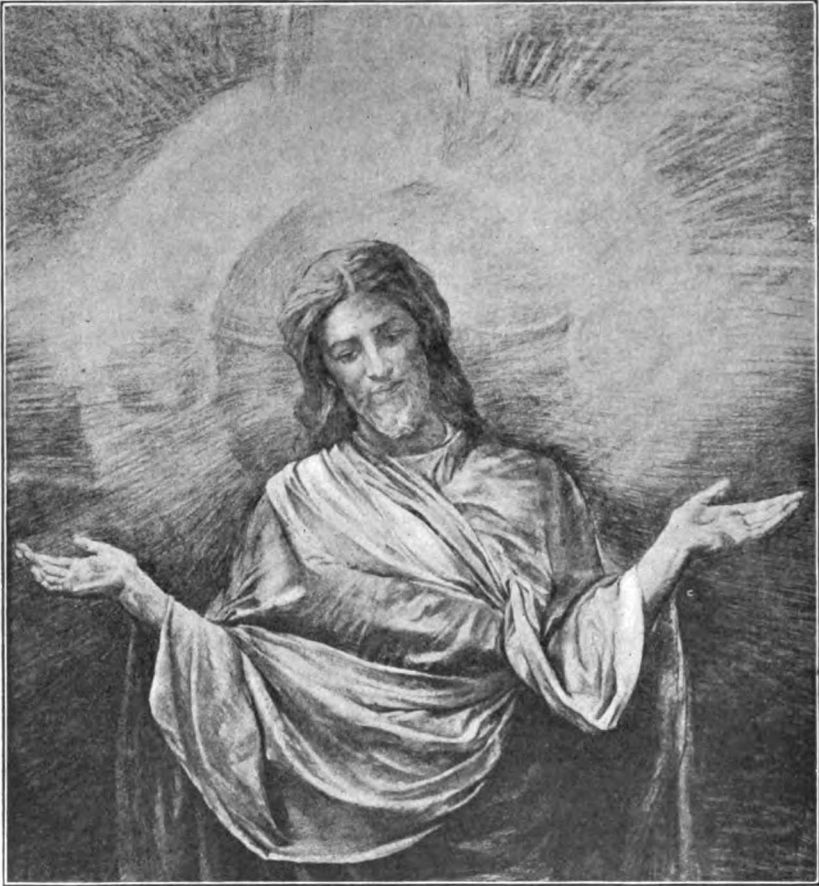
Thus it was perhaps well that Mr. La Farge made his experimental excursion into glass work when there was neither tradition nor experience in this country to build on. In the process of reinvention our glass, freed from modern European traditions, became a hand-made product of beauty, in the creation of which the master works side by side with his men and each in his way has a vital part in the excellence of the whole. Mr. La Farge with his personal insistence upon sincerity, inspires his workmen with a relative sense of fidelity to the design in hand and so his men work with him and not only for him, which are quite different things. One man may have a color sense, another that of proportions, and so on. Each is given the opportunity to give the full value of himself in the work. Moreover Mr. La Farge never makes the mistake of leaving the last man on a piece of work to be the worst, but is himself first and last.

"All great things," he is wont to say, "cost in time, or work, or money, and generally in all three." Time and work and money, have been given to American glass. For instance Mr. La Farge

spent thousands of dollars in experiments before he attained the luminous blue which is the characteristic charm of some of his windows. These experiments have also helped to develop that astounding wealth of material with which it has become possible for the American artist in glass to bring to our eyes the tints of sunset skies and shaded forests, of far-away waters and twilight shadows. Indeed, the reproach is sometimes made that our glass goes beyond the masters of the past and loses in the truly religious spirit by its realism. But to this it may be answered that in our progress we have reached a degree of skill in drawing and perspective together with a variety of material which they did not know. Otherwise, they would hardly have denied themselves the delight of their use. In time the American work may even help to regenerate the habit-bound art of the glass stainer across the water, or if not that, at least prove inspiring to all forms of religious art expression in this country. Then it would indeed be time to ask "Can anything good come out of Nazareth?"

There is really little question that our glass will retain its pre-eminence, for the men who have followed Mr. La Farge in designing for, or in making, glass are all artists of great decorative ability and of higher standing than the men who enter a similar field in Europe. What perhaps they need most is frank appreciation in their own country.

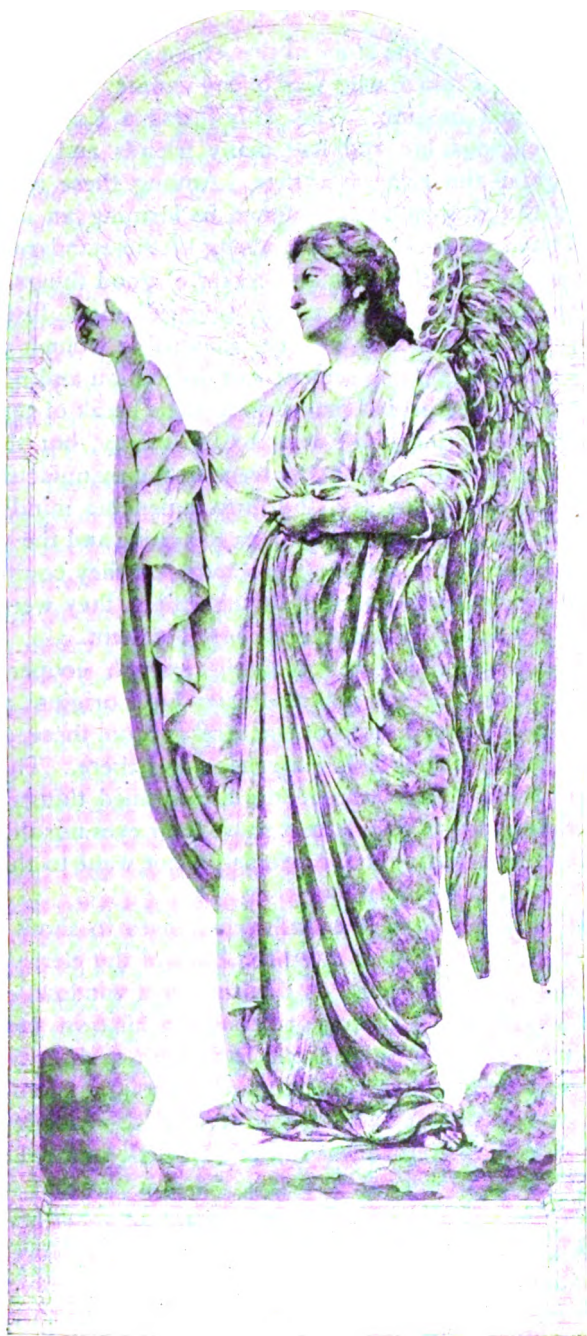
In his religious work Mr. La Farge himself has had the attitude of the audience, to which the American artist must look, brought home to him over and over again. In Europe it is practically only the Catholic Church and the Established Church that offer scope for the artist in the representation of sacred subjects. But in this country the rubbing out of denominational lines until there is very little definition left has opened the door to decorative art in the Churches of all denominations. Though, indeed, in the free use and demand for pictures and images and for decorative and illustrative treatment of sacred history, the Catholic Church must take the lead here, as everywhere, and if sacred art is to prosper, it must depend here, as everywhere, primarily upon Catholic appreciation. And that which the artist has learned in escaping from the tradition of European mediocrity he must first teach this audience to understand, to win from it the appreciation and liking which will enable him to go on and rise from good work to better. For it is one of the disadvantages of our government that instead of winning the favor of one great patron and doing the work for him and then leaving



"MY PEACE BE WITH YOU"—STUDY OF OUR LORD. FOR A WINDOW.

it to lift up the crowd to understanding, the artist here must try to win the crowd, or enough who control the crowd, to be even permitted to do the work.

We have in this country, too, something of the problem which a recent French writer on stained glass, M. Otin, describes when he tells of the comfortable preference of the Cure for the "good, gaudy, modern things," as he puts it, somewhat freely translated, and the architect who submits designs—old, simple, harmonious—but wherein the figures seem to be dressed like monkeys, to the Cure. And between the two there is no compromise, no meeting ground.



THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

Mr. La Farge tells the story of the Abbot of a famous Benedictine monastery in France, who was in the country a few years ago on an educational mission. The Abbot was a Count before he entered the religious life and had many friends and connections among the great and rich of France. Among these he appealed especially to the women for assistance in forming an association that should have for its object the raising of the standard of religious art by making good things and copies of good things as cheap and as easy to get as the "good, gaudy, modern" ones. But fashionable women, the Abbot said, are just fashionable women wherever you find them, intent on amusement and distinction and not taking kindly to anything that would make too broad a break of seriousness in that amusement. Then he went to the clergy, but they were bottled up, as he put it. Finally, he went to the manufacturers and here he found, strange to say, the most amenable minds. They would just as soon make the beautiful as the crude and the ordinary. Their main object was to sell their products. If they could sell the things the Abbot proposed as well as the others, they were willing to try, especially if the trial were made easy for them.

The Abbot succeeded in obtaining enough cooperation to enable him to submit to the manufacturers both original drawings and designs copied from famous old pictures. From these, glass and figures were made. They sold only here and there. The people did not want them. They wanted the accustomed things—pretty, smooth, meaningless—which did not rouse their eyes nor their souls, did not make them think, for the people do not want to think, said the Abbot,—it is not comfortable.

Mr. La Farge, himself, has had experiences to show that we, here, are very like our French brethren both of the clergy and the laity. In one instance he sent, as designs for a window, copies of famous old windows, and an original design of his own, more modern in treatment. But they all came back with such criticisms as that the nose of Ghirlandajo's Virgin was too long, and so on. As the designs were submitted by request and the offer made with no view to profit on it, the return was rather a surprise to Mr. La Farge. "I have sometimes wondered," he says, "if it is not that my good friends in the Church attain a certain appreciation of art before they enter the religious state. It is part of their general preparation and goes so far and then, like the study of mathematics possibly, or some other study for which they do not expect to have an active use, it stops and the conception of art that obtains with them ever after is

merely that which they acquired before they entered upon the life of their vocation. Their development goes on in other exterior and interior ways, but the art development is shut off with the secular life."

Yet the Catholic priest, by virtue of his religion, ought to be pre-eminently fitted to understand that larger view of art and, in fact, of all life, the view that does not work merely for immediate results, but does the best it can for the love of the work and leaves results to God and time. That largeness of view is the difference between the politician, for instance, and the statesman—the one works for what there is in it at the moment—he must achieve at once—the other lays the foundation upon which others may achieve. This latter is so markedly the way in which the Church progresses in spiritual and moral matters, and it is so altogether the way in which the great cathedrals of the middle ages were built, that we may wake some day to find that the same spirit has evolved itself out of the consciousness of the clergy and the people and is going to take hold to do great things where there have been too often only temporary and commonplace ones. For there is something more to be deplored in an attitude of uncomprehension, Mr. La Farge thinks, than the mere return of designs for work. It is for the man who understands, as much as for the money, that the artist works. Even the great Michelangelo did his best work under Pope Julius and never rose to his previous heights under Leo. But Julius understood the man and for such understanding it is not needful that there should be common points of view in general matters. At that time, for instance, the Florentines were interdicted and Michelangelo was Florentine. But what mattered the political differences? They were slight compared to the fundamental sympathy that binds the man who is trying to do great work to the man who has himself the intellectual idea of what great work means.

A new idea is exhilarating, but its incubation, so to say, is hard work—as hard and drudging a task as ever a cobbler had at his last. In this prosaic stretch of labor there may be moments of enthusiasm, but there are also times of depression and discouragement, where every little thing makes the work harder and turns a man aside from the object as first conceived. It is here where it is intensely depressing to meet with no understanding of fine effort. It is here where the large view that whatever is worth doing at all must be worth doing for itself, that it must be not only for the day, closing with the immediate need, but that it must be continual, going on into eternity, becomes inspiring to the worker.



BLESSED VIRGIN.

This working in the passing hour for that which reaches beyond his time is the great distinction between the merely clever man and the great man. The one must see to the end of his small visions, the other leaves it to God to see for him.

"My good friend, Father Hecker, for instance," says Mr. La Farge, "had no anxieties about his Church. He had, if you will so call it, that trust in God which is willing to do the best it can and then let its work stand or fall as may be fit in the eternal plan. He was willing to wait. No eager idea to see it finished before he might die, disturbed the largeness of his plans. But for his spirit the Paulist Church might have been the reduced copy of some Gothic model robbed of grandeur and harmony by the change in the scale—for the Gothic, in truth all architecture, must always preserve its designed relation to the two eyes of the beholding man for whose edification and pleasure it was wrought into being. But Father Hecker differed and dissented from the ornate and conventional design of the architect until at last the Church was left to grow unhampered—and it is still



growing. There were consultations with Mr. Stanford White, with Mr. Heins and with my son. The Paulists themselves contributed their ideas. And there it is—in no way the conventional American Church, but having the repose, the dignity and the individual character that should belong to a House of God and place of prayer.

"It is possible that like many other churches it, too, has been unfortunate in the kindness of its friends. When a man gives away a thing, he usually likes to say what it shall be. Few of us rise to the height of letting the recipient make his own choice and it is not different when piety donates an altar or a picture."

The modern feeling of haste, Mr. La Farge thinks, is, of course, always inimical to sincere art of any kind, either sacred or profane. But another modern feeling which makes even more strongly against the comprehension and appreciation of sacred art is the universal cry for amusement. All of us whose memory goes back forty, or even only twenty-five years, know what a change has come over the spirit of New York society. The intellectual and moral



ST. JOHN.



gauge seems to have been obliterated and now he who can provide the most acceptable amusement is the man most sought. This feeling is not confined to those of great wealth, but percolates down through all classes. It exists not only in New York but all over the civilized world. All other ways seem to have been loosened, unsettled. And with them seems to have gone a certain, precious seriousness that belongs to the understanding of fine things and noble things. The upheaval may be necessary, it may work itself out into something better than we have known, possibly into something worse. At any rate it must work itself out, and whatever may come of it must still be different from that we have known and that we have now.

With this loosening of old connections there has also been a casting away of authority in matters of art, no less than in other things. With no defined standard to appeal to, it becomes hard to express what is good and what is not. Nevertheless, I think I have observed a certain craving for such a standard, or authority in matters of art—an eagerness to know what is good. Especially is this manifest in the queries and communications that come to me out of the West. We have no settled tradition to depend upon, as has Japan, and the best we can do is to create, as we go along, a taste for that which seems the best and the highest in the belief that the taste and the art will keep pace in a common progress. The taste can hardly be ahead of that upon which it is fed even though sometimes the food fails to satisfy. The most for which the artist can hope is that it shall like the best that is offered it. What seems a fortuitous effort to supply this need is now under consideration by a New York clergyman, Dr. Rainsford, of St. George's Episcopal Church. He is said to have a plan for the formation of a permanent committee to pass upon all subjects of art, whatever, in connection with his church. There are to be artists upon this committee, and they are not to be confined to those who are of the same religious belief as is Dr. Rainsford. Such a committee would be useful in many Churches and would be a dignified acceptance of assistance by clergymen in matters legitimately outside of their cloth, yet having a great bearing on the development of their people.

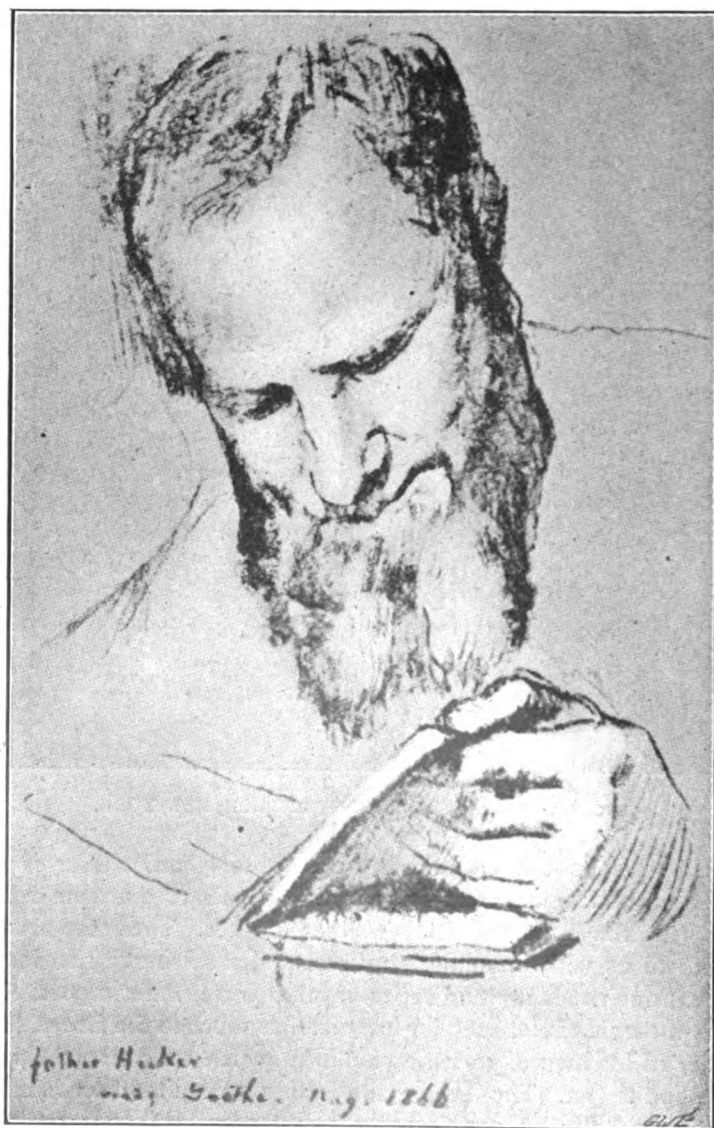
There is at present a vogue of clubs and classes for women to study all manner of things. Some of this energy might with profit be deflected to the study of the masterpieces of sacred art. Art is, to the average man or woman, something extraneous, instead of an inwoven feeling and its study seems as much apart from everyday life as a red thread in a black cloth. It is something to be



ANGEL OF THE MOON, PAULIST CHURCH, NEW YORK.

studied with book-notes and lectures rather than with eyes and nature and so it remains a thing apart. But in sacred art the central figures are the Saviour and His Blessed Mother. These the masters present to us with humanity so direct and a spirituality so inspiring that one needs no long series of talks to feel their import. The reverent magic of Raphael, for instance, has touched the face of some mother of his own day with a sublimity which we cannot help but to see and to feel. Thus seeing and feeling ever more discriminately and sympathetically one learns the last secret of appreciation—which is only to see clearly and to feel truly.

Through the Mother and the Child, Christian art must not only appeal profoundly to women, but its study would, it seems, necessarily bring with it an uplifting of the spiritual and womanly side of



FATHER HECKER READING GOETHE.

their natures, which nowadays, appears too often, if not swamped in frivolities, obscured by intellectualities. With many appreciation would mean merely the getting of a formula for conversation, a sort of a wordy measuring-stick, which will enable them to rule off sections of reasonably well-sounding conversation. But even a formula may lead to something better. Moreover, such study on the part of the women's clubs would react in many ways both upon schools and clergy, interwoven as we all are in our work and aims. Thus, its influence would go on in ever-widening circles, towards that higher understanding which would help the artist and hold up the hands of the priest who wishes to make of his Church, however simple it may be, a house beautiful.

A more direct attempt has been made to further the advance of sacred art in this country in the forming of a society for that purpose, based on the plan of a German society started some years ago with the approval of His Holiness. It is to be composed of artists, and clergymen and others interested in the object of the society. This idea, too, laudable as it is, runs a certain risk of reducing itself to the limits of a formula. Yet its purpose is laudable and its success is to be hoped for. Secular art is ahead of sacred art in this country. But the greatest art of any age has always had a religious motive and until our art attains this dominant motive it may be good, but can not hope to be great. But wherefrom shall come the artist with this motive if not from the bosom of the same Church that has always been the inspiration of sacred art.

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## AN AUTHOR'S QUEST.

MARGARET M. HALVEY.

**O**F bypaths to glory, the dialect story  
Is surest to-day," said the editor grim;  
My blighted ambition and wasted edition  
Of sweet storiottes did not matter to him!  
"You know how they figure from cockney to nigger,—  
Tales 'a la Kipling' are really the vogue.  
Don't ask a suggestion, my forte is to question;  
Now, are you at home in Hibernian brogue?"  
"At home! I should say, sir." "Then do not delay, sir,  
But write it. Just glance over this tale and that;  
No occasion to thank me! See, Blank here is Yankee

And he made his 'hit' in depictions of Pat."  
 O blest emulation that lends inspiration!  
 I'll better you, Blank! or be changing my name.  
 Next day found me facing old Neptune, retracing  
 My way to the land whence my forefathers came.  
 I studied the story whose issue with glory  
 Had covered my rival in critical eyes,  
 Whose "coloring local and brogue fairly vocal,  
 Were flights to which only a genius might rise."  
 Then I made its location my own destination  
 Just traced it through Murray reversing the name.  
 Well, the good folk he painted were quite unacquainted  
 With all that an author had done for their fame.  
 So, for the sake of surprising, not self-advertising,  
 I read them the tale but omitting all clues,  
 I thought 'twill astound them to hear how I found them!  
 The author would say "Here's a radin' of yours."  
 They crowded to hear me, they knew when to cheer me,  
 (When Blank pilfered Davis or Banim, the rogue);  
 But O, 'twas perplexing, nay, more, it was vexing  
 To mark their reception of "genuine brogue."  
 The Juniors kept gazing, repeating and phrasing,  
 And a wee girsha came with her troubles to me,  
 "Won't you tell me"—(so pleading) "what mixed up that reading?  
 Phil says it was Choctaw, I think 'twas Chineese."

\* \* \* \* \*

Were the editor listening, with monocle glistening,  
 He'd say "Can the Irish judge better than I?"  
 There was no use repeating, the chance of defeating  
 My rivals seemed nearing, and how I did try!  
 O, the spoiled reams of paper! Elusive as vapor  
 The soft slipping speech I would prison in prose.  
 "It's like colleens' teasin', just out of your seizin'"  
 Said a kind Shanachie, understanding my woes.  
 "Now, maybe yon robin, ahoppin' and bobbin',  
 Wud be willin' to teach ye his family lilt.  
 It's our Celtic belief they were chanters in chief,  
 To Druid and Ardrigh in temple and tilt."  
 There, Robin, good fellow, sing steady and mellow!  
 And lilt me a love-song in Carolan's brogue.  
 The "deludherin' villain!" he wasn't half willin';

He winked and just warbled me "Arrah-na-pogue."  
So here to be candid I'm back empty handed  
With this bit of wisdom I've learned beyond,  
In the real Irish story are dollars and glory  
But you find your material this side of "the pond."  
Take "bedad" and "begorra" and "musha" and "sorra"  
And sprinkle them thick as you can on the page,  
"For coloring local and brogue fairly vocal,"  
Your Murray will serve and the vaudeville stage.  
Only know they're misleading who advocate reading  
The brogue that's our vogue in the "ould dart"—ah me!  
I can still see her pleading, "What is it you're reading?"  
Oh, please is it Choctaw, or is it Chineez?"

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## THE DELAY OF PRINCESS SLENDERNECK.

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY.



YOU have heard of the Bermuda Islands, have you not, Lady Brighteyes? Long ago a great poet referred to them as "the still-vest Bermoothes," and I think you will find them down on your map, colored red because they are British possessions.

Besides the people of the country the flamingoes also live in the Bermudas, in a far away region known as the Kingdom Tenebrous, and they likewise are colored red—red heads, long, slender crimson necks and shapely shoulders, crimson-stained; yet I do not think they are made red in order to show they are British subjects, even if they do live in the Bermudas. It is doubtful, indeed, if such they can be classed. To-day King Edward governs the islands, through a number of well-ordered officials, but the flamingoes have a king of their own, of the race of Naimlong, and the Naimlongs have reigned in the Kingdom Tenebrous for thousands of years. It is, in fact, one of the oldest dynasties on earth. When Pharaoh Menephta sat on the throne of Egypt the Naimlongs were ruling in their kingdom, and there are old chronicles going to show that they were great rulers when Jubal was making organs in Mesopotamia. Old traditions, moreover, assert that the first Naimlong was so close to Abel when Cain

slew him that the blood splashed over his neck and shoulders and has remained on his descendants to this day; but that was long ago and it is difficult to prove old traditions.

Like other subjects of King Edward, however, the flamingoes often come over to this country, invariably bent on pleasure or profit, usually both. They are great fishers, in their way, and the coasts of Florida, even the wide bayous and swamps in the interior, have much fish. Because this is true many American little children have grown well acquainted with the flamingoes.

Years ago, when Naimlong DXLIX. governed his crimson people in the Kingdom of Tenebrous, there came a great drouth upon the Bermudas. Throughout the entire land of the flamingoes the creeks all went dry, the bottoms of the lakes cracked open, the ponds dried up, and soon there was nothing to eat, neither fish, nor frog nor turtle, in all the country. A week before Slenderneck, wife of Prince Gagabu, had hatched out three young children and at first the Prince and Princess were very proud of their little ones, and even old King Naimlong grunted satisfaction at the prospect of heirs to his throne. But when food grew scarce, joy changed at once to alarm. "Look at our children, O Prince!" she cried one day, as the three lay gasping in the nest. "They are starving and we have nought to give them."

"It is true," answered Gagabu, in pity, looking down. "Yet what can we do? The fathers and mothers of other little children go hence to the land of live-oaks and much fish, and return laden with food, but we are of the royal line, and if I leave the great owl will come and destroy you and our children, and if you leave weak as you are from watching and fasting, you would never return from the journey."

And Slenderneck sighed. "It is so, I fear, O husband!" Whereupon, hearing her sigh, the three downy, long-necked little ones threw their mouths wide open and began crying out vociferously, as human babies do, "Eat, eat, eat!"

This the sharp sword which pierces the hearts of many unhappy mothers. Through all the long hours till the moon rose, Slenderneck could hear the little ones cry, "Eat! eat!" and her heart was sad for them that she could not appease their hunger. "What shall I do?" she cried out piteously, "What can be done to save my children?"

But when the moon rose higher and yet more high, she said to herself, "Lo, while Gagabu watches down by the palms in the jungle

I will go forth to Tampa and beyond to the great Everglades and bring home food, or perish. If I return alive their lives will be saved; if I go not they will die."

So speaking she crooned over them a moment, lovingly; then, rising, spread her long, graceful wings on the air and sailed noiselessly away. Far off she could see the round graceful moon in the heavens, a few white stars around her; below she could see the heaving sea-waste, dim and glittery, and hear the waves moan hoarsely, yet forward she pressed on her lonely journey; and ever as she flew she could hear the voices of her long-necked children crying, "Eat, eat, eat," back in the Kingdom Tenebrous.

At dawn she came in sight of Key West; sunup found her quartering the wind south of Tampa and a little later she alighted on a tiny island that she knew in the center of the big bayou that empties into the great bay near-by Point Pinelas.

"At last, at last!" she gasped, folding her beautiful wings as she touched earth. "Here are fish and frogs, and, on the bottom of the bayou, oysters in plenty. A little while will I rest, and then fill my pouch and back to my starving children."

At the moment a famous ornithologist, whose profession should have taught him to love and pity all things beautiful, was saying to his assistant in the little city at the mouth of the great bayou:

"This day I think we'll have good luck. We've been down here three long weeks and tramped over everglades and islands without number, yet not a single flamingo have we found. I was just about to write the Museum people that none could be had, when, just a few minutes ago, I saw one flying over making for the jungles at the head of the bayou. Get out your gun and hurry and we'll have good news to send back before night."

Meanwhile, alone on the margin of the little island, Slenderneck fished without success. Long watching and fasting had weakened her, as Prince Gagabu had said, and, somehow, every living thing seemed more active than ever. When she came upon the great marsh-frog in his lair he looked up to her with a mischievous wink in his eye and hopped into the pool, saying "you can't catch me to-day!" The little fish splashed the white water in her eyes and slipped down deeper, observing "I'm not good bird-bait anyway," and when she waded out deep as her legs would allow, the jolly, round fat oysters danced together out of her way on the bottom, singing, "You're a long-necked Gringo, old flamingo!" And all the time, with a heavy heart, she heard the voices of her starving chil-



dren calling to her, back in the nest in the jungle inhabited by her crimson-clad people.

At last, in despair, with a mighty swoop downward she leaped upon a reckless bass and caught him! "They live! they live!" she cried, rising up, joy tingling every nerve of her broad wings as she thought of the little mouths far off uplifted for food. A moment of keenest rapture, an upstretch of the long wings, a turning of the sharp beak across the water toward home, and then?

And then it seemed to her that all the thunders of heaven broke on the land beneath her feet, a keen flash of pain shot through her breast, her eyes suddenly blurred, she felt her blood rush out. With a loud despairing cry that fled across the sea seeking to reach the little ears that waited her coming she paused in her flight and fell down headlong.

"She's a little lean and lank to send up to the museum," observed the man of science, as he lifted her body from the ground, "but I guess those fellows will be glad to get any kind of flamingo by this time. If they'd come down here and tramp around for a month they'd think themselves pretty lucky, indeed."

But that night, hearing his frowzy, long-necked children cry, Gagabu murmured to himself, "I wonder whither Slenderneck went and wherefore she delays?" And the next night he marveled that she came not back, and the night after he arose and going over to the Kingdom of Ughwhuhoo, he challenged the great owl and slew him, crying triumphantly, "Lo, I have killed her destroyer;" and yet to-day he waits, as waits old King Naiknlong by the graves of the three long-necked children, and Slenderneck comes not back.

A few weeks ago in one of our large eastern cities, I paused in the ornithological department of a great museum which the generosity of a wealthy man had filled up for students and sightseers, and, in a glass case, stuffed and mounted and labeled, "Flamingo;" I saw all that remained of Princess Slenderneck. Her plumage was sleek as when Gagabu first told her of her beauty; but her eyes had a glassy stare, and she stood motionless always. A queer, pinch-faced little girl was looking at her with curious interest; but I thought of her poor dead children and of the loneliness of Naimlong and Gagabu far away in the Kingdom Tenebrous, and passed on thinking "Faith has its martyrs, and their stories are uplifting, but sometimes those who are martyrs in the cause of science have records too pitiful for words."

## MARY MAGDALENE DES ESCURES,

THE CONFIDENTIAL FRIEND OF THE BLESSED MARGARET MARY  
ALACOQUE—TRANSLATED FROM THE ANNALS OF THE MON-  
ASTERY OF PARAY LE MONIAL.



It is in the lives of the saints that we are most apt to see how Almighty God distributes His graces to suit the necessities of times, places and persons. To many, His gifts are extraordinary, not so much for themselves as for others who are drawn to God's service by what they behold more than by what they learn from other sources, and while we believe God's creative love to be perfectly equal among His creatures, we also incline to the belief that His love of preference or of complacency is proportioned to the fidelity of each individual to the gifts and graces bestowed.

In some Orders and Communities we meet with persons of extraordinary virtue, whose wonderful lives attract the admiration of every one and who are the apparent lights of the world; others equally gifted, are hidden and unknown save to a few or perhaps to God alone. Such seems to have been the lot of the dear Sister of whom we are writing, and of whom the Annals of her Monastery give but few details. Unfortunately for us, the Superioress under whom she passed the last years of her religious life, acceded to her request of having nothing said of her after her departure from this world. That promise deprived us of the great edification we would have derived from the perusal of the heroic virtues of one who was regarded as a model of observance or a living rule of all that is prescribed for the daughters of the Visitation.

Fortunately, her communications with our Blessed Sister Margaret Mary, and the confidential intimacy that existed between those chosen souls, cast some rays of light upon the beautiful life of Sister Mary Magdalene and make us recognize her as one truly worthy of being associated with the lover of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and of being admitted to the secrets that passed between the divine Heart and the humble Margaret Mary.

Mary des Escures was born in 1632, of parents whose ancestors belonged to the ancient nobility of France. She entered the Monastery of Paray le Monial when but fifteen years of age and was soon clothed with the religious habit, which was never, perhaps, more worthily worn by a daughter of Saint Francis de Sales.

The additional name of Magdalene was a new spur to the fervor and zeal of our Sister. The religious spirit that dwelt within her was shown in the exterior, by her exactitude to every iota of the rule. Her Superiors regarded her from the commencement, as a future pillar of the Institute and often had recourse to the solid judgment they found her to possess.

In the year 1679, our Blessed Sister Margaret Mary suffered much from a wound she had inflicted upon herself by engraving on her breast the Holy Name of Jesus; as a sharp pointed and heated iron was used for the purpose, the wound was deep and painful. The Superioress, Mother Peronne-Rosalie Greyfie, perceiving the concealed pain, directed Margaret Mary to repair to the Infirmary and ask relief from the good Infirmarian, our Sister Mary Magdalene. But our Lord was pleased to become the physician, and when the Infirmarian examined the wound she found it entirely healed, though the Holy Name remained in large and distinct characters.

It is most probable that the intimacy of those holy souls was formed during the many spells of illness that brought out so beautifully the virtues of Margaret Mary and gave each Sister a thorough knowledge of the other. Though their characters were entirely different, there was between them a friendship purely spiritual, the secret of which is known but to the saints; virtue was the bond or tie and God the centre, without the least mixture of human complacency, consequently, there was no rupture on an occasion that might have dissolved a mere passing or human friendship, as we shall see.

On the feast-day of St. Margaret, 1685, the novices were sent by their mistress, Sister Margaret Mary, to invite Sister Mary Magdalene, (the pious Infirmarian), to join them in the first homage openly rendered to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. An extreme zeal for regular observance caused Sister Mary Magdalene to refuse the invitation, and quoting Constitution XVIII, which says: "The Sisters shall not, under any pretext whatever, charge themselves with any other office or extraordinary prayers than what are now prescribed," she turned to the young messengers and added: "Go tell your mistress that true devotion consists in the exact practice of our Rules and Constitution; tell her that is what she should teach you and what you ought to learn and do."

The novices charged with the commission would not give the answer in its rigor but the mistress guessed it and smilingly said: "Ah, she will not come; never mind, the Sacred Heart will yet conquer her. Our Lord does not wish to be served with unwillingness,

He wants nothing but love and a good will; we must abide His time and wait for the moment He has decreed."

That moment was not very distant. In the following year a young professed Sister of great promise, was taken suddenly ill and it was made known to Sister Margaret Mary that the illness resulted from the opposition the Community had made to the devotions prescribed by our Lord to His servant, and especially the communion on the first Friday of every month. We may form some idea of the embarrassment of our Blessed Sister; she was commanded to make known to her Superioress the cause of the illness, yet feared to do so on account of the many rebuffs she had met. In her humility she was willing to endure in silence the privation of the Holy Communion on the first Fridays, yet she was pressed by our Lord to tell her Superioress of His displeasure at her resistance of His Will. She had recourse to her friend, Sister Mary Magdalene, and wrote the following lines: "Be not surprised, my dear Sister, that I address myself to you as to my dearest friend in the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ. I do so to let you know the intense pain I am enduring on account of the illness of our Sister Rosalie Verchere. On rising this morning it seemed to me that I heard these words: 'Go tell your Superioress she has given Me great displeasure by refusing to do what I have commanded; to please the creature she has not feared to offend Me. I have ordered you to make the Communion on the first Fridays as a satisfaction to the divine justice for all the faults committed against charity; I have chosen you to be a victim, through the merits of My Sacred Heart, and when your Superioress forbade you to accomplish My Will, I determined to sacrifice another victim, the one now ill.'

"See, my dear Sister, how I am tormented. I am pressed to reveal all to our Mother yet fear to do so; therefore, I come to you for assistance. To speak the truth and confidentially, I verily believe it is but a snare of the arch-enemy who wishes to render me singular by the extra Communions, or that it is the effect of my foolish imagination or my pride, for I cannot really believe our Lord would grant such favor to so miserable a hypocrite as I know myself to be. I beg and conjure you to help me as far as you can, and I assure you our Lord will be pleased at your so doing. Speak to me without flattery; ask God to enlighten you to say what He wishes I should be told; after that I will try to be satisfied and think no more about it; at present, I am miserable. Another favor I must beg of you; and it is that you will burn this note and keep my secret within your own bosom. If you could know how very

wicked I am, you would not hesitate to tell me frankly that nothing of all this comes from God, but from the evil one and my own self-love and pride. Let me assure you that nothing but great affection and trust in you would make me speak so plainly of my interior sufferings, but it is in the secrecy of the Heart of Jesus that I am so free, believing it His Divine Will that I should act thus. In that same Sacred Heart I implore you, as my dearest friend, to be frank and candid in giving me your opinion. I have neither discernment nor judgment in my own case and prefer to follow the advice of another, nor have I any difficulty in believing myself full of defects and imperfections; there is nothing good in me."

Sister Mary Magdalene advised her friend to speak freely with the Superioress, and make a clear statement of all that had been revealed, as well as of her sufferings, then to abide by the decision. She did not burn the note as requested but kept the secret of her friend.

A short time after, the Infirmarian, being an eye-witness of the sudden cure of Sister Rosalie and learning it took place at the very moment the Superioress, Mother Mary Christine Melin, listened favorably to our Blessed Sister and gave permission for the extra Communions, she could no longer doubt the divine revelations and was convinced of the reality. From that moment, Sister Mary Magdalene was changed and zealously endeavored to inaugurate devotion to the Sacred Heart throughout the Community.

In a circular letter from the Superioress of the Monastery of Paray le Monial, the following account was given of the first public devotion to the Sacred Heart in that Community.

"To execute His designs of mercy, Almighty God was pleased to make use of an old Sister who had been a living rule by the exact observance of every thing prescribed by our holy Founders; it was no other than our venerated Sister Mary Magdalene Des Escures, who twelve years later, died in the odor of sanctity. She had been greatly opposed to the new devotion, still it did not prevent Sister Mary Margaret from making her a confidante of her secrets with Our Divine Lord; she knew her too well not to have the highest esteem of her virtue. On the last day of the Octave of Corpus Christi, the day named by Our Lord for honoring in a special manner His Sacred Heart, Sister Mary Magdalene, then sacristan, went to the Novitiate to borrow of Sister Margaret Mary, the little picture sent to the novices by the venerated Mother Rosalie Greyfie. She told the humble Mistress of Novices she desired to improvise a small oratory in the choir and would invite the Community to unite in rendering homage to the adorable Heart of Our Divine Lord.

"Great was the surprise of Sister Margaret Mary and still greater her joy at seeing the obstacles to the devotion so suddenly removed.

"Sister Mary Magdalene prepared a small table, neatly covered, and placed it before the choir grating; on it she deposited the little picture, nicely framed and surrounded it with flowers. She then wrote a billet asking all the Sisters to join in the new devotion, and that they would moreover try to procure donations for a large and handsome oil painting of the adorable Heart of Jesus.

"Great was the astonishment of the Community and all were surprised that it should be Sister Mary Magdalene who improvised the altar and started the devotion, as it was well known how she had worked against it and endeavored to prevent its establishment and propagation.

"The secret joy of Sister Margaret Mary was inexpressible; she could hear on all sides: 'It is truly the work of God. We see He is the Master of all hearts and can change them at His Will.' Our dear Sister's words were truly verified, 'The Heart of Jesus will reign in spite of Its enemies.' She ceased not to bless God for His works of mercy and His goodness to His unworthy servant."

After the little festival, Sister Mary Magdalene received the following note of thanks: "It is in obedience to the adorable Heart of my Divine Spouse, my dear Sister, that I tell you, you are happy in having been chosen to render service to the Heart of our good Master by the courage you have shown in being the first to make it known, honored and loved in a place that seems almost inaccessible. He wishes the love and honor of His creatures to be free and without constraint; He is pleased with a good will and dislikes dissimulation. It appears to me that our Lord's great desire in having His Heart venerated by special homage, is to renew the effects of Redemption in hearts that have grown cold, by placing that Divine Heart as a second mediator between God and man whose sins have become so multiplied that it requires the extent of His power to grant the graces and mercy necessary for sanctification and salvation. He desires in a special manner to bestow blessings upon our Institute of the Visitation, which has a great need of His assistance that it may become an impregnable tower against the assaults of the enemy who seeks continually to upset it by introducing a strange spirit of pride and ambition, so contrary to humility and simplicity, the real foundations of our edifice. I avow to you, my dear Sister, that it is our holy father himself, who is soliciting for the establishment of devotion to the Sacred Heart throughout his Institute,

knowing as he does in heaven, the immense good it will produce, not only among his daughters but throughout the entire world. Receive these few lines as my dear friend in the Sacred Heart of our Lord."

Our Sister Mary Magdalene, for the remainder of her life, was a most fervent adorer of the Sacred Heart and had a burning zeal for the extension of Its influence. For many years she had the care of the oratory that was honored with the first little picture and which was exposed in the choir in 1685. In time the small image was replaced by the handsome oil painting given by several friends of the Community of Paray, and which was described by our Blessed Sister M. Mary in a letter to Mother Francoise de Saumaise: "I must tell you we have a second picture of the dear Sacred Heart, on the lower margin of which we have our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph with a supplicating soul between them. The painting is where I desired to see it placed, in the little chapel erected to the Sacred Heart and which is beautifully kept by our dear Sister Mary Magdalene. It is a little gem of devotion, that chapel with its lovely picture; I wish you could see it."

We see that it is to our Blessed Sister Margaret Mary we are indebted for the little knowledge we are in possession of regarding the holy life of our beloved Sister Mary Magdalene Des Escures who desired to be more hidden and unknown in death than she had been in life. We find her name mentioned in the history of Sister Claude Rosalie de Farges, whose mistress of novices Sister Mary Magdalene seems to have been, but it is impossible to ascertain the precise period of her having exercised that charge; we only read that it was to the satisfaction and edification of the Community that she fulfilled that important office as well as every other duty required by her holy rules. Her last illness was from dropsy, though the greater part of her life had been passed in suffering, patiently borne.

The Annals say, moreover, that she obtained from her Superioress the promise of having nothing said of her after her demise except to ask of the Institute, the usual suffrages for the deceased Sisters. Her last moments were calm and peaceful and her pure soul went to be reunited with that of her beloved friend in the Sacred Heart of Him whom both had served so faithfully and so fervently. Her death occurred April 13, 1701, in the seventieth year of her age.

Thus passed from earth to Heaven a holy soul whose intercession we gladly invoke that our last moments may be like unto hers and our eternal beatitude as well secured by good works here below.

## THE CATHOLIC IDEA IN PEDAGOGY. ✓

E. LYELL EARLE.

## I.



HIS article is not a panegyric on Catholic education, neither is it a controversial treatment of the relation of the Catholic Church particularly in America to the public school system of instruction. The latter belongs to other and better judgments to decide, the former is spread over history, written and handed down, from the time Christ said "Go teach," to the last little school house rising in the shadow of the Church in some small country village. Its purpose is a calm, methodic consideration of the Catholic idea of pedagogy from the birth of Christian education to the present day.

In order to form a correct estimate of the spirit Catholicism introduced into education we must cast a rapid glance at the spirit that ruled the nations of the world prior to the coming of Christ. We may place these under two heads, the east and the west of the then civilized world. In the east the Indian, the Hebrew and the Chinese; in the west, the Greek and the Roman.

Of the Chinese we need say little. "By their fruit you shall know them," and, we look almost in vain for any intellectual fruit from this race that has been flourishing in a way for decades of centuries. Certain it is that all classes receive some sort of primary education. There is scarcely an individual in all China who does not know their complicated system of word building and enough of their vague idea of numbers to enable them to write and figure laboriously. But here, with few exceptions, education seems to stop. A limited number of men, indeed, have risen slightly above the general level in science and politics, but the great mass of the people are limited, even to-day, to a certain amount of rote instruction that serves with other causes to keep them in that state that marks them the world over.

In India two causes operate constantly to prevent a true knowledge of education; the spirit of caste and Pantheism. The Hindoo



was bound by the accident of birth to remain in the social status in which he had been born. All effort to reach a higher condition was criminal and an offense against the god who had placed him there. This fixed his life in endless routine and destroyed all individual effort and spontaneity. His religion, Pantheism, wrought even more baleful effects. The Hindoo had no will, no choice. Everything about him was a mastering god. This world was not a vast encyclopedia to be studied and mastered. The natural phenomena were not fixed by any laws the knowledge of which could ever contribute to the betterment of man's condition. Worst of all, annihilation of self here was to be followed by a more terrible annihilation hereafter, by absorption into the pantheistic principle without a remnant of personal identity remaining. (We shall see how the doctrine of the greatest of Christian theologians, Thomas of Aquin, stands in direct contradiction to the destructive principle of pantheism.) Two names, it is true, stand out somewhat amid this vast educational gloom of India and China, Budda among the Hindoos, Confucius among the Chinese. But they are only a faint pulsation of the true ideal of man's destiny inherent in the race, weighted down by the error and ignorance of centuries.

The Hebrew race stands out in strong contrast to the dull monotony of the Chinese and the Indian. Their education was both religious and national; national in that every family was a school where the children learned the essential principles of true education, to be completed by many in the Temple school where history, numbers and ethics were taught by great masters. It was likewise religious because the final destiny of man was the chief end in view. It is the glory of the Hebrew race, a mere suggestion of the greater glory of Christianity, that women and all children were made sharers in the universal right to education. This arose, as we shall subsequently see, more clearly, from the true idea of man's nature and destiny that was to be fully developed after the coming of Christ. Their ritual, the constant exposition of the Bible, the sublime books of the Prophets and Psalmists were at once a great literary culture, a compendium of history, and a code of natural and revealed ethics. The pedagogical principles underlying Hebrew education rose as far above the Hindoo and the Chinese as the true ideal of the man in the Old Testament is above the blighting pantheism of Budda and Confucius.

Passing to Greece and Rome we are met by entirely different conditions. Here, too, education is characterized by the national

idea; for the ideal was purely national. We cannot say that Greece had any religious ideals, nor the individual as such had any purpose in life other than the end of the state. There was absolutely no conception of the complete dignity and importance of every human soul. Whatever did not make directly for the growth of the state had no place in Grecian ideals.

This national spirit manifested itself differently in Sparta and in Athens. In Sparta it was the body that was of first importance; the soldier, the athlete, the physical ideal of man. In Athens, intellectual training took precedence. But even here instruction was for the few. Grammar, gymnastics, music and much more, rhetoric and philosophy were open only to the children of the exclusive families. Grecian education, however, rose to the height of its ideal. One immortal benefit it conferred on humanity is, that it carried out to its last perfection the study of philosophy, and particularly psychology, on which all true scientific education must be based. Socrates, Plato and particularly Aristotle have made the world their everlasting debtors.

In Rome we do not find much that is original in pedagogy. The ideals that ruled Greece, ruled Rome at various periods in her history. Under the Republic the Spartan ideal, the warrior, the physically perfect man was the end of all education while during the Empire the Athenian spirit prevailed. It has been well said that "Rome went to school to Greece." The only two names that stand out at all prominently as contributors of pedagogical principles are Quintilian and Seneca.

In the far east it was the absolute annihilation of spontaneity, and the destruction of all individual effort; among the Hebrews it was the suggestion of what education was to become under the perfect revelation of Christ. Among the Greeks and Romans it was the state, the natural glory that engrossed the attention of instructors and prevented the evolution of true universal principles of education.

## II.

The introduction of Christianity into the world was to change all this. There was to be no more upturning of pre-existing methods; there was to be no elaborate system of philosophy and pedagogy to tickle men's literary sense. There was to be a simple reiteration of man's nature and destiny; a reasserting of the truth that every child born into the world was a child of God, endowed with intellect to know his Maker and his destiny, and with free will

to choose his end, and the means of attaining it; and the independence of the individual and the family of the state in all that pertained to this end. It was the proclamation of the dignity of the individual; an emancipation of every class, a declaration that children and women, whose rights up to this time had been made to depend largely on the concession of man, were henceforward to have a place in the progress of humanity. The religious element in education which was wanting to the Greek and the Roman, which was of necessity limited by radical boundaries among the Hebrew, and which was a destructive principle for Hindoo and Chinese, was to elevate the natural excellence of man and bring out to its fullest his perfection, as exemplified in the eternal exemplar, Christ Jesus, the ideal man, the God regenerator of the race.

The task was a prodigious one. It was to take centuries to bring it to perfection, and the end is not yet. But the mission was confided to the regenerated family and placed in the infallible custody of the Church to whom Christ said "Go teach all nations." Teach the Greek and Roman by setting up in their midst the true ideal, teach the new people as yet untutored, teach the whole human race the true end of man, and his relations to his Maker, and behold I shall be with you all days till the consumation of time.

Through a strange ingratitude the very people that were apparently in the best condition to receive the perfect revelation, the Hebrews, were the first to reject it, although they were not slow to see and enjoy its advantages as they do to-day. Among the other peoples, and principally among the Romans, the then masters of the civilized world, the evil was a religious and moral one, founded on the wrong conception of God and His creatures. The remedy, therefore, must be moral and religious. The heart must be purified before the intellect can be convinced or the will swayed. So the mighty struggle began, the most stupendous of all struggles history has ever known or recorded. Over against the glory and power and possessions of Caesar, stood the poverty, the truth and the dignity of the Christ. For three centuries the former was in its might, apparently to sweep the latter on to destruction; but the divine principle within caused it to rise each time with greater glory and greater power even from apparent defeat. At first Rome laughed at the presumption, then it grew angry at the opposition, next was forced to take into account a power that seemed above destruction, finally to yield to the majesty of truth as seen in the Christians' life and doctrine.

During this terrible struggle little time could be devoted to the formal development of pedagogic principles and methods. The great fundamental principle was being contended for, and this basic principle being victorious, all subsequent results would satisfactorily follow. Consequently, the writings of the Fathers of the Church, particularly those of the Latin Fathers, have to do with Theology, Ethics and Philosophy to establish the true nature of God and the destiny and obligations of man.

Tertullian, St. Augustine in his "*Civitas Dei*," St. Jerome in his letters to Laita on the education of her daughter Paula, and letters to Gaudentius on the education of little Pacatula, lay down healthful pedagogical principles and methods, that would have been of wider and more lasting benefit under more propitious circumstances.

I would like to call attention here to one of many mis-statements made in Gabriel Compayre's *History of Pedagogy*. He says St. Jerome was opposed to cleanliness and quotes him as follows: "For my part I entirely forbid a young girl to bathe." This quotation alone would mark him as either ignorant or wilfully unjust. A passing reading of the text will show that St. Jerome has reference to the public baths, "*The Balnea*," which had become a source of danger to the young and a place of licentiousness for the old. It has always surprised me how this statement of the French writer has been allowed to stand unchallenged and uncorrected for over fifteen years, during which time this book has been considered a classic and used in Normal and Training Schools; and this is but one of many errors and mis-statements.

As a matter of fact St. Jerome in these very letters, lays down one of the greatest of modern pedagogical principles; namely, object teaching, and at least in germ, the Simultaneous Method. He says:

"Put into the hands of Paula letters in wood or in ivory, and teach her the names of them. She will thus learn while playing. But it will not suffice to have her merely memorize the names of the letters, and call them in succession as they stand in the alphabet. You should often mix them, putting the last first, and the first in the middle."

"Induce her to construct words by offering her a prize, or by giving her, as a reward, what ordinarily pleases children of her age.

\* \* \* Let her have companions, so that the commendation she may receive may excite in her the feeling of emulation. Do not chide her for the difficulty she may have in learning. On the con-

trary, encourage her by commendation, and proceed in such a way that she shall be equally sensible to the pleasure of having done well, and to the pain of not having been successful. \* \* \* Especially take care that she do not conceive a dislike for study that might follow her into more advanced age."

### III.

Before leaving the early period of Christianity we must say a word in praise of St. Basil the founder of the great Monastic Schools in the East which were to do so much in the Benedictine Schools to preserve and propagate learning to the Middle Age. So great was the fame of the Saint that the people insisted on making him the Director of Public Instruction of Caesarea. The kindergarten, the primary, the grammar and secondary schools are all found here in germ. Classes of schools, methods, discipline are all here clearly defined. To quote Azarias:

"These children had a rule of their own. They had their hours for study and play, for rising and retiring; they sang in the choir and became gradually accustomed to the discipline of religious life. Benedict devotes a chapter to the manner in which old men and children should be treated. The brethren are commanded to have due regard for their feebleness. They must not observe rigorous fasts, and must eat more frequently. But we can best learn the spirit and scope of monastic schools from their great organizer, the large-minded Basil.

"Boys are admitted when five or six years old. They should be kept apart from the older members of the community, by whom they should always be edified;" for he adds, "he who is intellectually a boy is not to be distinguished from him who is a boy in years. He would have their playgrounds so situated that in taking exercise and recreation they could not disturb the older members of the community. Their diet should be substantial and suited to their age and strength. For the daily prayers they were permitted to join the ancients; but they were exempt from the night-offices."

"Basil felt that the touchstone of all education is the formation of character. On this point he enters into details as minute as they are instructive. Does the boy quarrel with his companions? Let him be punished properly, and let both then make up. Does he eat or drink out of time? Let him fast the greater portion of the day. Has he lied, or uttered words of pride or vanity, or violated the rules seriously? Let him be chastised by abstention from food and

by silence—"et ventre et silentio castigetur." Has he been eating immoderately or been otherwise unruly at meals? Let him be removed from the table, and notice how the others eat with all the politeness prescribed by the rule. A boy is angry with a companion. Let him apologize to that companion, and even wait upon him for some time, according to the gravity of the fault; for the continuance of this state of humiliation stifles the last spark of anger in the soul, while, on the contrary a state of superiority disposes the soul for this vice. The faults of the child should always be corrected with paternal kindness and with moderate language, and the mode of punishment should be according to the measure of the delinquency. Basil did not permit every master to administer punishment indiscriminately. There was one set apart for that duty, and for all serious faults the child was brought to him. This whole system of discipline tended to self-control.

"His rules for study are no less admirable. Indeed, his conception of the youthful intellect is such as would unqualifiedly approve itself to any modern educator. The key to all success lies in controlling the power of attention in the child. In order to repress wandering of the mind, he would have all the child's time filled with one occupation or another. And he counsels the master to ask the boys from time to time where their minds are, and of what they are thinking. He likens the mind of the child to soft wax, which may easily be moulded. It must be a constant study of the master to preserve the pupil's mental elasticity. With this view the master should question frequently and give rewards for compositions and exercises in memory, in order that they may give themselves to study as a recreation of the mind, without fear and without repugnance."

This explanation of the schools which St. Basil founded in the East and which St. Benedict established all through the West will serve to show the scope and efficiency of the Monastic schools which were the great public schools from the fifth to the twelfth century.

#### IV.

The work of education had then to face new difficulties. The barbarians, who had practically annihilated the mighty Roman Empire, fell to the care of the Church and she did not shirk the task. Here she was to have a virgin, though wild field, and the centuries of toil in cultivation were to bear lasting fruit. The work was to be

done first by the Cloistral schools, on the plan of St. Basil, adapted by St. Benedict to the Western spirit and carried to an excellence the Eastern Doctor had not achieved.

It has been the custom in works of Pedagogy to speak of the three Renaissances: that of Charlemagne, Scholasticism and the Reformation. The division is more convenient than real. It is true that Charlemagne is a brighter spirit in the history of his time, and that the twelfth century saw a great revival of learning, and that the sixteenth century was a period of unusual intellectual activity; but these were the mere focusing of forces that had been in constant and vigorous operation, and produced particularly brilliant effects, at the periods mentioned. By writers opposed to the Church, the two former are in the manner of a concession, while the latter is claimed entirely for Protestantism. We shall try to set this forth in its proper light.

The so-called Palatine school goes back to the days of Charlemagne. Under Clovis, Theodoric and Childebert in France and Alfred in England these court schools flourished. They were under the supervision of the Bishop and his clerics, and are another proof of the activity of the Church in disseminating knowledge. The studies were grammar, dialects and rhetoric, to which were added courses in Roman law, and oratory in the Gallo-Frankish idiom.

During the reign of Charlemagne the Palatine school grew to great proportion. Alcuin, fresh from the instructions made famous in England by Ven. Bede, was the principal light of the school. He was assisted by Clement of Ireland, Claudius and Aldric, men who all contributed to present and diffuse true pedagogical principles. This was a period when the Church patiently and without any of the glamour of ephemeral success worked on the crude material of the barbaric races to bring forth the civilized peoples of modern Europe.

#### SCHOLASTICISM.

It is surprising to see how self-constituted historians of pedagogy dispose of the period of the Second Renaissance, or the period of scholasticism. A few flippant paragraphs, a slur or a falsehood suffices for one of the greatest intellectual periods in the world's history. The only one found worthy of selection is Abelard, than whom a more erratic, or worse representation of scholastic philosophy could not be found. The glorious work of Albertus Magnus, of Duns Scotus, of St. Thomas of Aquin and St. Bonaventure is not even mentioned.

The *Summa Theologica*, one of the grandest works man has produced, is not even named. (Truly, it is time that we have a Catholic history of Pedagogy.) And if the foregoing names or works are mentioned by teachers of pedagogy in normal schools and colleges it is too often with a sneer or an insult.

We cannot stop to consider these works in detail, much as we would like to. On some other occasion we may take up the Pedagogy of Thomas of Aquin in detail. Now we shall only indicate the influence his teaching had on the growth of true education in the world. First of all the Christian Philosophy of St. Thomas, determining the nature and faculties of man, the place the sense and the imagination play in bridging over matter and mind; the spiritual universal nature of the concept, the origin and nature of ideas, the absolute exactness of the syllogistic forms of reasoning, the habit of defining, dividing, proving and answering all objections to the subject, all make for the most scientific methods of teaching as founded on true psychology. If we add to these philosophical foundations the doctrine of free will, the nature of God and man, the latter's relation to the former, and his final destiny, the pedagogical value of the works of Aquin increase many fold.

Just to illustrate. Let us compare one of the conclusions of the Angel of the Schools with the pantheistic annihilation of the soul as held by the Hindoo. St. Thomas plainly teaches that the more the soul is advanced intellectually in this life, other things being equal, the greater will be its scope for intellectual happiness hereafter. This one principle alone, has done more to inspire men and women vowed to sanctity of life, to grow intellectually, than all the far-fetched pedagogical helps devised by men too often without a God, a heaven or even a philosophy.

To read some of the authors on psychology as applied to teaching one would think they had discovered a new science. One would never know, unless they learned from sources other than these textbooks, that men of giant intellectual stature, resting firm on Catholic theology, the most scientifically developed method of study to-day, had reared a superstructure of true philosophy and psychology that cannot be shaken, and had done this almost a decade of centuries ago.

Primary education in the Cloistral and Church schools, both religious and secular, was thus as well provided for as the times would permit, while secondary education was wide spread. The pedagogical principles guiding this instruction were Catholic. The



course embraced the seven liberal arts. The Trivium: grammar, logic and rhetoric; the Quadrivium: music, arithmetic, geometry and astronomy. If we add the sciences as a natural result of the necessary progress of the race, we have a course of studies that has not yet been improved on. Of course we must expect, and do find methods and discipline not yet perfect, but this was owing to the people whom the Church had first to civilize, and who had just escaped from the dependence of centuries of tutelage.

Between the age of the beginning of scholasticism and the so-called Renaissance of the so-called Reformation we have the period of the Universities and the University Colleges. Non-Catholic historians pass over it generally with a paragraph or two and then dazzle the reader with the intellectual splendor of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and cry out "Behold what the Reformation, behold what Luther has done for education." The truth is, the seed of the glorious fruit was sown in sorrow and in labor during the University period of the great religious teachers of the Catholic Church, and all the glory is due to them. The great professors of all the Universities were Franciscans or Dominicans and the principles, methods and course of studies were perfect considering the nature of the times; and, we may add here, that then more than now, post-graduate studies were pursued almost all one's life. Men who had studied and taught for years successfully were devoting themselves on into old age, to a more complete mastery of God, man and the world; the triple object of all science. Graduation was then more the beginning than the end of real study. Cambridge 1109, Oxford 1140, Paris 1200, Naples 1224, Prague 1345, Vienna 1365, and Heidelberg 1386 all show the activity of the scholastic spirit, and the manner in which the Universities prepared for the sixteenth century. No less potent and Catholic an influence were the University Colleges founded primarily to protect the University students from danger and undue exactions. In 1256 the Sorbonne, the intellectual glory of France till the destruction by the revolution in 1790, and in England, Merton 1262, were the first of the university Colleges. These grew rapidly as rivals of the University proper and soon surpassed the latter. They became the foundation of the system of Colleges in the Universities of the world, to-day.

#### MODERN EDUCATION.

Just as St. Basil and St. Benedict had been founders of the Cloistral Schools, and sainted Bishops had originated the Palatine or court schools, and St. Francis and St. Dominic had given the

great University and College teachers to the world, so the Jesuits were to be among the leaders of the new spirit as required by the new needs of the modern world.

We are not writing a history of Pedagogy. Were we, we would point out more in detail the natural causes combining with the growth of education in the Catholic Universities and Colleges, such as the diffusion of Greek learning throughout Europe, the invention of printing, the improvements in travel and national intercourse, the return of the peoples of Europe after the crusades of the previous centuries; all these would call for more or less treatment. But we must limit ourselves to a general idea of Catholic Pedagogy.

The first great step of the Jesuits was to obtain control of the Colleges. Ignatius himself had been at Paris and no man better than he knew the evils to be remedied, and the power they might become for good. By the end of the seventeenth century they had secured control of twelve of the Colleges of the University of Paris. Lord Bacon, writing of the best method of instruction says, "We must consult the classes of the Jesuits for there can be nothing better."

"As early as the middle of the sixteenth century they had several Colleges in France, particularly those of Billom, Mauriac, Rodez, Tournon and Pamiers. In 1561 they secured a footing in Paris, notwithstanding the resistance of the Parliament, of the University, and of the Bishops themselves. A hundred years later they counted nearly fourteen thousand pupils in the Province of Paris alone. The College of Clermont, in 1651, enrolled more than two thousand young men. The middle and higher classes assured to the Colleges of the society an ever increasing membership. At the end of the seventeenth century, the Jesuits could inscribe on the roll of honor of their classes a hundred illustrious names, among others those of Conde and Luxembourg, Flechier and Bossuet, Lamoignon and Seguiet, Descartes, Corneille, and Moliere. In 1710 they controlled six hundred and twelve colleges and a large number of universities. They were the real masters of education, and maintained this educational supremacy till the end of the eighteenth century."—Compayre.

The Jesuits have been charged with the neglect of primary education. . The charge is more specious than true. They were founded to meet the evils of the times, and these evils were running wild in secondary and higher education. Side by side with these colleges were primary schools, taught by their students, themselves

young men studying philosophy and theology and fully equipped intellectually to teach the primary grades. In all their schools the Jesuits held up the one Catholic ideal in Pedagogy. With all the great restraints of morality and religion placed upon them, their students rose to an excellence never attained by the so-called famous and almost solitary Protestant college founded by Sturm in Strasbourg, where license in matter and method ruled under the name of liberty.

But universal glory is to be the crown of no mere man, not even of the saint. Each of the great sainted educators of the Church had done his part in preserving and passing down the true Catholic ideal of education. The time had come when even the children of the poor were to have the way of learning open to them. The poor, the orphan, the outcast and the wayward were to be guided into better habits of life under the true Catholic idea of development. Jean Baptiste de la Salle, whom the Church has just canonized, was to be the great apostle of primary education. All the glory of free instruction, all the great things accomplished for the children of the people by schools, public, private, and religious, result naturally from the work and principles of one of the greatest educators the world has known. Nothing escaped the reforming and creative zeal of this founder. His classes were to be for the children of all, rich and poor, all children of God in Christ Jesus. Their education was to be religious, moral and scientific. The schools were to be many, as large and attractive as possible, furnished with every convenience to promote the ready acquisition of knowledge; the teachers were to be trained, the first professionally trained teachers of the world in an academic, collegiate and normal course, the first normal course ever given to teachers. The principles of education here followed were truly Catholic in the natural as well as the religious sense. The methods used were the best up to that time, and the ones now in vogue, namely: the simultaneous method which has made possible the teaching of a large class by one instructor. Up to the time of La Salle, primary instruction had been individual, while the teacher cared for one child the others generally did what they pleased. De La Salle changed all this, and changed at once and forever. Here is an abstract of some of his instructions to his teachers:

"The Brothers shall pay particular attention to three things in the school room: 1st, during the lessons to correct every word that the scholar who is reading pronounces badly; 2nd, to cause all

who read in the same lesson to follow therein; 3rd, to have silence strictly observed in the school."

The master who teaches with method observes the following rules: 1st. He determines the relative intelligence of every child in his class. 2nd. He adapts his language and explanations to the general capacity of his class, and is careful never to neglect the duller pupils. 3rd. He makes sure that the pupils know the meaning of the words they employ. 4th. He advances from the simple to the complex, from easy to difficult. 5th. He makes it a special point to insist greatly on the elementary part of each subject; not to advance till the pupils are well grounded on what goes before. \* \* \* 9th. To state few principles at a time, but to explain them well. 10th. To speak much "to the eyes" of the pupils, making use of the blackboard. 11th. To prepare every lesson carefully. 12th. To place no faulty models or standards before the pupils; always to speak to them in a sensible manner, expressing one's self in correct language, good English, and with clearness and precision. 13th. To employ none but exact definitions and well founded divisions. \* \* \* 18th. To assert nothing without being positively certain of its truth, especially as regards facts, definitions and principles. 19th. To make frequent use of the system of question and answer."

Then come twenty rules laid down concerning the mode of putting questions and receiving answers:

"Every question should be clear, brief, special, and adapted to the capacity of the pupils. \* \* \* Questions should generally begin according to a certain order so as to retain the connection of all the parts, and lead up to the proper development of the lesson; in recapitulations, however, this might be profitably departed from. \* \* \* The pupils should be taught not to answer too hastily, but to reflect first on the question put to them. \* \* \* When the master gives an answer it should possess the following qualities: it should be brief; it should be clear and exact; it should be adapted to the capacity of the average, and even of the most deficient pupil; it should express a complete meaning, independently of the question."

Here we see outlined the duties of the teacher, and the methods most in accord with present success. All subsequent educators have but applied these principles and methods in particular cases, some of the most esteemed educators having really added little to De La Salle's work. In fact, they have often only done in the school what modern sects have done in the Church, they have

driven God and religious instruction from the school-room, the very inspiring motive that ruled De La Salle above every other. They have paganized the school, just as they have paganized their Churches. It is only in the Catholic schools and colleges, which, thank God, are not only holding their own but also increasing in number and efficiency, that the true ideal of education is being worked out, and we are confident that its influence is being felt to-day in every walk of life when the daily task of the Catholic graduate of school and college is being nobly done.

#### WOMAN IN CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

Thus far we have said nothing of the effect the Catholic idea in Pedagogy has had on the education of women.

It is needless to say that Catholicism emancipated woman from the degradation of Pagan thralldom and placed her by the side of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, on the high plane she properly holds to-day. In the matter of education, the fact that she was man's equal, the responsible mother of her children, accountable for their religious and intellectual betterment, made it necessary for her to improve her mind so as to discharge this duty well. In every age of the Church's history she has been man's most valiant ally. In the catacombs, in the amphitheatre or the den of lions, in the cloister or in the field of mercy, she has ever emulated the virtues of the sainted men. St. Jerome begins the formal instruction of women; St. Gregory carries it on; the Doctors of the Middle Age broaden and strengthen it. Fenelon, St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul and a score of others all bring out the almost unlimited possibilities of woman's sacrificing nature wherever it can improve the race and bring greater glory to Christ. We could fill a volume with the mere list of names of women who in education have brought out the best results by the true Catholic principles of Pedagogy. St. Catharine of Siena, St. Jane de Chantal, St. Teresa, Madame Barat, our own sweet, noble, Mother Seton, and others whose names are legion stand out as monumental lights in the history of the world, illustrating the Catholic idea in true education; and the schools of these sainted founders are to-day doing what is best for mind, soul and body of thousands of Catholic children.

We have now cast a glance at the educational principles ruling the world before Christ came to be its true light. We have seen how His principles, confided to the teaching authority of the Catholic Church informed and vivified the whole human body with new life. We have seen this life wax strong down through the ages in the glorious works of the Fathers of the early Church and in the mighty force that struggled with the barbarians for eight centuries.

We have seen this light loom up in Alfred and Charlemagne in the Cloistral and Palatine schools. We have witnessed its glories in the great teaching and preaching Orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic and in the glories of scholasticism. In the Universities and the University Colleges we have seen the great preparation for the modern revival of letters; we have beheld the glory of the secondary schools under the Jesuits, and that of the primary schools under the vigilant care of the disciples of St. Jean Baptiste de la Salle and last of all we have cast a cursory glance at the place woman was held in all this. And we have found true Catholic principles underlying all that is great in modern education and instruction and are thus in a position to understand why Catholics have so much to stand for in defending the rights and privileges of Catholic schools in which alone the true principles of education found their highest fulfilment.

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### SUNSET IN CUBA.

JOHN TRACY JONES.

**B**EHIND yon fortress of the west,  
Slowly sinks the sun-god to rest;

Tingling with his crimson eye  
The fleece on Hespia's vaulted sky.

And out the host of tossed flakes  
Fashioned mirrored, castled lakes,

In a landscape bright with hues,  
Unassisted by the muse.

Lol ere his fiery glance was spent,  
One long, scarlet shaft was sent,

O'er the valleys and the rills,  
O'er the summer-robed hills,

Bathing in a dazzling fire  
The cross on San Jacinta's spire,

And glittering from whose luster bright  
Broke in streams of lurid light,

Encircling the symbol's crest  
With the nimbus of the blest.

'Twas but the passing of a thought  
By my vision's fancy caught;

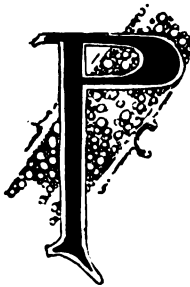
Then the twilight rolled between,  
Shutting out the gilded scene.

## VERY GOOD COMRADES.

MARY E. MANNIX.

## I.

## FIRST ACQUAINTANCE.



AULINE, Andrew! Where are you running, children?"

But they did not hear a single word; they were flying through the garden, so glad to be abroad for the first time in months without gloves or wraps. Besides they were a little doubtful of the uncertain March weather, and had determined to make the most of the present opportunity.

"Don't be uneasy," said Nora, the old cook, bending over her vegetables. "Don't be uneasy, ma'am, they are anly going to try and play a game of iorn-tennis or something like that; they are so glad to be out."

"Yes," replied her mistress, musingly, "they will probably make a start at that, and the exercise is very good for them. But don't you think, Nora, they are making too much noise? I should not like them to disturb the little boy next door—he is so delicate."

Nora was an old servant and a privileged one; her mistress was not above asking her opinion, and even her advice, on occasions.

"No indeed, no indeed," she replied emphatically, peeling the potatoes as she talked. "'Tis all the other way, I believe. It will do the poor little fellow good. It will distract him. They say he has been at the point of death from—from—Ammonia?"

"Pneumonia," corrected her mistress.

"Well, well it does not make a great deal of difference what you call it," said Nora. "Some call things one name and some another. But I hate the sound of the word, for it was that the young mistress died of. I don't forget it, Mrs. Ostrander."

"You are right," said the old lady with a sigh. She was only the grandmother of the children but a most tender and devoted one. They had never missed their mother, so completely had their father's mother taken her place.

"Indeed ma'am," continued Nora, "I think it is a good job that house has been taken at last. It is a lonesome thing to have closed doors and windows facing you all the time. And yet it must be very lonely over yonder for the little fellow for there doesn't seem to be a lady in the house at all. Only one gentleman and the black man that works about spends most of the time in the kitchen."

Mrs. Ostrander smiled.

"They have only been here three days, Nora," she said. "How do you know so much about them?"

"Well," replied the old woman, screwing up her eyes, "I hear Mary and Richard talking at the table." Mary was the chambermaid and Richard the gardener of the Ostrander household. "And they say," she continued, "the little fellow is rich, but that he has no father or mother; only a teacher that lives along with them, and loves his own ease better than taking care of the boy—and—"

Mrs. Ostrander did not like gossip. Turning away she said: "We cannot believe all we hear, Nora. Did I tell you Mr. Ostrander would bring home a friend to dinner?"

"Yes ma'am, you did," replied Nora, "and I'll try to have every thing as nice as if there were going to be a dozen."

"I think I will go in search of the children," said the old lady. "They seem to be very silent."

"Take an umbrella, ma'am," said Nora. "There is nothing worse for the complexion than the March sun."

"I do not think I mind my complexion at my time of life," said Mrs. Ostrander. "But my cloak will not be amiss—it is cool in the shade; I can throw the hood over my head."

"Do ma'am, do, it will save you from a cold," said Nora.

In a few moments the old lady was slowly walking through the garden, drinking in the delightful spring air, and admiring the tender green of the young leaves. At a turn of the path she came in sight of the children. They were playing tennis.

"You always win, Andrew," Pauline was saying. "It is not a bit amusing to play with you—" and she threw down the racquet with a gesture of impatience.

"You are such a little thing, you can't expect to play as well as I do said her brother, teasingly.

"Why do you play with me, then?" inquired the little girl pettishly.

"To please you, and because I want a partner," was the reply.

"You think you are a man," continued Pauline, "but you are



only a half-grown boy, and it is very silly and unkind of you to put on such airs."

Andrew laughed merrily. At this moment the grandmother made her appearance.

"Children, children, do not quarrel," she said as they ran to meet her. "Sit here, grandma," said the boy, drawing a garden chair forward. The old lady seated herself, patting his hand affectionately.

"Isn't this your morning for mathematics, Andrew," she asked.

The boy's face lengthened. "Yes, but my teacher is not here yet," he replied.

"Listen, I hear the bell," said the old lady. "It must be he. Run, dear, so that he may not be kept waiting. Pauline will put the balls away and then she must go and study."

"Oh, grandmamma, you forget," cried the little girl. "This is Thursday and I don't have to study anything."

"You would better spend the rest of the morning practising tennis," said Andrew, playfully, leaving a kiss on his sister's cheek as he spoke.

Her eyes brightened; she loved her brother dearly. "You are nice, Andrew," she said, "but you do tease so. Now kiss grandmamma."

The old lady turned her cheek towards him; he touched it affectionately with his lips.

"And Jack," continued the little girl, "see how imploringly he looks at you."

Jack was a Newfoundland of the finest breed. His curly, glossy coat, and intelligent eyes were the pride of his owners. He wagged his tail at the mention of his name. Andrew gave him a loving tap, and sped away to his lesson.

While this scene was being enacted a pale, delicate little boy was leaning on the window sill of the second story of the neighboring house, looking wistfully at his happy young neighbors.

"They love even the dog," he murmured, "and nobody cares for me."

Mrs. Ostrander began to feel a little cold. "I think I shall go in. Will you come?" she said to her granddaughter.

"Oh, not yet, Grandmamma," pleaded the child.

"Very well, you may stay a little longer, but do not get into mischief, and be sure not to put your hands in the basin of the fountain. It is very cool yet and you might get a chill."

Pauline promised and the old lady returned to the house. After picking up the tennis balls, she amused herself by running around with Jack who entered into the frolic with all his doggish heart. Suddenly she looked up and saw the pale face at the open window. The sad little invalid was regarding her pensively, something in his wan, wistful face attracting her; with all the innocent frankness of childhood she approached nearer to the house. At first she did not venture to speak, but the bright smile which greeted her coming, made her cast all hesitation aside. "Poor little fellow," she said to herself, he seems so tired and ill, I am going to talk to him." Without further ado she jumped upon a wooden bench placed against the low wall which separated the two gardens, then on the wall itself and at once began a conversation.

"Would you like me to talk to you a little?" she asked.

"Oh!" answered the boy, clapping his hands, with an ecstatic smile.

"What is your name?" she went on. "Mine is Pauline."

"Mine is Gabriel," said the boy. "Pauline is a pretty name."

"I don't like Gabriel," rejoined his visitor. "It is too much like a girl." Then remembering that she had been very abrupt, she added "I hope I didn't hurt your feelings. Grandmamma says I always speak too quickly."

"Oh no, I don't mind at all. How old are you?"

"Nine years old. My brother Andrew wants to be grown up, but I like to be a little girl, always."

"I am twelve years old," said the boy.

"That is nice. We can play together; you won't think me too young. Andrew is fifteen, and he thinks I am silly, but grandmamma says he is nothing but a great big baby."

"I don't think I can play with you," sighed Gabriel.

"Why? Because you are ill?"

"I have been very ill; I am better now, but I cannot walk about. I am too weak yet."

"Don't you try to get better?"

"Oh, yes, I take cold baths two or three times a day."

"Ugh! I should hate that. But when you are better you can come out in the garden, can't you?"

"Yes, but when will that be?" said the boy with another long drawn sigh.

"Soon, I hope. But I will come and talk to you every day, until you are able to be out."

"That will be fine!" said the boy with more animation than he had yet shown.

"And Andrew, too. He is so nice, my brother. And grandmamma. Oh you will love her. She is so sweet. And papa—but he is away a great deal."

"And your mamma? Where is she?"

"My mamma is dead. I do not even remember her."

"So is mine, and my papa also."

"Oh, how sorry I am. And your grandmamma, where is she?"

"She is dead—they are all dead."

"Well, I will lend you mine, then. You can have part of her—not all."

"Oh thank you, you are very good."

"Sometimes—not always," said Pauline frankly. "Often I get very angry—as angry as Mrs. Deneen."

"Who is Mrs. Deneen?"

"Our washerwoman. She has worked for us these ten years. But when things go wrong, or the wash is very large she is terrible."

"Oh!" said her listener.

"And I will lend you Susie."

"Who is Susie?"

"My cat—she is the wisest thing you ever saw."

I don't believe she would stay with me."

"Oh, we will come with her."

"May you come? Oh! do you think you may come?" exclaimed the boy in a delighted tone, leaning a little farther out of the window.

Pauline drew back slightly. In the excess of her sympathy she had been too precipitate. Her parents were not in the habit of allowing her to visit in the neighborhood. But her spirits rose again at once. This was an exceptional case. "I think it can be arranged," she said. "I think I can come to see you when I have a holiday—"

"But what if it should rain?"

"We have umbrellas, and it will not be far to walk," laughed Pauline. The boy laughed also—and Pauline began to jump up and down on top of the wall.

"Where did you live before you came here?" she inquired, after a pause, conscious as she spoke that her grandmother would not have approved of the question.

"Oh, in the far north—in Vermont, where it is very, very cold in winter."

"Do you live all alone?"

"Oh no, my uncle is here. He teaches me and takes care of me."

"Do you love him?"

The boy hesitated. Then he said in a lower tone: "No, I do not love him."

"Is he a wicked man?"

"No, but he is strict and severe. He does not talk much."

"Don't you like him even?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"What do you do all day?"

"Study and read, when I am able."

"Do you never go out riding?"

"Never."

"Would you like to go sometime?"

"Very much. My uncle promises to take me, but often he is too busy, and often he forgets."

"I do not think he is a very nice man, do you?"

The boy was silent. Pauline resumed. "Do you like to read?"

"Oh yes, but I have only five or six books, and I am tired of reading them over and over."

"Andrew has a great many; he will lend you some, and I have a lot of games. We shall have fun together after awhile."

A voice was heard calling "Pauline, Pauline," and a moment later a female form appeared at the window holding up a child's garment.

"Oh, it is Mary," said the little girl, impatiently. "She wants to try on my new apron. I am so sorry, Gabriel, but I must go. But I will come back, perhaps this evening."

"I am afraid you will not find me at the window then," said the boy. "I go to bed with the chickens. But I hope you will come to-morrow."

"Yes, I will, and Andrew will come too."

Jumping to the ground she threw him a kiss, and in a few moments was lost to sight. The sick boy followed her retreating form with his eyes till he could see her no longer. He was almost happy—some one had smiled on him, some one had talked to him; and there were to-morrows—radiant, beautiful to-morrows in the future, when his life would become more like those of the joyful children whom he had often envied but never known. Was he indeed going to be a happy child himself? So he hoped, so he almost believed—as he closed the window with a flush upon his thin cheek, and a new light in his eye.

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## II.

## A YOUNG PROTECTOR.

Mr. Ostrander brought his friend to dinner as expected, and every thing went off as it usually did in that well-ordered household. In the midst of the dessert Pauline exclaimed:

"Oh, how I wish I might take a saucer of this lemon meringue to Gabriel."

Her father looked at her inquiringly.

"Gabriel is our new neighbor," she explained, "and such a nice boy."

Mr. Colclessor smiled.

"Yes, I knew that the next house had been rented, and you have already become acquainted. I see."

"No, we have not," rejoined Mr. Ostrander, with a serious air. "We were much better pleased to have the house as it was. It may appear selfish, but such is the fact."

"And why?" inquired his friend.

"Because the windows look directly on our garden, and all our privacy is spoiled," was the reply.

"Oh, I am glad, papa," said Pauline, but no one paid any attention to her.

"I don't think you need be alarmed," said Mr. Colclessor. "Unless the servants should cast an occasional glance on this side, no one else will incommode you. Foxon, with whom I have had some business, and whom I know very well, is more often absent than at home."

"I am glad of that, too," said Pauline, this time in a voice that could not fail of being heard. "I am very glad to hear that, Mr. Colclessor, for he is a wicked man."

Her father made her a sign to keep silent, while Andrew nearly choked with laughter. The two gentlemen continued their conversation.

"I have heard that Foxon is an Englishman," said Mr. Ostrander.

"Yes, he is. But his brother's wife was an American, and there are large property interests in this country."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"Cold and reserved, but honest enough, I imagine."

"There is a boy?" said Mr. Ostrander.

"Yes, the child of his brother. He is the executor and guard-

. . .

ian. The boy will never make old bones, I fancy. His health is very bad."

"Poor child," said Mr. Ostrander, glancing at the rosy-cheeked, bright-faced pair opposite, "and he has no mother?"

"No nice grandmother, either," said Pauline, in a loud whisper which caused her father and his guest to smile.

"The fortune goes to Foxon at the boy's death. He is his only relative," said Mr. Colclessor.

"But Gabriel shall not die," said Pauline to herself, "he shall not die. Andrew and I will cure him."

Her brother had begun to feel interested in the story; it appealed to his imaginative nature, a nature that had been nourished on the tales of deeds of chivalry found in the old books with which his father's library was filled. He listened eagerly while the two gentlemen discoursed on the probable advantages which would ensue to the uncle of the invalid boy if he should die early. The subject was soon exhausted; they turned to something else, but not so Andrew. Here was a story at their very door—a story such as he had read of time and again. The delicate nephew, the cold, perhaps cruel uncle, who suffered him to pine away in the hope of inheriting his fortune. Andrew had always longed to be the hero of a romantic adventure, and now was his opportunity. He would devise some means of thwarting this infamy, he would rescue Gabriel from the power of his uncle, and perhaps little Pauline might, in her small way, also be of some assistance. From which it will be seen that Andrew had not associated much with other boys,—he was a dreamer, who lived in an unreal world. When dinner was over the two children went into the garden. In different ways, each was full of the new situation.

"What is it not to make old bones?" asked Pauline eagerly, when they were out of the hearing of their elders.

"To die young," said her brother, gloomily pursing up his lips and walking with his hands behind his back, as he had seen his father do when perplexed or anxious.

"That is what I thought," said Pauline. "Then my dear little friend, Gabriel, is to die young."

"Your dear little friend, Gabriel," sneered her brother. "How long has he been your friend?"

"Since this morning. I told you about it."

"I was not paying much attention then," rejoined her brother. "But now I am interested."

"Why?" inquired Pauline.

"Because I am always interested in reading or hearing about the wrongs of others, and in this case I have made up my mind to rescue that poor, persecuted boy from his unnatural uncle." He spoke grandiloquently, with an upward toss of the head and straightening of the shoulders which impressed Pauline with a sense of his great power and importance.

"That will be fine, Andrew," she said. "But how will you do it?"

"Let me think about that," replied her brother. "It is a serious business. It is a good thing that he happened to come here, so near us, especially near me who can do so much for him, poor little fellow. Just think of it, Pauline, this man almost a stranger."

"To us, or to Gabriel?" interrupted Pauline.

"To us! He is an entire stranger to us, don't you know it?" answered Andrew with a gesture of impatience.

"But he is his uncle; Gabriel's uncle. How can he be almost a stranger to him, Andrew?"

"Now don't interrupt me, please. I am thinking. This man—this almost stranger, as I said before, condemns the poor infant martyr to perfect solitude in order that he may become idiotic, so that the miserable child may never have control of his own fortune. This so-called uncle wishes to retain it always. In this way, not being prepared to commit actual murder, he can have possession of the property. But it shall not be—no, it shall not be—we—I will save him! I will do it best alone!"

He struck his breast with a dramatic gesture, which his auditor did not appreciate.

"Now, Andrew!" she exclaimed, "what do you mean by saying I in that way. Won't you let me help you? Are you going to hinder me from seeing Gabriel, or talking to him?"

"Who is saying anything of hindering you?" answered her brother. "Why, haven't I told you that you might help me?"

"It was I who began it, Andrew. I who spoke to him first. You have not even seen him yet!"

"Well, what of it?" replied Andrew, with an important air. "That is nothing, that is only a beginning."

"Will you lend him some books?"

"We will lend him books, games and pictures, we will amuse him, but I shall cure him and save him."

"Perhaps a good doctor could help a little," ventured Pauline, with the thought of their own kindly family physician in mind.

"I will be his doctor and his medicine," answered her brother, puffing out his cheeks.

Pauline began to laugh. "I did not know you had decided to be a doctor, Andrew," she said in a provoking tone. "Papa will be glad to hear it."

"Don't be silly," said Andrew, sharply. "You take everything so literally. But then you are only a child, and it is not worth while getting angry with you."

"You are the silly one," she answered, giving him a little push, as she ran after a kitten she had caught sight of in the bushes. Andrew went on walking and planning, with his head in the air. In a few moments Pauline was called in to bed; she lay her head on the pillow that night with pleasant thoughts of her new friend in her mind, as well as bright anticipations for the reunion of to-morrow. But when morning came, the daily governess came also; she was kept busy all day until four o'clock, and then she knew it was too damp and cold to ask permission to go into the garden. She felt very much disappointed, but at half past four Andrew came to the room where she was sitting with her grandmother, with a pile of books in his hand. He beckoned to her silently. She rose and went to the corridor. "What is it?" she asked.

"Come along," he said gravely, and she followed him on tip-toe into the garden.

Let us now take a peep at Andrew's diary which will give my young readers an idea of his peculiarities, for he was certainly an odd boy.

"Notes of a student of human nature. Thursday night. Beautiful weather to-day. Played tennis with Paulette for the first time this year. Naturally, I won the game, and naturally, she was not pleased. I could have given it to her, of course—but I don't think it would have been good discipline for her. First interview of Pauline with the boy in the next house. Poor little fellow; defenseless in the hands of perfidy and cruelty. I pity him. Mr. Colclessor to dinner. When he is here I never have a share in the conversation. He treats me like a child—like Paulette. He has a very ugly nose. It is too long. Mr. Colclessor does not seem to divine the intentions of that treacherous uncle, whom, for the sake of prudence, I shall designate by the name of Falser. I have not the slightest doubt but that he has formed nefarious plans against his nephew. I shall watch him. Let him beware! I was called away to settle a dispute between Mary and Richard about the spelling of a word. Mary said



'Newmonia,' and Richard 'Pumoma.' I told them the correct way, but could see that Richard held to his own opinion."

"Friday night. Saw the boy I wrote of yesterday. I went into the garden; he was looking out of the window. I did not speak to him, for fear the uncle might hear and confine him more closely. I made signs, holding my hands up near my face and moving my lips. He understood me, smiled, and nodded his head. I came back to the house and got some books. Then with some help from Pauline I fastened a rope to a basket, put the books in, and after tying a heavy block to the end of the rope, threw it on the window sill. The boy drew it up. Never did I see such joy in the eyes of a human being. We ran away as quickly as we could, and the boy closed the window. But first he thanked Pauline and she told him that when he read those we would send him some more. I did not speak, only bowed gravely. I hope he understands my motive in keeping silence. Mrs. Deneen is screaming with the toothache on the laundry steps. I wish my room was in the front of the house. She says three of her teeth are aching. Grandmamma is beside her with the toothache drops. Nora is declaring that there is nothing the matter with Mrs. Deneen, that she is pretending so that grandmamma will allow her to go home, and then Nora and Mary will have to finish the washing. Now she is screaming louder than ever. I think it is one of her tempers. Now grandmamma is talking to her in a low voice. Although I leaned far out of the window I could not hear a word she said. For once grandmamma seems to be in earnest with her. I have arrived at three conclusions with regard to Gabriel. Firstly, Falser never gives him any new books because he knows the poor boy is very fond of reading. He hopes to torture him by inches. Secondly, Falser never takes him to walk. He pretends it is because he has no time, but the truth is that he wishes to kill him slowly by depriving him of the power of his lower limbs. Thirdly, Falser is not affectionate with him, because he wishes to 'dull his sensibilities.' The quotation is from my logic. I think it very expressive. Mrs. Deneen is quietly washing as though she never had the toothache. She has not even the red handkerchief tied about her face now. Nora is peeling apples on the door-step. She always sings like that when she is pleased. Pauline has just come in. She cannot stop laughing, but I do not see anything very funny in what she has just told me. The boy said to her that he was so sorry her brother was deaf and dumb. He thought I must be from my gestures this morning. He is a little stupid. Pauline asked

him if he did not hear me talking yesterday when I was playing lawn-tennis in the garden. He said no that he only heard me laughing. When she told him why I did not talk to him, he said I need not to have been afraid; that his uncle would not have done anything. Poor boy—either he is not aware of the plot against him, or he has no revenge in his heart. His face does not look as though he would bear malice against anybody. Mrs. Deneen and Nora are singing together. What discord! Would rather hear them quarrel.”

“Saturday. I have been talking to Gabriel. I did not like to question him about his uncle and he said nothing, but I can see that he feels his position very keenly. He has a beautiful character or he would complain. Pauline and he are playing ball now. She throws the ball up to the window and he throws it back. They seem to be enjoying themselves. A little play will be good for him. I wish papa could have that cruel uncle deposed, and could have himself appointed guardian in his stead. But I do not believe it would be easy to do it. And he says it is not advisable to meddle in the affairs of others. But when one is so wronged. Grandmamma says I am given to exaggeration; that for all I know the uncle and nephew may get on very well together, but I don’t believe it. She has such trust in human nature—poor grandmamma!”

“Sunday. Great news! To-night Mr. Foxon (otherwise Falser) came over to ask papa about my tutor. He says he wishes his nephew to resume his studies. He heard from the colored man that a teacher came here every day, and wanted to know something about him. I met him on the steps, after papa had closed the door. The man could not look me in the face. He cast his eyes on the ground as if he had not seen me. This morning when we were coming from Mass we saw a carriage in front of their door. What a miracle! That man actually took Gabriel for a ride. He did not take him to Mass for he wishes him to grow up without any religious principles. Pauline says that maybe they are not Catholics—perhaps they are not. To-day I told papa I wanted to be a doctor. He said I was too young to decide on a career yet, and that I was always changing my mind. I shall not change it this time. I am afraid papa cannot understand me. He is too practical. He calls me Quxotic, and says he hopes I may not grow up that way. He even talks of sending me to a boys’ school. Perhaps I might like that—I don’t know. Grandmamma wants me to stay at home. I think I should prefer that, myself. Gabriel has come to the window. I will go down.”

## III.

## CLOSER ACQUAINTANCE.

Pauline's face was buried in a book; she was studying her lessons.

For some reason best known to herself she had brought her books to the back porch. The little table over which she leaned was very close to the window of the laundry, where Mrs. Deneen was ironing and Mary mending the household linen. After a time spent in diligent study, she became distracted by the persistent conversation of the two women. She was not at all interested in it; the voices worried her, and after a vain effort to close her ears with her fingers she cried out:

"Please do not talk so loud, I cannot study." Then as a sudden thought occurred to her she added: "Never mind. I will go into the garden; it is quiet there."

"Yes, so that you can talk to the little boy next door," cried Mrs. Deneen in her strident voice.

"That is no harm," said Nora. "The poor little fellow needs some diversion. He is lonely enough, God knows."

"Oh, I'm not making any objection," said the washerwoman, "but I don't think the lessons will be known very well to-morrow, that's all."

"Don't trouble yourself, Mrs. Deneen," said Pauline, sarcastically. "The lessons will be all right." But instead of going to the garden, as she had intended, she placed her books on the table again, and leaning her head on her arms, prepared to listen to the conversation of the two women, whom she now felt certain would begin to talk about their neighbors. It must be confessed that Pauline did not share her grandmother's dislike to gossip. But in that respect, she was not different from other children.

"For a rich man, and he is a rich man—next door," continued the laundress, as she vigorously plied her iron, "he does not go about a great deal. He lives very quiet."

"How do you know?" inquired Nora, sharply biting off her thread.

"Well, I only know what everybody says."

"Did you ever see him?"

"Yes, didn't you?"

"Never!" said Nora. "I have other things to attend to besides watching my neighbors. What does he look like, anyway?"

"Tall and thin he is," said the laundress.

"What business is he in?"

"I don't know; how should I know?"

"I've heard it was 'expeculations' " said Nora with a long drawing in of the breath.

"And what's that?"

"I don't know. How should I know?" answered Nora, mimicing her companion.

"Well, its nothing very good, I'll be bound. If it were he wouldn't be so secret in his comings and goings."

"Is he secret?" inquired Nora. "Doesn't he come and go by the front door?"

"I'll not tell you that. I've never seen him inside his own gate."

A cough from Nora caused Pauline to look out of the window.

"I thought you went to the garden, dearie," she said.

"I am going now," replied the child, confident that since she had been seen, the conversation would be abbreviated or carried on in low tones. Gathering up her books once more she ran down the steps and was soon in front of the window, near which Gabriel was standing, inhaling the fresh spring air.

"Already!" he exclaimed. "I thought you had lessons to study."

"So I have," she replied. "But I could not study them, those tiresome women in the laundry were talking so. I thought I would come out here and finish them."

"Won't you be tempted to talk?" asked the boy.

"Don't let me," she replied. "If I do begin just tell me to stop."

As was her habit, she put her hands up to her ears, and began to recite what she had already studied. But she hesitated, stumbled and repeated herself. Gabriel made a sign. She took her hands from her ears.

"I will help you," he said. Read your lessons once over to yourself, then I will let down the basket, and you can put your books in it. Then I will draw it up and you can recite to me. Won't that be a good plan?"

"Oh, splendid!" cried Pauline, dancing with pleasure.

Our readers will observe that the intimacy between the children had made great strides during the few days which had passed since their first meeting. If only Gabriel might come down to the garden, how delightful it would be. But he was still weak, and there was the terrible uncle. The Ostrander children did not dare ask his

permission, for fear it would be refused. Pauline did not dare even to mention it to Gabriel. On his part the joy of having these new companions was enough—he desired no more—he did not think of other joys which had not yet been broached to his consciousness.

It was a pretty sight, on the balcony, for he had stepped out. Gabriel playing the part of teacher; in the garden below Pauline with head lifted to the boy reciting her lesson. She said it over and over, and the result was so satisfactory that the children agreed to repeat the experiment. By this time Gabriel had also resumed his studies. Mr. Parmalee, Andrew's tutor went to him for a couple of hours ever day, but for the remainder of the afternoon Gabriel had nothing to do.

"Being idle seems much worse than to have to study hard," he said to his uncle. "I should like to do that but my teacher says that too much study is not good for me. I do not know how to fill up my time in the long afternoons."

"You will have to make the best of it," said his uncle, regarding him in a peculiar manner, as a creature belonging to a species which he did not very well understand. "I do not know any one here and if I did, you could not expect me to furnish playmates for you like toys which one can buy in a shop. Besides I do not wish you to associate with every new-comer."

"The Ostranders on the other side of the fence are not new-comers," ventured Gabriel, timidly. "They lived there all their lives."

"No, but you are not acquainted with them, and it is not my place to make the first advances to persons who have been in the neighborhood so long."

"But I do know them, uncle," said Gabriel, almost crying. "I know them very well, and we are great friends already."

"What! Great friends already," exclaimed Mr. Foxon with a severe frown.

"I did not think it was any harm," said the boy almost in tears.

"Why have you concealed this from me?"

"I have not concealed it, uncle. First, the little girl came and spoke to me one day when I was standing at the window watching them play in the garden. After that the big boy came, and then the grandmother. She is so nice, there is hardly a day that she does not ask me if I am getting better."

"What! Do you tell me that those people are in the habit of coming here every day, and that I have never met them. That is strange, to say the least."

"No, uncle," said Gabriel. "They have never been in the house. I have not invited them. They only stand in the garden, and I talk to them from the window."

"Oh!" said Mr. Foxon, "that is somewhat different. So long as you did not make the first advances I am not displeased. But," he continued, meditatively, "I wonder they have not invited you to go into their garden occasionally."

"They have, they have," said Gabriel eagerly, "but I was afraid to ask you if I might."

"Why were you afraid?"

"I—I—can't tell—but I was," faltered the boy.

"I am aware that my nature is not sociable," said his uncle. "However, that is better than being 'hail-fellow well met' with all the world. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," answered Gabriel, "but the Ostrandens are very nice."

"Are you sure the parents of those children have given them permission to ask you to visit them?"

"I am sure," was the reply. "The grandmother herself said that she would be very glad if I could go."

"Well, I see nothing amiss with it," said Mr. Foxon, slowly, as he shaped his moustache. "Besides I think it will be good for you, and perhaps benefit your health."

The words were kind but the manner in which they were spoken was so cold and severe that Gabriel did not dare to express the gratitude he felt. But his heart grew lighter, and he longed to be able to tell the good news to his friends.

The following day after her music lesson was finished, Pauline ran into the garden. Gabriel was at the window; she threw him a kiss and said:

"It is too bad I can't put my arms around your neck and kiss you for real. Would you like me to, Gabriel?"

"I don't know," answered the boy with a sad smile. "I don't believe I ever kissed any one in my life. At least I can't remember it."

Pauline's eyes filled with tears. In order to hide her emotion, she began to caress "Jack," who had followed her as usual.

"Oh, I wish your uncle was not so hateful," she said after a moment, looking up at Gabriel again.

"He is not hateful," said the boy. "He is only not fond of talking to children. He cannot help that, it is his nature."

"Why does he keep you from coming to see us then?"

"He does not. If you should invite me now, he would not hinder me," replied the boy, with a very bright face indeed.

"Do you mean it?"

"Yes, I mean it. He told me so yesterday."

Pauline ran off with the fleetness of a deer. Presently, she returned, her hair flying, her face radiant.

"I went to tell grandmamma, but I met papa on the way out. He is going to your house now, this moment, to ask your uncle if you may come. He said that was the proper way to do; that it was natural your uncle should not allow you to come until he had called on him. Oh, won't that be grand, Gabriel? Come to-morrow, Thursday; I shall have a holiday."

Gabriel sank back in his invalid chair; he had been standing too long. "I am afraid I shall not be able to walk down stairs," he said.

"What! Are you so weak as that?" inquired Pauline, compassionately. "Who will carry you? Your uncle?"

Gabriel smiled at the imaginary picture. Indeed, he could not imagine it.

"No," he replied, "the colored man will do it. He is very strong."

Poor little fellow! When the servant brought him into the garden next day where Andrew, Pauline and the grandmother were waiting to receive him, it could be readily seen that no great amount of strength was required to carry so slight a burthen.

Pauline suddenly became embarrassed and hid behind a tree, but she came out after a moment, and taking Gabriel by the hand she imprinted a timid kiss on his pale cheek. He looked up at her gratefully.

"I think we had better go into the house," said Mrs. Ostrander, "I am afraid it will be too cool for Gabriel after a while."

"So Gabriel was lifted again into the arms of Boabdel, the negro, and in a few moments was resting comfortably on a sofa in the drawing-room. Oh, what a delightful afternoon that was! They played games, looked at pictures, and read fairy tales and after a while there were cake and sherbet. The hours flew, twilight descended, and Boabdel returned for his charge. After that there were few days on which they did not have a visit from him. Occasionally he had permission to stay to dinner. He ate with a good appetite, and seemed to enjoy the delicate dishes prepared so skilfully by Nora. His eyes grew brighter, the color returned to his cheeks and lips. They passed a great deal of time in the garden;

the pure soft air, as well as the atmosphere of affection and cheerfulness surrounding him was already beginning to cure him. The following extract from Andrew's diary will give the reader an idea of his sentiments on the subject :

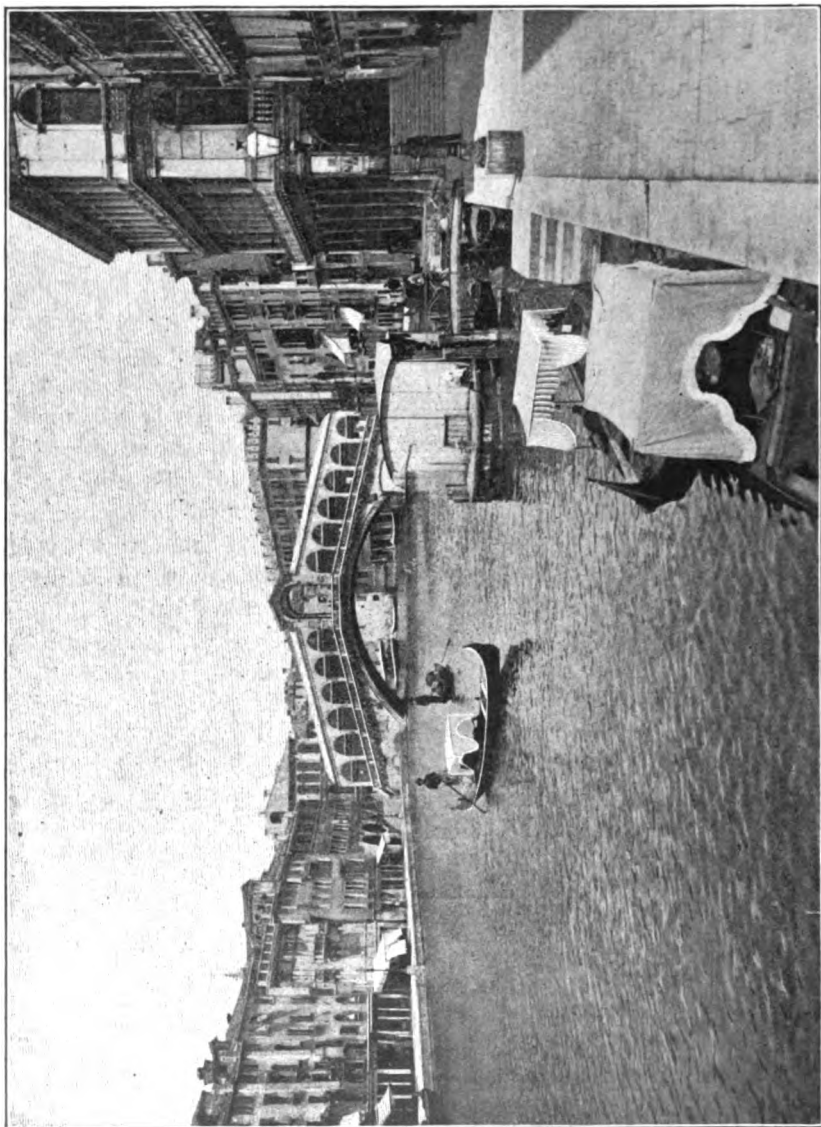
"Friday, April 4th. Gabriel has been here. He is a smaller boy than he looks from the window, and even more delicate when you see him closer. Falser gave him permission to come, but I have not the slightest doubt he has a motive. Probably when the end comes, as it must, unless measures are taken to prevent his vile plans, he will like to be able to say that he gave the boy privileges, and was not unkind to him. Boabdel, the negro servant, though he smiles and shows his white teeth, has a black heart. Any observing person can see that. I have no doubt that Falser pays him well for assisting him in his designs. At home, Gabriel has no appetite—so he says, but here he eats well. I feel confident that they make the dishes as unpalatable as possible, so that he may slowly languish and die. I am afraid that if Falser notices the improvement in Gabriel's looks he may not allow him to come over. But no; that would not be a wise move on his part; it might excite suspicion. He will continue to let him come, but will take measures at home which will counteract the good effect of what he eats here. Perhaps he may even finish him by slow poison, which Boabdel could easily put into his food, for I do not believe the cook is in the plot. A villain seldom has more than one confidant; it is not safe. (I think I shall write 'Libabo' hereafter—instead of Boabdel. I do not wish to become involved in any trouble in the future.) I wish Gabriel had more spirit; he could take care of himself better if he had. He is such a simple boy. Quite unsuspecting of Falser. Jack is barking—I must go and see what ails him."

(To be continued.)

### THE CONTRADICTION.

**I**N a still valley a huge bowlder lies  
 O'er which a silver stream of water falls;  
 It is a spot to charm a poet's eyes  
 And win his answer to shy nature's calls.  
 Yet in this peaceful valley, years ago,  
 A poet, rapt in nature's beauty, died;  
 'Twas when this bowlder, seeking rest below,  
 Came crushing, crashing down the mountain side.





THE RIALTO, VENICE.

## VENICE.

HELEN GRACE SMITH.



ENICE, with the blue above her, and the blue around her, in her dreaming solitude, with glamour of past splendor as a solace for all woes, with her many-domed Cathedral, her white palaces and churches, her noble towers, her winding water-ways and bridges; she, with proud memories of fierce ambitions and great deeds; she met us with her wonder and her beauty, and she smiled upon us with her noonday warmth, and drew us with her smile to love her.

She has been called fair and regal; she has been loved and exalted through all her splendid years of wanton crime, and ignoble dreams, of barbarous unmeaning warfare; and she lives still and is loved still in these later days, while she lies passively breathing her life away, unconscious of new worlds to conquer and ancient rivals to outshine.

Strange destiny! No city in the world wields so romantic an influence, makes so pathetic an appeal to our eager sympathies, nor is any past more real, and yet more mysterious than hers.

We think of her in the morning, with the sunlight flashing from her white palace walls; the sky so far away and dark blue, the grave Campanile of San Marco, piercing the soft, clear atmosphere, and the sound of human voices, the only sound that Venice knows, falling with a strange unusual distinctness on our startled ear.

Who should have the temerity to laugh aloud in those dark sinuous ways that wind so grimly between solemn walls roofed far above by the same remote unending sky of blue? What little child would dare to cry out, cleaving the still dark waters with sinewy limbs?

But they do laugh and cry and shout, too, as they pass in the morning, and at noonday, when it becomes very hot and the sun is pitiless, reflected from white walls and glancing waters, and the doves seek shelter in the interminable shadows of their own Cathedral.

San Marco belongs to those cooing pigeons; they strut about with an air of perfect ownership, hardy and happy, proud of their

lofty dwelling place, with its airy domes and radiant mosaics, and mighty portals.

There was one lame pigeon dragging his wounded leg cheerfully enough, and pruning his blue feathers; we wondered how he had been hurt; in the nest, perhaps, and especially respected afterwards by his fellows, and fed by the pitying tourist with special care.

The piazza of San Marco is a cheerful place. There is always a clinking of glasses in front of the many cafes, where little tables stand under the arcades, and most delicious ices are served at any hour.

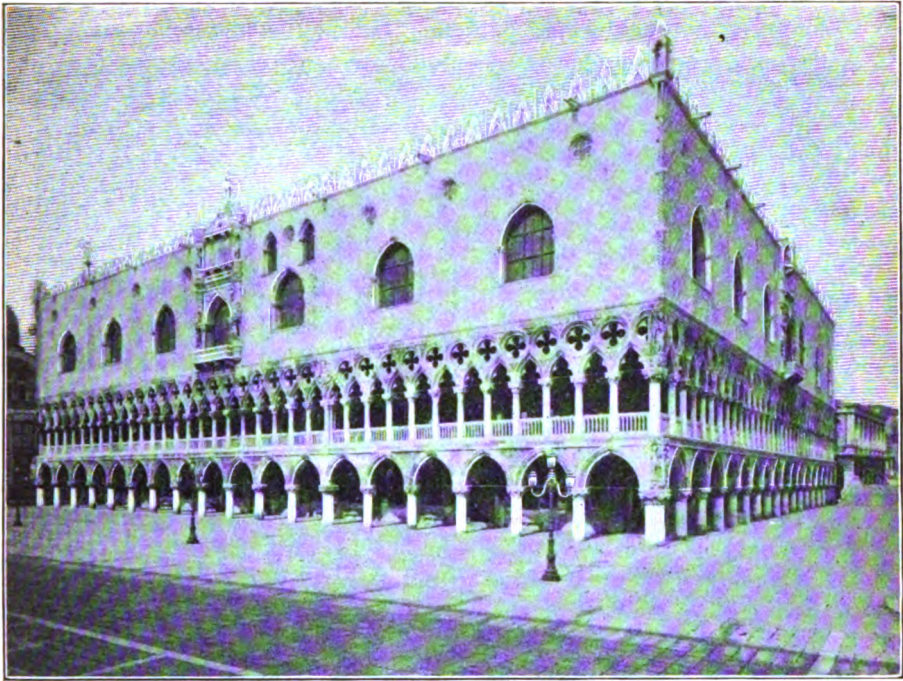
There are book shops and print shops, and the windows are gay with a bewildering variety of costly objects; colored and decorated glass, carved and inlaid woods, and delicate laces, and strings of beads, blue, green, and a hundred colors; and the smiling shop-keeper invites your entrance, just to inspect his wares, and then inveigles you into buying. Here people laugh and sing from morning till night, and far into the night, while a band plays opera airs, and the hours are beaten slowly out, by the two bronze men, with their great hammers, in the high clock tower. And San Marco, whether in the morning, when the people are gathered in kneeling groups before the altars, and the priests are saying Mass, or at noon, deserted except by the tourist and guide, or the patient artist; or in the late afternoon, lighted up by the glory of level sun rays, gleaming and flashing with entrancing splendor; or at night with the white effulgence of moonlight upon it revealed with a soft, bewildering distinctness, is beautiful beyond belief.

The fragrant shadowy interior invites to meditation and prayer; the heart withdraws within itself, the eyes forget to follow obscure recesses, and wavering lines of shadow, while humble knees press the uneven pavement, and the quiet soul feels the presence of God.

The Christian spirit has united itself to Byzantine forms, and San Marco speaks of faith to the heart, a living, warm, a comforting faith, and the soul is compelled to love.

There is something uncompromising in the severe lines of the Campanile; it belongs to Venice quite surely as San Marco, and the ornate palaces and the white Salute, but how did they come to build it, that light pleasure-loving race?

It is almost grim; it points with insistent steadiness upward, it lends itself to no adornment, no soft enchantment of distance or sunset glory.



THE DOGE'S PALACE.

There is something of this same quality in the Venetian character; a stern, unconquerable resistance to outside influences, a grim desire to dominate the world, to hold up to all beholders an unfaltering sign, that will stand inexorable, unwavering, resisting to the end. Nor cajoled, nor bribed, nor won over by soft words, nor gentle beckonings, we see them, a fierce people, those old Venetians; sweeping the seas for booty, gathering to themselves the wealth of other nations, standing proud, defiant in the midst of their possessions, watching, as the towering Campanile watches to-day, the mighty far-reaching waters.

It is hard to imagine Venice with her storm-clouds gathered over her, with angry seas beating about her, with turmoil in her breast, rending her fair garments, and shrieking wildly to the blasts. It is hard to imagine a people who toiled well and patiently to build noble institutions, to frame wise laws, to extend rich possessions, engaging in ignoble warfare or petulantly casting aside what they had once held in honor and veneration.

The history of the Doges is very sad, melancholy in the extreme, sometimes deeply pathetic; but in the history of every nation, the great terrible events stand out with vivid distinctness, impressing themselves upon our sensitive mind, and we forget long eras of peace, when prosperity reigned and the people pursued high and worthy avocations.

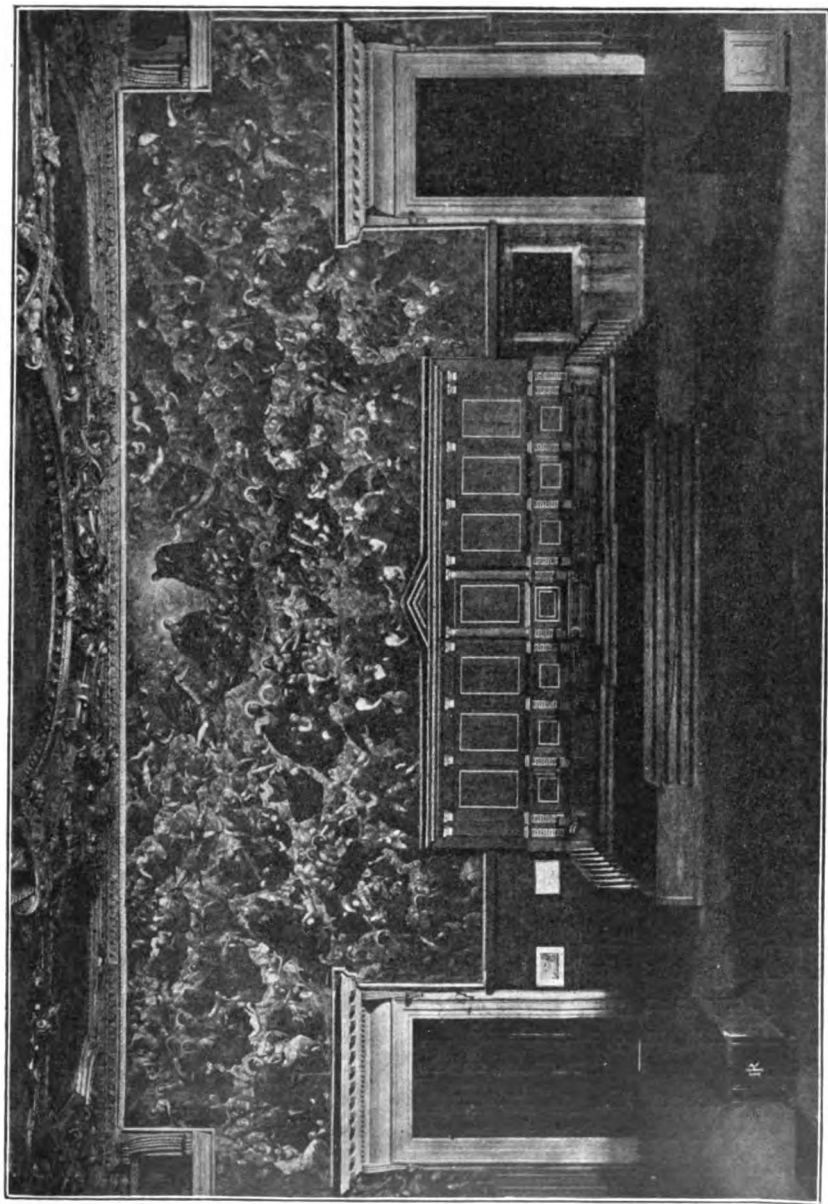
The sin of ingratitude makes us writhe in our indignation; we turn the horrible page of history with loathing, but we do not turn our back upon Venice; our gaze softens with very tenderness, as the fading beauty about us is borne in upon our souls. Behold, it is all of the past, the horror and the sin! The brave white bird with proudly arching neck, with gleaming feathers, and far-seeing eye, that viewed with keen delight its unerring reflection in the calm waters where it rested at peace; that bird has sung its death song and its notes have reached to the uttermost ends of the earth, and are still echoing in space; the white plumage is tarnished, the proud eye dimmed, and it floats a fair wreck on the same pellucid waters.

Who would not wish to save Venice, to forgive her all things, more beautiful in the day of her decline, than in her mightiest prosperity? The water washes the stained marble of those mysterious palaces that echo not the steps of pride and wealth. We pass, as in a vision of our sleep, the ancient memorials of a greatness dead and gone. We know that brilliant life from the canvas of the painters, who are also past, but have left us all the beauty that they prized, and envied, and worked to attain. They were no dreamers these: Veronese, Tintoretto, Giorgione, and the Master Titian; they lived in the light of a courtly splendor, that answered to their souls for heaven's glory.

With Venice for a home, and the sparkle of light on the gold and white and blue of her adornment, with the crimson flush of sunrise dazzling their eyes, they forgot the solitude of mountains, the quiet coolness of forest shades, the silent walks of the heart, where God is revealed to the meditating spirit.

They delight the eye, they speak not to the soul; they stir the restless imagination, but they satisfy not one yearning emotion of the heart; we admire, we praise, we do not love or revere; we are dazzled, we are not won.

There have been artist souls who have shown for our love and veneration the light that was within them, the light revealed of heaven; they burned with zeal, and lo! the canvas glows before us with undying colors of sacrifice and duty, with the golden hue of



**TINTORETTO'S PARADISE, DOGE'S PALACE, VENICE.**

**This is the largest painted canvas in the world.**

hope, with the earnest forms of faith, hope, and love, and zeal. Not so with these masters of Venice, who seem so joyous; they were dark within, they reflected the light of earth, and so they have left us the companions of their lives, warm sentient beings, with the hue of health and ruddy fairness on their faces, or the thought of years, its wrinkles, and its cares upon them; clothed with Eastern magnificence in garments of sumptuous texture, or displaying charms of a richly lavish nature; they smile for us, they sing, converse and feast or bear themselves with stately pride and dignified reserve.

The generous-hearted, princely artist folk; they have taken us into their homes, we are their guests, and enjoying their bounty, grasping the hands of their friends, looking into the faces they loved; they give us their best, yet we go away empty. They have not prayed with us, nor taken us apart into their lofty solitude, peopled only with gracious thoughts, the holy beings of their devout imagination. They knew no such solitude; they felt no sacred, serious presence; they heard no rush of angels' wings like those that fanned the brow of the inspired monk at Florence, nor even the cherub graces that laughed in the face of Correggio.

We will never forget the Virgin faces of pureness that looked upon us from the canvas of Giovanni Bellini. He knew how to paint her, the Immaculate, he of the reverent soul, the spirit of simplicity.

There is a Madonna face, in a far corner at the end of a long gallery; (we should have trouble in finding it again), a little picture of this same Bellini, that for holiness, and delicacy, and grace and calmness, seemed to surpass any ideal of any artist we had known.

We were very weary, after a long morning of various sight-seeing,—weariness seemed to have taken possession of our whole being,—when, like a breath of heaven's sweetness, that fair face smiled upon us, and brought us rest, and followed us, still smiling, as the light of a star follows the way-worn traveller, and cheers him.

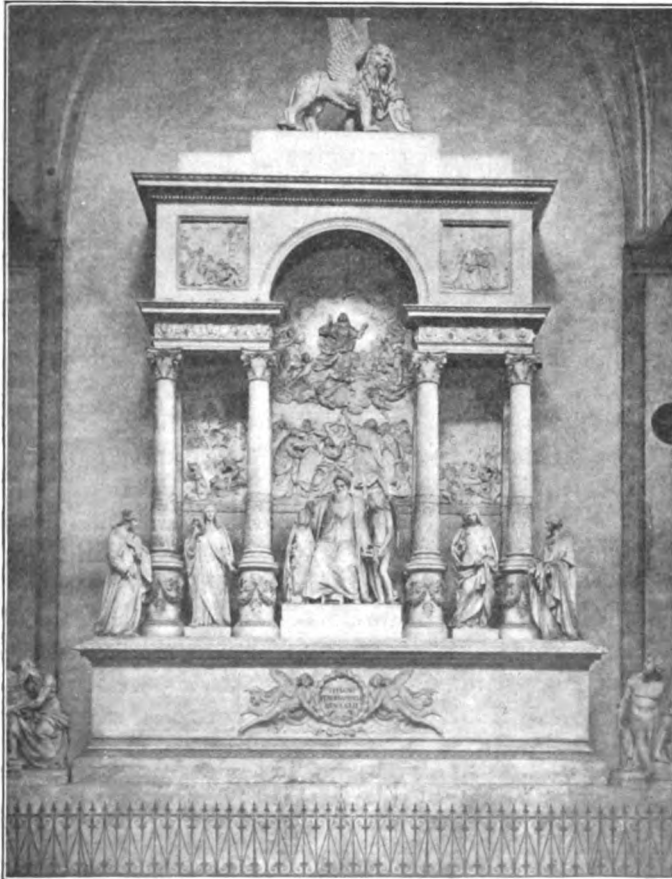
They are a great contrast, the brothers Bellini. Giovanni, with his love for gentle, sacred subjects; and Gentile, who found his inspiration in the life about him, and painted splendid processions, and historic scenes with all accustomed magnificence.

In the Scuola San Rocca, the astonishingly realistic pictures of Tintoretto cover the vast walls; they are enormous, bold, graphic, but wanting in tenderness, and the anguished face of Saint Sebastian, with an arrow piercing the young forehead, haunted us painfully. We were grieved too, at his gigantic representation of

the Crucifixion, a great canvas crowded with figures, curious gazers at the spectacle of infinite sorrow.

Tintoretto was a bold painter, conscious of power; and he seems to have undertaken great works, fearlessly, to have painted rapidly, and often carelessly; he must have been of a sanguine, industrious temperament, and realistic almost to rudeness.

Of Paul Veronese, we have another recollection; the happy artist who luxuriated in all the warmth and loveliness and luxury of earth with a gay unconsciousness, clothing even his saints and Madonnas in silken garments, braiding their hair with jewels, pla-



TITIAN'S TOMB.

THE WORK OF CANOVA, FRARI CHURCH, VENICE.



cing them in the midst of elaborate surroundings. His heart was one of evident lightness, and we must thank him for asking us into that fortunate world, where his imagination rejoiced. And Titian! We are glad that it was in his youth that he painted the little Virgin of the great Purification, that he clothed her in the color of a morning sky, when the sun has fully risen, that he placed her childish feet in meekness upon the entrance steps of the mighty Temple; she who was herself to become the temple of unsurpassed beauty and radiant adornment. She seemed fairer to us there than in the world-renowned Assumption, with all its massive dignity, and gorgeous color.

How it differs, this Venetian school of art, from the delicate ideals of the purer Lombard school or the classical refinement of the Florentine!

Our imagination tries to see the mighty genius of Michael Angelo joined to the beautiful, beauty-steeped spirit of Raphael, revealed and transfigured by the glowing light of Titian's waking dream; as when mountains, virgin peaks of whiteness, are glorified and softening by the melting hues of sunset, and brought nearer to our yearning vision; as if we should see forms of heaven-fairness ascending and descending in the amber-effulgence that charmed and enfolded the earth-born Venetian.

We thought of many things as we sailed the opalescent sea from Chioggia, of the fair centuries, the old barbarous ages, when the Tartar hordes drove the first settlers down to the shelving shore, to the desolate islands that sheltered them in the midst of the waters; and of the civilization that followed slowly; of the love of the friendless people for the friendly sea that protected them and fed them, and returned them love for love, "mystically espoused in later years by their Doge with a golden ring of espousal."

We watched the face of the sailor, who guided his old fishing boat skilfully, and returned our look with one of mingled surprise and curiosity, preserving at the same time an impervious silence.

He wondered probably why we had come so far over the vague stretch of distant ocean to sail the Adrian waters in his poor boat.

The winds blew freshly, the white spray wet our faces, as we sat in the shadow of the painted sail, which bore a cross upon it, and watched the prow of the little craft cutting the clear, warm waves.

From a near harbor, other boats came sailing, like brilliant butterflies, their myriad, gorgeous wings outspread, and reflected gaily in the water.



ONE OF THE SMALLER CANALS.

As a vision before us the galleys of old, laden with gold and other booty, came home from the wars, with floating banners, the signals of victory, and brave warriors, shading the war-worn faces with their hands to catch the first glimpse of the walls and towers where their loves and their children awaited them.

The galleys of triumph were followed by galleys of woe, and we beheld these last returning sadly from defeat, with the remnant of a brilliant following, uncheering and uncheered.

We found Chioggia hot, its little streets deserted, but on a veranda overlooking the noonday waters, a table was spread for our refreshment, with bread, cheese, wine, and vile coffee, and we heard the fishermen laughing and talking lazily from their boats, as they rocked in the blazing sun, and the ubiquitous musician picked his mandolin with a result very much like the singing of mosquitoes, a sound not unknown to Venice in midsummer.

It was too hot to walk about, though we followed the principal street for a little distance and visited one of the old churches, resting afterwards in the church yard, under a spreading tree, which offered little shade or coolness, for the sun seemed to penetrate everywhere with a persistent, steady shining that would not be baffled. He retired to a beautiful, golden glow as we returned to Venice, lingering to caress the distant mountains, bearing softly upon the mysterious city of his love, as if with a promise of certain return, leaving her sheltered by the willing arms of night, where she appeared more enchanting, more bewildering than ever, under the light of watching stars.

So much has been written about Venice. She has been a theme for poets and historians and musicians who have variously tried to make us feel her charm. Painters have done their best to reproduce that pellucid atmosphere and brilliant color, and have generally succeeded in giving a cold or garish impression.

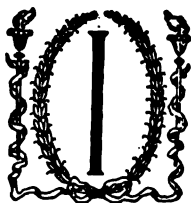
Turner painted a wonderful approach to the city, but it is not Venice. She herself must reveal her loveliness, and this is not all at once, but bit by bit, through long, calm days, and wakeful evenings, and unrivalled nights, and even then we do not know her.

Naples is garrulous, lavish of loveliness, winning and gay; Rome is the heart of the world, to which our own heart beats in unison; Florence conquers us by right of acknowledged supremacy; but Venice, like a lily on the crest of the wave, owns as subtle a sweetness, opens her white breast to the sun, lies in the peace of her unbroken dreaming; asks no tribute at our hands, conscious of the gold in her own heart, the treasure of secret worth.

## THOUGHTS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

WHY CATHOLIC WOMEN ARE THE BEST PROPS OF THE CHURCH.  
NOTICEABLE DIFFERENCE IN THE RELIGIOUS FERVOR AND  
ATTENDANCE OF THE SEXES.

WILLIAM ELLISON.



It is a noticeable feature in the Church attendance and devotedness of Catholic congregations in the United States and Canada, and, we suppose, in all other lands, that women form, as a general rule, the most numerous as well as the most devout part of the congregations. We refer especially to religious practices that are not obligatory, but rather of the voluntary and self-denying kind. On the testimony of travellers who have "done" the British Isles, France and the European Continent, the fact is very marked, and more particularly, it is alleged, in Paris, where it is said the women form three-fourths or more of some of the great city's flocks. This is significant in a city like Paris, with its endless variety of social gayeties and worldly attractions, which are so fascinating and alluring to the gentler sex, who are supposed to be so much ensnared by such frivolities.

That the great churches of the "Gay Capital" can be filled to overflowing by devout women, is a remarkable tribute to the super-human power of the Catholic Church; and it proves that those who have been born and nurtured in her saving bosom can never forget to reverence and obey her salutary doctrines and virtuous teachings. There are, doubtless, special reasons why Parisian Catholic ladies constitute the strongest props of Catholicity in that city. Many of them see with unspeakable regret that husbands, sons and relatives are ensnared in the toils of freemasonry, atheistical societies, and other dangerous organizations that draw men away from religion, from the path of virtue and morality; and they feel it incumbent upon them to redouble their pious devotions so as to save ones who are dear to them, from plunging into the abyss. The horrible fruits of the French Revolution and the "Reign of Terror," are yet visible in France's Capital, and it is meet that such evil influence

should be counteracted by a strong religious force. But to find proofs that women are truest upholders of the Church it is not necessary to go away from home. It was impressed upon my mind in vivid form yesterday morning, at the early Mass, in a venerable Basilica in an historic Canadian city; for, when the solemn moment came to move to the altar rail, twenty-three devout communicants moved forward; but two only of the number were men. On the evening of the same day, at a representative Irish Catholic Church, I saw goodly crowds thronging the various confessionals of the devoted Redemptorist Fathers who minister to the spiritual wants of the congregation; but while the women's benches were well filled with waiting penitents, there was plenty of room unoccupied on the men's side of the confessional. Why such disparity between the sexes should exist in matters of the kind mentioned has perhaps never been clearly explained, assuming an equality in numbers. Women are by training and virtuous education—thanks to the high standards of moral inculcation maintained in the Convent schools—more pious than men, as they are by habit and inclination drawn into closer contact with the interests and needs of the Church, and have more time to give to work and charity. They, in a word, live and move and have their being in a purer religious atmosphere than do men; consequently, they can measure with their instinct the intrinsic value of a holy and sincere life devoted to works of charity and heroic self-denial. But these explanations, however reasonable they may appear, do not, and cannot, relieve the men from the imputation of being slack, slothful and negligent in the performance of their sacred religious duties. These remarks are general in their application, for in a great many instances, in numerous congregations throughout Canada and the Republic, it is deeply edifying to witness the young men of the different religious societies approach the Holy Communion rail in a compact body, at the appointed time and in the most becoming manner. This must be one of the spiritual balms that console the zealous pastor's heart, and, by the law of compensation, even up for the many grievous wounds he receives through witnessing the disgraceful conduct of nominal Catholics, who publicly boast of belonging to the true Church, without ever complying with the least of her precepts.

The true test of genuine practical Catholicism is the regularity of frequenting the Sacraments, especially of Penance and Holy Communion. Cardinal Gibbons declares that the pulpit is but a

metaphorical sowing of the Christian seed, while the confessional is the actual gathering in of the fruitful spiritual harvest. And it is in that aspect that we observe the default of the men of many, if not of all, congregations.

In any average flock the observant inquirer will notice five times as many women surrounding the confessionals, on their assigned benches, as there are men on the opposite side. Except at intervals, the slide or screen that brings the confessor and male penitent face to face, remains shut, whereas, if men did their whole duty, it should open alternately, always providing that the numbers were equal in the parishes between the males and females.

It may be demurred by the indolent men folks that their occupations stand in the way of such a thing. While this may be true in rare cases it does not hold good in general acceptance, for the Church is the especial friend and protector of the industrial and laboring classes, and she takes distinct pains to accommodate them at any hour of the day and night. "Where there's a will there's a way." The maxim is as true as it is ancient.

To the more fortunate ones, who incline to ease and indulgence, the five o'clock chimes are regarded as a disturbance; but the Church has to provide the early Mass for even the least of her people, be they mechanics or laborers, whose daily toil begins at six in the morning.

Taking a broad view of the question under discussion, it would seem reasonable, yes, even necessary, that men should cling closer to the saving truths and practices of religion than do women, simply because men have a harder road to travel, more dangers and difficulties to face, and more perilous situations to fill. According to the dangerous nature of their occupations their insecurity of life increases, and they need all the comforts and spiritual aids to be derived from a conscientious and exact fulfilment of their religious obligations. Putting the matter in this mild form would seem to savor of expediency, but it must needs be presented on higher grounds, because the ten commandments have been promulgated, the precepts and laws of the ruling and teaching Church have been enacted by infallible authority, and all of them must be obeyed and observed by rich and poor, learned and unlearned, if they would aspire to receive the eternal reward hereafter. The divine decrees are immutable and enduring, and mortal man may not hope to escape punishment if he ignores or defies them.

## A SORROWFUL QUEST.

KATHLEEN EILEEN BARRY.

## I.



THE Catholic Summer School grounds were looking their loveliest. The cottages were decorated with flags and bunting. Japanese lanterns cast variegated stripes on the piazzas. Moonbeams silvered the tree-tops, irradiated the wooded heights above Lake Champlain, and marked out a shimmering path on the water.

The beauty of the scene charmed the two men who were rowing towards the Cliff Haven landing. They felt as though they were about to enter an enchanted garden peopled with "airy elves by moonlight shadows seen." Willis Nevins's admiration was too deep for words; and Bobbie Benton—the frivolous, loquacious Bobbie—was speechless for once in his life.

The contrast between them was striking. Willis was tall, thin, and dark, with stooping shoulders and grave, careworn face. He was forty years old and looked fifty. Bobbie was stout, fair, and of small stature. His eyes were light blue and expressionless as a young kitten's. He was devoted to Willis, whose travelling companion he had been for ten years. Both men were wealthy, and neither of them had home-ties or professions; indeed their friends described them as "globe-trotters."

Their first meeting took place on an ocean liner bound for Southampton. Willis seemed to be suffering great mental distress, and Bobbie, then a lad of twenty, made good natured, though bungling, efforts to cheer him. They became fast friends, and the very fact that their essential qualities were totally at variance seemed to draw them closer.

Bobbie had a vague impression that some object other than the pursuit of pleasure incited the elder man to travel continually. On one occasion he said bluntly, "You act like a person who has lost something or someone. What is it? For whom are you searching?"

"For My Heart," was the quiet answer, "but I'd rather not talk about the quest."

Bobbie could not understand such reserve. Whenever things went wrong with him, his first impulse was to howl for sympathy, but of course he respected the other's reticence.

Just now his arms were tired and he ceased rowing.

"Let's drift for awhile," he said. "It's a shame to go indoors this perfect night."

Willis Nevins rested on his oars.

"What a changeable fellow you are," he remarked. "A few minutes ago, when you enticed me from the balcony of Hotel Champlain, you were wildly anxious to reach the Summer School, and now—"

"Oh, pull away then, and don't preach," interrupted Bobbie, "I'm still anxious, and when you see my wood-nymph you'll know why."

Willis laughed. Young Benton's susceptibility to feminine beauty was a standing joke.

Bobby saw an opening to give, for the second time, an account of his latest adventure, and promptly availed himself of it.

It seemed that the previous evening while strolling in the pine woods near the college camp, he heard a woman's voice singing Rossini's "Inflammatus." His desire to see the singer sent him scrambling through the brushwood, but at sight of her he stopped short, marvelling at her beauty.

She was leaning against a tree, her hands filled with wild flowers, a wreath of oak-leaves on her bronze-gold hair. Her face had that serene expression which is rarely seen outside the cloister, yet her mouth had a sorrowful curve and there was a sad look in her gray eyes.

She started at sight of the intruder, and the flowers fell from her hands. He sprang forward to pick them up and apologized for invading her retreat. She accepted the excuses with a pleasant friendliness which is so marked a feature of life within the precincts of the Catholic Summer School. When she left the woods, he sauntered beside her until she reached Pine Villa, where she dismissed him with a bow.

As he turned away, he saw on the lawn a New York merchant with whom he had a bowing acquaintance. He greeted him warmly, as one might greet a long-lost friend, and having ascertained that he was on intimate terms with the inmates of the Villa, boldly asked for an introduction. The gentleman smiled quizzically, and leading the way into the house presented Bobbie to its comely mistress,



Mrs. Nanette Curtis. He was introduced, also, to Miss Eliza Brooks, a fat, jolly-looking spinster, and to her niece, Belinda,—the beautiful singer.

Mrs. Curtis asked him to attend the grand hop to be held at the Villa the following evening. He eagerly accepted the invitation, and angled successfully for another for his friend, Nevins.

When Bobbie finished the recital there was a moment's silence. Then he said in an injured tone, "I don't believe you've been listening!"

"Haven't I though!" said Willis. "You've been talking of the wood-nymph. You compared her to Ariadne and Juno, and vowed she should have been immortalized in Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women.'"

"Now, I've caught you! It was last night I said all that. It's impossible to interest you in a lady. You haven't an ounce of sentiment in you. You're the sort of person Aldrich had in mind when he wrote:

"Oh, sad are they who know not love,  
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,  
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass  
The silver coast of fairy isles!"

"You'll pass this particular isle if you don't ship your oars," retorted Willis. "Here's the landing."

When the boat was moored they lingered for a moment looking at the placid water, then walked briskly towards the Villa.

"By the way, you didn't tell me your wood-nymph's name," said Willis. "Is it a pretty one?"

But Bobbie did not answer. He was running up the steps leading to the shrine of his new goddess, and did not hear the question.

A moment later the two friends were standing within a charming reception room. Instead of the conventional hall with rooms on either side, the architect had made the entire ground floor into one spacious apartment. In the centre opposite the door was a broad staircase, on the lobby of which musicians were concealed behind a curtain of palms and tall plants.

As they stood there, Bobbie suddenly caught Willis's arm: "See—there she is!" he whispered. "Isn't she superb!"

Willis glanced up and saw descending the staircase a regal-looking woman in black and silver draperies. He stared at her wildly, then stifling an exclamation hurried to meet her. Her eyes gazed straight into his; an expression of mingled doubt, joy, and

fear flashed into them; she swayed and would have fallen but he caught and held her fast.

"At last! Oh, My Heart,—My Heart!" he murmured.

Her head fell limply against her shoulder.

The cry, "Belinda Brooks has fainted," created a stir. Willis reluctantly yielded her to those who pressed forward, and then left the place, Bobbie Benton following at his heels. Seeking a dark corner of the piazza he leant against a pillar, crying over and over again, "Oh, God, I thank Thee!"

When Bobbie touched his shoulder, he turned swiftly and with a boyish laugh exclaimed, "Old fellow, my search is over. I have found My Heart. Your wood-nymph and Belinda Brooks are one, and she belongs to me!"

## II.

When Bobbie Benton heard his friend's exultant cry he was amazed beyond measure. He tried to frame a question, but was forestalled by Father Duval, the presiding genius of the Summer School, who happened to be near by.

"May I ask what you mean?" put in the priest. "My inquiry is prompted by the anxiety of a shepherd who sees a stranger enter the fold and claim one of the flock."

Willis Nevins recognized in the speaker a pastor whose kindness of heart had endeared him not only to his own parishoners but to every one who needed help or counsel.

"I will answer you fully and freely, Father," he said. "But first I must find out if Miss Brooks can be seen to-night."

"Very well. You will find me on the balcony of the adjoining cottage."

"Would you mind if my friend, Mr. Benton, went with you? I know he wants to hear my story, too?"

Father Duval courteously invited Bobbie to accompany him, and Willis re-entered the Villa.

After some slight delay Miss Eliza Brooks came to him. She said her niece was completely prostrated and had retired.

"I believe you are the gentleman who caught her as she was about to fall," she added. "I am very much obliged to you. I can't understand this sudden illness. Belinda has been with me for a long time and I have never known her to faint."

"Perhaps I can explain it. We are old friends, and the shock of seeing me unexpectedly may have upset her. Will you be good

enough to tell her that I will call to-morrow, and that I beg she will grant me an interview?"

Miss Eliza was about to fire a volley of questions at him, but Mrs. Curtis's approach diverted her attention, and he bowed himself out, going directly to the New York Cottage, where Father Duval and Bobbie awaited him.

He plunged, without preamble, into his narrative, telling them that eleven years ago he had met Belinda Brooks, then a lovely girl of twenty. She, like himself, was an orphan, but unlike him she was dependent on her own exertions for a livelihood. She was a choir-singer in a New York church, and appeared, also, at concerts and private entertainments. Their acquaintance soon ripened into cordial friendship, and later into love, in its sweetest, strongest, most enduring form.

The only bar to their happiness was the fact that while she was a devout Roman Catholic, he was a strict Presbyterian. But their hearts had gone out to each other before they knew that their religious beliefs were dissimilar, and then it was too late to crush down their mutual affection.

Before naming the wedding day, Belinda insisted that the question of procuring a dispensation should be settled. They went together to the pastor of the church at which she sang. He had a long, earnest, and individual talk with them.

Willis could and did promise faithfully to abide by certain conditions embodied in the dispensation which Mother Church reluctantly issues in such cases. For instance, he said he would never interfere with the performance of his wife's religious duties; but he would not pledge himself to bring up his prospective offspring in the Roman Catholic faith.

As a result of this development the engagement was broken off. But when he succeeded in inducing Belinda to see him again, his eloquent arguments caused her to waver, and when they parted he felt confident of final victory.

A few days later he was horrified to receive a letter from her, explaining that her aunt Eliza, who had just come on from the West, had offered to take her on a tour around the world, and that she was starting immediately for Southampton. She said although she hoped God would give her grace to withstand temptation, yet she loved him so fondly that she feared if she saw him again she might be weak enough to yield to his entreaties and marry him, thus acting against the dictates of her conscience, and risking not only their

chance of earthly happiness, but also imperilling her spiritual well-being.

"It breaks my heart to run away from you," she had written, "And it seems cowardly not to stay and reason this matter out, but your pleading weakened my resolve to give you up. I was afraid of you and of myself. I had to pray for strength while you were speaking, and the struggle exhausted me. Now I am fleeing from the danger. Believe me, it is better so, If I married you we would both be unhappy. Scant peace and few blessings descend upon a house divided against itself. But I want you to know that none other can or will take your place in my heart. I shall love and pray for you always. Goodbye, and God be with you."

He started in pursuit by the next steamer, but although he travelled from one country to another, following the beaten track over which the majority of tourists go, he found no clue to her whereabouts.

During his fruitless journeyings his mind dwelt continually on the motives which had prompted her to leave him. Knowing the strength and depth of her love and the sacrifice which the parting involved, he felt that the creed which seemed dearer to her than aught else must indeed be a marvellous one. Finally he bent his energies to the task of investigating and understanding it. In this he was ably assisted by a Dominican missionary whom he met on his return to New York. And the time came when he, like many another earnest seeker after truth, found the unutterable peace and consolation which the weary and heavily-laden enjoy when admitted into the fold of the Roman Catholic Church.

"To-night is the tenth anniversary of our parting, and the fifth anniversary of my reception into the Church," concluded Willis. "My prayers have at last been answered. It has been a sorrowful quest, Father Duval, but now I hope and believe I will soon be united to my beloved. See, I have the ring. It is none the worse for the long wait."

Father Duval looked at the shining band, then grasped Willis's hand: "God bless you," he said feelingly. "You will have a noble wife. Miss Brooks came here last week with a party of New York excursionists, of whom I had charge. I was introduced to her on the steamer and felt greatly interested. That is why I put such a pointblank question to you when I overheard your exclamation. Goodnight now. I will remember you when I am saying Mass to-morrow."

They shook hands and Willis and Bobbie returned to the boat. When the latter tried to express his joy because of his friend's good luck, he broke down and cried like an overgrown boy.

Willis patted his arm: "Thank you, dear old Bobbie! You needn't say a word. I know how glad you are. I'm happy to-night, thank heaven, but to-morrow I'll be still happier."

Alas for human hopes! If he had but known what new misery the morrow would bring, his sleep that night would have been less peaceful!

### III.

The following day when Willis Nevins called at Pine Villa he was intensely disappointed to learn that Belinda had gone to Au Sable Chasm.

Mrs. Curtis told him that she had looked pale and tired in the morning, and had expressed a strong disinclination to visit the Chasm, but the other members of the party carried her off, sorely against her will.

Did she leave no message,—no word?" Willis said blankly.

"Well, she did say something, but I hardly think it could be called a message. She seemed restless and agitated during the early part of the day, but just before starting she said to me in a breathless sort of a way, 'I'm sorry I'm going. I would like to stay,—though the barrier is impassable as ever. Please tell him so.' I didn't know what she meant, and she had gone before I could ask."

Willis leaped up: "Thank you,—thank you!" he cried. "I'm going straight to Au Sable Chasm. I can't wait until she returns!"

He rushed out, leaving Mrs. Curtis looking and feeling bewildered.

The faithful Bobbie was within hailing distance. The situation was briefly explained, and the two men hastened to the Cliff Haven Station. To their dismay they found that the next train to the Chasm was not due for nearly three hours. This period seemed an eternity to Willis, but Bobbie tried to divert his attention by taking him over the Summer School grounds. They wandered through the Club House, Auditorium, and other buildings, and admired the lovely cottages that dot the velvety sward. They visited the golfers' paradise, passing on the way crowds of pretty girls and bright-faced youths who discussed the lecture that had been given in the morning, and the "hop" that would take place in the evening; they saw young, middle-aged, and elderly people basking

in the sunshine while the studiously inclined sat in grassy nooks, poring over books, and rousing only to listen to the song of the birds or to gaze with rapturous content on the peaceful surroundings.

"Isn't it jolly!" said Bobbie enthusiastically, "Such an ideal place and an ideal life! Wouldn't you think they all belonged to one happy family, knit together by the bond of perfect understanding?"

Willis nodded acquiescently, but it was easy to see his thoughts were elsewhere. After awhile they returned to the station where they waited until the train came in.

The journey was quickly accomplished, but it was nearly five o'clock when they reached their destination. The Summer School party were on the platform, having returned from their trip through the Chasm. They numbered fifty, under the leadership of Father Duval.

Willis saw Miss Eliza Brooks in the background, but his eager search for Belinda was unrewarded. When he made inquiries about her everyone looked astounded. And as soon as it was found that she was not amongst them the wildest consternation reigned.

Her aunt hysterically explained that on entering the Chasm the party had broken up into small cliques, some of which made the trip rapidly, while others lingered on the bridges and in the shady recesses. She had last seen her niece near the point known as "Smuggler's Pass." Belinda was alone at the time, but as a group of girls was only a few yards in advance, she had not thought anything of it. Then, when the sight-seeing was over, the crowd dispersed around the grounds of Au Sable Hotel, and a little later were stowed away in the stages, and no one, it seemed, had missed Belinda.

Father Duval's suggestion that she might have grown weary and quietly returned to Cliff Haven assuaged in some degree the keen anxiety. While the ladies were all talking at once and the gentlemen looking helplessly at each other, the rumble of an approaching train was heard. Father Duval bundled the party into it remarking that he would remain in the chasm with Mr. Nevins and Mr. Benton until he had fully assured himself that the missing girl was not there.

The trio then traversed the ravine from end to end. Their solicitude about Belinda was too great to make it possible for them to pay heed to the weird grandeur and wild beauty of the scene. When they had hurried over the two-mile distance without finding any

trace of her they went to the hotel and telephoned to Mrs. Curtis, asking if she had returned there. The negative answer made Willis feel absolutely sick. He questioned the hotel proprietor as to the possibility of anyone falling into the Chasm from one of the galleries that wind along its course. He was assured that the walks, stairways, and paths were perfectly safe, and that although thousands of tourists visited the place each summer, no accident had ever occurred.

By this time the daylight had faded, and the rising moon poured down its silvery radiance on the scene. When some one suggested that it might be well to pursue the search elsewhere, Willis said in tense tones, "No! I can't tear myself away; something seems to hold me here. Father Duval, you are worn out. You had better rest now. I'll search the ravine once more."

"You shan't go alone, Mr. Nevins," said the priest, "I'll stand by you while my strength holds out."

Bobbie Benton gulped down a big lump in his throat: "Me too, Willis!" he said unsteadily.

At this juncture a young man ran up the steps to the balcony; his face was ashen and his eyes bulged from their sockets.

"Help—help!" he shouted, "Ring the alarm bell; rouse the place! There's a woman in the gorge. Bring men—ropes—everything! Follow me!"

He turned and sped away swift as an arrow. Willis and Bobbie rushed madly after him. Father Duval restrained those who would have followed impetuously. He issued brief, clear commands, which were quickly obeyed, and lanterns and coils of stout rope were procured.

When the rescuing party reached the spot known as the "Post-office" they found Willis leaning over the precipice.

As they approached he drew back and looking at them with anguished eyes, groaned, "Yes, she's down there,—caught fast in a cleft. I can see the gleam of her white dress. Oh, God, I fear she is dead!"

"No, no," said the young fellow who had called for help, "I'm sure she isn't. I was coming back from 'Hyde's Cave,'—to which I had gone alone in the moonlight on a wager,—when I heard faint moans from down there. I crawled to the edge and peered over. Then I made for the hotel as fast as I could."

While he was speaking the men were skilfully knotting a rope harness. Willis stooped so that they might fasten it around him.

Bobbie pushed him aside: "Let me go! Please do, Willis," he urged, "I'm smaller and lighter than you. Besides,—besides—well, life would never again be the same to me if you came to grief."

Willis glanced at him affectionately, "I must save her or die with her," he said quietly, "It is my right."

For one second he knelt before Father Duval, his head bowed reverently. The priest's hand trembled and his voice quavered as he pronounced a blessing.

Willis sprang to his feet and called out, "Now then, men,—make ready! Steady, there—steady!"

The next instant he was suspended in midair; above him rose lofty, frowning rocks, and far below, ran the black, swirling waters of Au Sable River.

Slowly and cautiously the rope was played out until his feet rested on a ledge beside the fissure where Belinda lay. As he gazed at her his heart contracted with fear. Her face had the pallor of death; her eyes were closed, and she was so still that she did not seem to breathe. Almost unconsciously he began to repeat aloud the "Memorare,"—a prayer which was ever on his lips in moments of danger or trouble.

His voice roused her from semi-consciousness. She glanced up and saw him devoutly make the sign of the cross. A smile of happiness played over her features and she murmured a thanksgiving.

Then the most difficult part of his task began. He found she was unable to move or help herself in any way. After repeated efforts he managed to raise her to a standing position, and fastened the rope around her so that they were securely lashed together; then he shouted to the men above, and the double burden was hoisted upward by strong, willing hands.

Before they reached the top her arms relaxed their hold on his neck and she fainted again. But the two were quickly swung into safety, and the rescuers carried them to "Table Rock" where a halt was made.

When she was able to speak she explained that she had seen some exquisite ferns growing in a crevice beneath the rocky ledges near the "Postoffice." In her anxiety to secure them she had crept under the railing that made the pathway safe, and holding to it with one hand, leant far out. At this point there was a sort of landslide, and, as she plucked the ferns, her foot slipped. The jerk loosened her grasp on the rail, and she slid about thirty feet down the steep



incline, speechless with terror. When about thirty feet above the foaming torrent, into which she expected to be precipitated, her descent was suddenly arrested by a pile of rocks, forming the cleft into which she had rolled.

Before her story was told a physician, one of the guests at Au Sable Hotel, arrived on the scene. He found that she had sustained some painful, though not very serious injuries, and said that she would be unfit to travel even a short distance for several weeks.

Upon hearing this, Willis drew Father Duval aside:

"I'm afraid to let her out of my sight again," he said nervously. "I feel as though she would vanish into thin air if I took my eyes off her for a moment. Twice have I searched for her, enduring mental torture all the while. I think a third quest, whether it lasted years or hours, would kill me. Father, if I can get her consent will you marry us here and now?"

"Indeed I will, my son," was the prompt reply.

Willis went to her and bending over her said earnestly, "My Heart,—there's no longer any barrier between us. We are of the same faith. My love has never faltered throughout the weary years. I know you can say the same. Do not let us part again. Won't you marry me at once?"

She answered never a word, but put her hand in his. And there and then the two were made one. Father Duval repeated from memory the marriage service, his kind face beaming. Bobbie acted as best man, and sobbed openly during the ceremony. The others looked on with pleasure and surprise.

Willis Nevins's sorrowful quest was over. The woman he loved was his wife. The moonlit sky formed their canopy; the mighty rocks their altar, and the song of the birds their bridal-hymn!

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### LIFE'S WINDS.

WILLIAM GARVIN HUME.

*A PERFUMED zephyr blown from Paradise,  
A storm-rack driven madly to and fro;  
A balmy breeze that o'er the ocean flies,  
A night wind thro' pine forests wailing low,  
A mist that moves to where winds cease to blow.*

## A WORD TO OUR GIRLS.

## PATIENCE.

MARIE AGNES GANNON.



LET patience have its perfect work." Did you ever think, girls, what a splendid thing patience is? It is not a colorless virtue, or an inactive one. It does not mean tamely enduring circumstances that might be improved.

I once knew a woman who ever had the word patience on her lips, and she habitually wore a faint smile and a dull calico wrapper. She used to sit in the midst of her untidy home and hold a baby—there was a whole family of babies, and somehow she always had one to hold—and she would say, in tones that suited her general surroundings:

"Come in, Miss. I'm glad to see you; no, nothing is any better. It seems it can't be. The children all have colds. My husband never spends a minute in the house that he can help. Yes, everything is going on in the same way. No hope for anything else, Miss. But we must have patience in this world. I hope I have patience whatever else I lack."

She accepted calmly every help given her and her children, took every gift great or small with her "patient smile," and an air of doing her duty in so accepting. But when urged to do something to change her depressing situation she would shake her head, and with that provoking faint smile say:

"We must have patience. When you live as long as I have in this world of trouble and woe you will know there is nothing but trials. And we must bear it patiently. It's no use trying to do anything else."

And many people thought this woman was patient, because she called her indolent habit of mind by the name of virtue. But you can see that it was not patience at all, but a very traitor to the brave virtue that is so necessary to high endeavor and noble striving. It is never the possession of patience that makes us give up trying to overcome difficulties. And I cannot imagine anyone, who has the least bit of the gentle old virtue, going about with a sad smile, or dreary sounding words and phrases.

The real virtues, every one of them, are sturdy and bright; they have no half lights and dim shadows about them. Patience gives a courages continuance in right doing, in the face of seeming failure, or lack of accomplishment. It gives a lovely expression to any girl's face, and its "perfect work" is a strength that is wonderfully strong without being stiff or aggressive.

A boy with whom a whole family of aunts and sisters "had no patience," fortunately became acquainted with a young girl, a little older than himself, who did have patience, but in such a way that she was not forever asserting the possession of it. She found out, by showing some interest in him, that he knew a great deal about wild flowers and ferns. She made little sacrifices of her own wishes and plans, never hinting about such a thing, however, and the "troublesome, rough, selfish boy," was ready to do anything in his power to please the girl who tried to understand him and please him. She induced him to help one of his aunts with her flowers, and make a wonderful border of wild ferns. Gradually from being the terror of peace and order in the house he came to be indispensable in all the plans for pleasure and improvement.

Think how indispensable to science patience is. The long watches of the astronomer; the privations and sacrifices of the explorer; the repeated trials of the inventor; what would it all come to if they had not the quiet patience that gave them courage to keep on!

In direct contrast to the woman I told you of a while ago I knew one who was always truly patient. She had ever a bright saying, a cheery tone and word for all who came near her. She could move her head and arms a little, and her thumbs. Her other joints were stiff and bent, so that she was always in a cramped up posture. She had suffered in this way for thirty-eight years. This is no sketch of fancy. I tell my girls "real facts and deep truths." There is no fiction in our talks. This dear old lady was buried a week ago, and yet as I write about her to you her clear blue eyes and quick, merry manner of speaking are so plain before me that it is hard to realize that fact.

She was poor, could scarcely be poorer, yet in the four years I knew her I never heard her complain or even express a regret at her state in life or her helplessness. Many a merry, quaint turn she would give to a bit of serious advice, softening and making it easier to take for her hearer. Self never loomed up before her, shutting out the interests of others. She was eager to hear all the

news, and to be told of the new hat to be trimmed, or the old dress to be "turned and made new." And she watched from her little window under the roof with such observant eyes that she knew when "large sleeves went out," and when eton jackets "came in."

"Can't you get a half yard of bright colored silk," she asked a young woman a few days before she died, "instead of that no-color ribbon you have? It would look nice and springlike to have a bit of rose color in your hat. I can tell you how to shirr it just the way it is put on hats now."

And the rose-color silk is on the hat, bravely shirred under the direction of the kind old friend, who will never again use her memory of old time skill.

To another who was thinking of selling some of her valuable old furniture to get money for pleasure trip, she said:

"When you buy furniture the price always rises; but when you have any to sell the price always drops. Keep your nice chairs, and walk in your own city parks for an hour every day, and it will do you as much good as an expensive trip."

"I know I'd have to sell the things for a song," began the young woman.

"And you would soon forget the tune of it," interrupted the old lady. A laugh followed this, taking all unpleasantness out of the advice, and the young woman still has her heirlooms.

It was that way with everything—interest in every one, and keen good sense to help them in the little ways of life, and nothing was too small to deserve consideration.

"The good Lord knows the reason for things we can't understand," she would say, "so of course everything is bound to come out right in the end."

She sat day after day at her little window, that gave her a good view of the central door of the Dominican church. The room was directly under the roof, and in the long, hot summers of Washington was nearly suffocating. But she did not want to leave it, because it was so near the church. Once, just once, she had been inside that beautiful, large church, and had been carried "right near the altar." She was a convert, having become a Catholic after her affliction, so that one visit was treasured in her memory like a vision of promise.

"I look at the big door," she said, "and then I seem to see through, up the long aisle to the little white and gold door that is the gate of heaven, for it is all that is between us and God who died for us."

Think of it girls—she had never been at Mass! But when the bell rang at the consecration she would make the sign of the cross as well as she could, and bend her head reverently. She was asked once if she would not like to be in the church some day when that bell rang. She looked up at the questioner with her shining blue eyes and bright smile.

"There's a many things we'd like in this world," she answered, "but if the Lord don't see fit to give them to us it's in my mind that He means us to make the best of what we have. So I'm glad I'm so near the church."

She received Holy Communion often, and always on the first Friday when possible. A Protestant relative was present on one of these days, and remarked, after the priest had gone, that: "He didn't say a single prayer in English that you could understand!"

"He brought the Creator of all understanding to me," answered the old lady, "and knew his duty better than to interrupt the silence of my soul at such a time."

A beautiful life, although it was so hidden and so humble. A useful life, though the frail hands could do nothing, even to help herself. And a true patience that bore inactivity for thirty-eight years without complaining or peevishness.

"What a loss to the parish," said a religious, when told of her death, "but what a wonderful gain to herself!"

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### A BROKEN HEART.

*F de S.*

**Y**OUR proud, old castle stood aloof right well,  
Nor gave one inch of entrance to the foe,  
Nor deigned one echoed answer to the royal one  
Who, years and years, stood waiting there below.

Your stern, old stronghold held its own right well;  
Then once, mid wildest carnival, a storm swooped down  
And smote and shattered, shook and smote again,  
Flinging your treasured walls in heaps around.

Your poor, old battlements are useless now,  
In desolation's drear despair you grieve apart,  
Still, through the ruined gates the Christ-King enters in,  
And takes you to His home, the stronghold of His Heart.

## A STUDY OF "JOHN GILDART."

A POEM BY MRS. M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN.

TERESA BEATRICE O'HARE.

"The moving finger writes, and having writ,  
 Moves on, nor all the piety nor wit  
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,  
 Nor all the tears wash out a word of it."



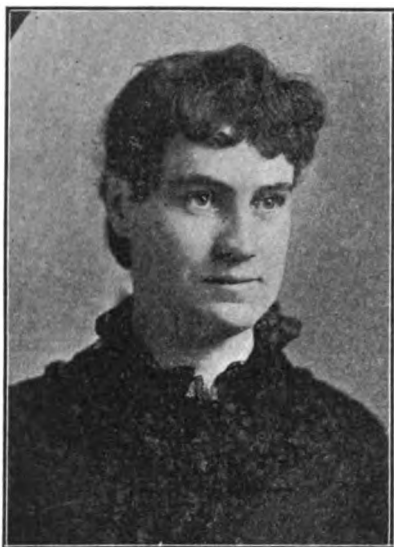
ND still the moving finger writes, sometimes with high and holy motives, sometimes to pander to the eyes and souls that never upward look, sometimes out of a heart crushed and bruised with the pain of living, and sometimes out of the wild longings of desire; but always to please, always to win something. Bread it may be. And the bread comes in small portions, and the crust is often hard and bitter. Love perchance? And with it come cares, envies and regrets. Fame? Ah well, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and the moving finger writes, and whether for bread or love or fame, we have the world's imperishable books. Who cares now whether they were written in pain or hope or love or joy? They are ours to have and to hold, and which of us would wish or dare to wash out one word or cancel half a line?

Have the times changed much, I wonder, since Gray timidly sent out to a critical and unappreciative world his famous *Elegy*? or since Goldsmith emptied himself of the best that was in him in *The Deserted Village*? Was it not then as now that each professional critic feared to be the first to praise and dreaded being the last to blame?

"Why," said a friend to me the other day, "do we Catholics not make more headway in literature and the arts and sciences?"

"I do not know," I replied, "unless it be that we are always so eager to get away from our own great masters and traditions." When do you hear us quote Ullathorn, Manning, Newman, Faber or Montalembert? Isn't it always Ruskin, Emerson, Tennyson or Carlyle? And when do you hear us praise our own until all the world has first praised them?

We have so much faith in others, and so little in ourselves. Some of our so-called Catholic journalists and critics have just such smattering of literature as the public schools can give, and with the arrogance of the ignorant, they make final and absolute pronouncement on the effort of any and every aspirant that comes to them for notice. That is one of the times when "shallows murmur while deeps lie dumb."



M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN.

of a broken heart. Yet through all there is not one harsh or unmusical sound. The poem holds one like the gentle melody of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words," changing from the tenderest stirrings of the love of youth to the deep undertones of tragedy, all the while with a tunefulness and a happiness of phrase that delight and charm. For instance:

A mountain way, a russet thread that wound  
 Ambitious from the valley's low content  
 To cloud-embarrassed precipice. Midway  
 Beside the path, a modest cottage stood  
 As though it halted in its white repose,  
 Nor higher wished to dare. The sunset flames  
 Had faded to the ashes of gray eve,  
 When up the path a horse and rider came;  
 A mountain farmer with his mountain bride,  
 The cot their quiet goal. Their steed forgot  
 The steep ascent and double burden when  
 He took the air of home into his breath.  
 John Gildart gave him rein—happy to feel  
 The nearness of his home, happier still  
 The clasp of two dear hands, happiest of all  
 That Ruth and home and happiness were his.  
 Just as the quiet beehive grows aloud,  
 With all its buzzing life, at the first crash  
 Of honey-seekers, at the horseman's tread,

The cottage broke from stillness into sound,  
Kinsman and friend and neighbor welcoming  
John Gildart and the bride he brought across  
The Carolina border.

To the door

Last, slowly tottering, two age-bowed forms,  
And John said gently: "Father, this is Ruth."  
And still more gently: "Mother, this is Ruth."  
The girl's sweet eyes, so sought a welcome in  
Their faces, that the old man's heart, straightway,  
Went after John's; the mother's, too, almost  
Forgave her usurpation, when she spoke.  
And then she swept the merry human tide  
Back to the cottage and the feast began;  
The wedding merriment of mountaineers.  
While Ruth sat pondering at the cordial board,  
Her eyes and thoughts going from face to face  
Trying to hide the wonder that they all  
Were unfamiliar; then remembering who  
Was at her side, she sent her brave true smile,  
A gentle messenger, unto his friends  
And won her place among them.

Through the night

Upon the silver silence of the hills  
The little cottage flashed out like a gem  
With all its gleaming windows to the sky.  
And when the stars went out beyond the night  
To call Aurora from behind the heights,  
And bid her bring the morning, one by one,  
Left friend and kinsman, for their homes, or up  
Or down, or o'er the ceaseless crests. And Ruth  
Enthroned by love, with gentle conquest, took  
Possession of the kingdom of her home.

Thus the home-coming. And so it goes on, with the same deft  
fitting of words to thought, through that first sweet year of wedded  
happiness,—until the time

When friend and kinsman gathered once again  
To give their welcome to the new-born son.  
All through the blossoming Spring, day after day,  
Ruth sat before the cottage, with her babe,  
Her eyes now on her needle, now upon  
A moving speck far down the hillside, that  
She knew was John. And sometimes seeing him  
In the blue ether of the fields below



The girl would stand, shading her love-sweet eyes,  
 To follow surer where her thoughts had led.  
 Then finding him, would hold her baby up  
 High in her arms as some brave soldier might  
 Uplift the standard of his fealty  
 For friend to recognize; and loyal John  
 Down in the valley fields, would look and see,  
 Saluting heartily the living sign.

This is true pastoral poetry, sweet as the new-mown fields, human as the heart. It is saying much, but the lines which follow remind me of Wordsworth at his best.

Then Ruth would drink the nectar in the air  
 That flooded all the April-haunted crests  
 And worship in her simple woman's soul  
 The wondrous sacred beauty of the hills,  
 And feel her spirit lifted up to meet  
 Their ancient mystery; yet all the while  
 Resting her heart upon its own repose."

The Celtic touch is here. It is plain to be seen that Mrs. Ruffin is first and foremost an Irishwoman. Can you not see it in her quick responsiveness to sights and sounds to which other natures are insensible? To murmurs from the earth, to colors in the sky, to tones and accents of the soul that speak to the Celtic sense as to no other.

"The great marvel of our art," says Mrs. Humphrey Ward, writing of the Irish Bronte sisters, "is to make a charm out of the disease that plagues us. A spring of eternal madness rises in the heart of our race. The 'realm of fairy,' the most beautiful on earth, is our domain. Idealism, understood as a life-long discontent; passion, conceived as an inner thirst and longing that wears and kills more often than it makes happy; a love of home and kindred entwined with the roots of life so that home-sickness may easily exhaust and threaten life; an art directed rather to expression than to form—ragged often and broken, but always poignant, always suggestive, touched with reserve and emotion" \* \* \* thus she characterizes the Celtic character and the Celtic art. This poem of Mrs. Ruffin's is very American, in subject, in conception, in treatment, and yet it is dominated by these characteristics of the Celt. It has not the Celtic fire of passion, it is true, but rather those strains of mournfulness, of sweetness and tenderness that have formed the undercurrent of the Celtic literature since first a poet tuned it into life.

Mrs. Ruffin's poem is not always peacefully pastoral, however. John Gildart has his struggle, the struggle of a brave man. For months, with a nameless fear in his heart, Ruth had watched him

grow more silent and more deeply troubled. At last she knows the cause and the outcome. One day he tells them of his wrestling and his decision. \* \* \*

“Father! Mother! Ruth!  
My baby boy! We are so happy in  
Our little home. The great hills, towering, stand  
Above us like strong sentinels, to guard  
The lives beneath the solemn shade. So far,  
So high in heaven’s smile, our quiet home,  
That all the clamors of the noisy world  
Are only breathless whispers, when they climb  
Our peaceful altitudes. There sometimes comes  
A summons, in the whisper, faintly clear,  
That no man’s soul can shrink from answering.  
However far away, however faint,  
The echo of that call, it must be heard—  
And it has come to me. Virginia calls  
Aloud to all her manhood, and shall I,  
Child of her brave old hills, not heed her voice?  
True, I am far away; and none would seek  
A simple farmer in his sky-pitched home  
In these defiant hills. But can I hear  
My mother-state in silence when she cries  
In all her need to all her sons? No! No!  
What answer give the future of my boy  
When his young manhood asks: “And where were you,  
My father, when our country called, and all  
Virginia’s sons responded?” O my wife!  
Our little year has been so plentiful  
In happiness, so soon to close; but Ruth,  
You would not bid me linger to prolong  
The happiness that might grow bitter to  
The coward conscience.”

Ruth sought to speak  
But the strong pain rose up and slew her voice.  
“Father! Mother! My boyhood’s proudest dream  
To reach the day, when all my fresh young strength  
Could take your burdens, only leaving you  
A peaceful sense of life’s secure decline,  
Is broken with the later dreams for Ruth  
And for my boy. Why say I more? The sharp  
Clear sound of battle rings through all the land  
To guard our Southland; and shall I remain  
In faint security with craven heart,  
Barter for base-browed ease, the lifted front

Of manhood, in the peril of our peace?  
Two voices called, my country and my home.  
O Ruth! my wife! but He, Who made us knows  
The struggle sore to tell which voice to heed.  
For the strong arm I meant to be your shield  
Could not be nerveless, in Virginia's need,  
And that it might not blindly traitor prove  
To either cause, my country or my hearth,  
I multiplied its strength, for many a day  
In your behalf, to fortify my home  
Against the season I must dedicate  
Unto my country. So the long dark days  
Are shielded from all want. Then while I give  
My arm in battle for our brave old land,  
No thought of any dear one needing it  
Shall steal its strength. And now, my home secure,  
I listen to the other voice that called  
Against my hearthstone and in answer go."  
Ruth's voice that died in her first terror, rose  
To meet John's troubled gaze, that spite of all  
His courage-covered words, sought her reply,  
To give them life. As though his eyes asked: "Must  
I go?" her tones rode over sobs to say,  
"I cannot bid you stay." The father laid  
A feeble hand that met the mother's touch  
In silent blessing on the bended head;  
And all the long-contested doubts were done.

Then follows the real story of the faithful, patient waiting of Ruth, of her sickness and desolation, of John's almost compulsory desertion, of his unjust and shameful death. I have let Mrs. Ruffin speak for herself because she can do it more worthily than any reviewer may attempt. In the poem she has shown her possibilities. She is the author of many charming stories and poems, but "John Gildart" is not the most ambitious but the best piece of work she has yet done. It appeals to the highest and holiest instincts, and deals with the sentiments at once vital and universal, love of home and love of country. In finding inspiration in the themes which are most intimately human, poetry attains its noblest uses and its loftiest reaches. For it is by lowly things that we are most uplifted, as little children lead the way to heaven. Mrs. Ruffin does not go abroad into the stir and press of the world's highroads, she finds tragedy and poetry enough in the common ways and in the quiet of simple lives. She has woven her strands with skilful fingers and colored the web in a glow of life and feeling.

May the poem bring its writer the recognition and success which she so richly deserves.

## The Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.



**R**OSARY MAGAZINE, SOMERSET, OHIO.

Dear Father:—I wish to establish both the League of the Sacred Heart and the Rosary Confraternity in our church. Will the altar serve for both sodalities or must each society have its own altar?

Yours sincerely in Christ,

W. P. M.

One and the same altar can be used by many sodalities or confraternities, with the provision that the consent of each director be obtained. But as many inconveniences may arise from this owing to the arrangements that will be necessary for meetings, it is better that each sodality have its own altar. (S. C. Indulg. 29 Maii 1841.)\*

Frequently Dominican Fathers are asked if the Rosary indulgence can be gained by reciting the beads according to the custom so prevalent, namely: First, by saying the Apostles' Creed, then one Our Father and the Hail Mary three times.

The prayers necessary to gain the indulgences of the Rosary are simply, the Our Father and the Hail Mary. These are the only essential vocal prayers. Not even the Glory be to the Father† is necessary. When the Rosary is said for the dead, in many places the pious custom exists, of terminating each decade with "Grant unto them eternal rest, O Lord. And may perpetual light shine upon them." Meditation of course is part of the Rosary, and unless one is incapable of mental prayer, the indulgences are not gained without meditation on the mysteries of the Rosary.

St. Pius V., the last canonized Pope, a member of the Order of Preachers, determined\* that the Rosary is essentially composed of the Angelic Salutation repeated one hundred and fifty times; corresponding to the number of psalms of David's psalter, and the

\* Acta S. Sedis Pro Soc Ros., Vol. I, 229. † Loco cit, 116.

‡ "Consueverunt Romani Pontifices," 17 Septem, 1569.

Lord's Prayer fifteen times, together with meditation on the life of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Any other prayers added by way of preface or termination have their origin in pious customs and usages but are not a part of the Rosary and need not be said to gain the indulgences.\*

The Irish Rosary concluded in its August number the series of articles on "St. Dominic and the Rosary." They are ably written and deserve a more lasting form. Their sale in book form, in all probability will not be great, as the examination of documents and the consideration of the value of tradition, is something which the popular taste will not relish. But the students of ecclesiastical history and the children of St. Dominic will recognize their worth and regard them as a valuable contribution to the cause of truth.

It is scarcely necessary to remind Rosarians that on the 8th of September we celebrate the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, and on the 15th, the feast of the Holy Name of Mary. Rosarians, the chosen children of Mary, should be ever ready to honor and praise her, but especially, and in a greater degree on her feast days. Let them consider with what great devotion, with what pure affection God wished her to be honored, in whom He placed the plenitude of all goodness. St. Augustine says that on Mary's natal day the earth rejoices in the most joyous exaltation. So should her clients. Recall what hope her birth gave the world. Of her would be born the Son of Justice. He would free us from malediction and bestow on us benediction, who would conquer death and leave us a pledge of future glory. Need we exhort Rosarians to have constant recourse to Mary, to have an unwavering confidence in her name? Listen to St. Bernard: "If the winds of temptation rise up against thee, if you strike the jagged rocks of tribulation, look for the Star of the Sea, call Mary. If you are tossed about and buffeted by the billows of pride, of ambition, of detraction, of calumny, call Mary. Following her you shall not wander; praying to her, you shall never despair."

Priests requesting faculties to impart the Dominican blessing to beads, should make a small offering to the Master General. There are the expenses of postage and of publication of the booklet containing blessings, List of Indulgences, etc., which are sent to every priest receiving faculties.

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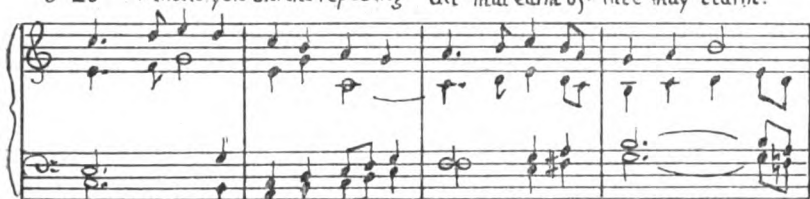
\* See Leikes' "Rosa Aurea."

# St. Quirinus M.\*

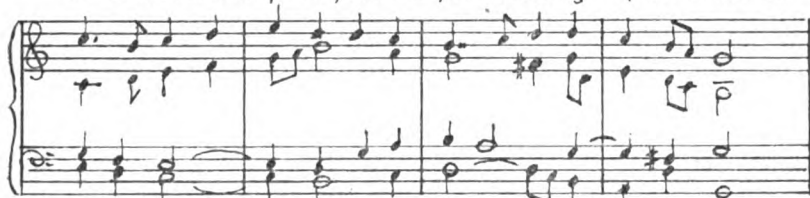
Mus. by J. N. M. P.  
Words by L. D. P.



- 1 Hail to thee thou Saint in glory! Hail to thee brave martyred youth!
- 2 Hark the cries the welkin rending! See the armed bands draw nigh!
- 3 Faith and hope and love uphold him, Meekly bows his fair young head,
4. Hail blest Saint across the ocean, Pi-ous hands thy re-lics bore;
- 5 Lo' within yon shrine reposing All that earth of thee may claim!



Latest time shall list thy story, Vic-tim pure to Christian truth!  
Roman legions onward wending, Thirst for blood-the youth must die!  
Guardian angel's arms enfold him, Lowly lies he mid the dead,  
Heavenward lifting each emotion, Calm they rest upon our shore  
Bless this church then, bless thy children, Here invoking thy loved name!



Saint Qui-rinus hear O hear us! Heav'nly aid we ask from thee!



May thy spirit e-ver near us, Our dear guide and patron be!



\* Written for the Church of Our Lady of Grace, Hoboken, N. J.



With the return of September comes the re-opening of our schools, a matter which no Catholic can hold indifferently. Each year proves more and more that the Catholic idea of education is the only true one. To divorce the intellectual from the religious may savor of an advancement and a pretended loyalty to American Institutions which some people of weak spirit like to affect. The constitution of the United States is an instrument drawn in the spirit of wisdom and wonderful breadth, but to be loyal to it one need not deny the great principle, that there can be no true education where the development of mind and heart do not go hand in hand. The splendid specimens of citizenship which the Church produces, the safe and sound mind of scholarship which she forms, the tolerant yet inflexible spirit of religious truth which she breathes into her children, all proclaim this over and again. No wonder that our Catholic schools are multiplying, that their standard is rising and that their power, their indispensable power in the maintenance of Catholic life is being conceded by all.

How striking all of this is even to those outside of the Church is shown by the frequent declarations made by Protestant educators. To the New York Observer of the 8th of August, Dr. Warfield, the President of Lafayette College contributes a thoughtful paper on the great question "Shall the College

be secularized?" Chiding those who look only to intellectual development and who shut out all religion from the training which they give to those under their care, he says:

"The simple fact is that there is a growing tendency to refuse to recognize the obligation of moral training in college, and at the same time a cry for the creation in the student power. Men are needed everywhere to take the lead in business, in scientific pursuits, in the professions, in politics. There are many men equipped above mediocrity in every department. But men who can command confidence by their blameless characters, who can lead men in the great fields of contemporary action, who are trained to live purely, think clearly and act boldly, are very scarce. It is easy to say that such men must always be few. But it was to make such men more numerous that our colleges were established. Shall they give up the effort because the task is hard? Shall they not rather strive the more to attain an end so difficult and so honorable?

"In no sense is the intellectual standard lowered by the coordination of the moral object. The professor who prays is a better intellectual guide than he who scoffs. The teacher who interests himself in the welfare of his students as men, will do more for them than he would if he saw in them only scholars. And even where there is no conscious purpose in inculcating moral or religious truth, the instructor who is at once a lover of Jesus Christ and of the

boys who gather in his class room, can scarcely conceal his love or prevent it speaking a silent language, eloquent in its unuttered tenderness."

It is gratifying to note what excellent work has been done by the Catholic Summer Schools this year. In point of attendance as well as in the quality of the lectures both at Champlain and at Detroit the highest marks were scored. This is only another exemplification of how much can be done by persistent and well-directed effort in spite of very heavy odds. The enthusiasm of the projectors of these schools was never allowed to die out, and though encouragement was slow in coming, they went on in their course, steadily, courageously until they are now beginning to reap some of the reward which should have been theirs years ago. Strangely enough, the support even of a financial kind comes from those who are least blessed in the world's goods. Had the rich Catholics the same generous spirit which so often marks the poorer ones the way to success would have been smoothed and much shortened.

Six free day student scholarships at St. John's College, Fordham, will be open for competitive examination at the College on September 4th, 5th and 6th. They are open to all graduates of parochial, private and public schools in good standing, irrespective of the creed of the candidates. The six highest competitors will receive four years instruction in the high school, or academic department, and upon the completion of that term, the full college course of four years, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts—in all, eight years instruction free of any charge for tuition. Prospective candidates can obtain full information as to subjects of examinations, etc., by communicating at once with the Secretary of the College. These scholarships, which are perpetual, were created by gift to the College in memory of the late Father Dealy, S. J., a former well-known President of St. John's.

On the Feast of Our Lady's Nativity, the Church sings "Thy birth O Virgin Mother has filled the whole world with joy." No wonder that the world exults so, for just as the fall of Eve threw all mankind into darkness, so did the birth of Mary flood the world with light and joy. A moment's reflection will make us understand the significance of the birth of her who was to crush the head of the serpent, and thus snap the shackles that held every child of Adam enthralled. It ought not to be difficult, therefore, to put ourselves into a fitting mood wherein to celebrate this great feast of Our Blessed Mother.

We append a table showing the number and occupation of the Dominican Friars in the Philippines prior to the insurrection and one showing the status in August, 1900.

Prior to insurrection:

Manila, Convent of St. Dominic, 28 priests, 17 lay brothers.  
 Manila, University, 14 priests, 4 lay brothers.  
 Manila, College of St. John Lateran, 12 priests, 4 lay brothers.  
 Dagupan, College of Bl. Alibertus Magnus, 7 priests, 1 lay brother.  
 Province of Manila, 9 pastors.  
 Province of Cavite, 3 pastors.  
 Province of Laguna, 5 pastors.  
 Province of Bataan, 10 pastors.  
 Province of Pangasinan, 34 pastors.  
 Province of Tarlac, 7 pastors.  
 Province of Cagayan, 23 pastors and 10 missionaries.  
 Province of Isabele, 8 pastors and 8 missionaries.  
 Province of Nuera Viscaya, 16 missionaries.  
 Province of Battanes Islands, 7 missionaries.

Status of condition, August, 1900:

Manila, Convent of St. Dominic, 87 priests, 8 lay brothers.  
 Manila, University, 16 priests, 2 lay brothers.  
 Manila, College of St. John Lateran, 16 priests, 4 lay brothers.  
 Battanes Islands, 8 priests.

A very large percentage of the friars who have left the Philippines have gone to China and are now working there on the missions.



## MAGAZINES.

In the *Century* for August the first article is entitled: "Midsummer in New York," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. It conveys a correct notion of what summer life is in a crowded metropolis, describing as it does the appearance of the city and the manner in which the different classes spend the season. Mr. Alexander Hume Ford has a paper on "America's Agricultural Regeneration of Russia." He explains how dependent the Russian farmer is upon this country, and shows that American methods and American machinery are practically developing the country. An essay by William Traut on the "Paris Commune" may be counted a valuable bit of history. The events narrated were witnessed by the writer whose main object is to state the truth plainly and avoid exaggeration. Other good articles are: "Venice Gardens," by Lee Bacon; "The Simplification of English Spelling," by Brander Matthews; "Impressions of India," by Rev. Henry C. Potter. "The Making of a Marchioness" is concluded in this issue.

"The Lifting of a Finger" is the title of a complete novel in the August number of Lippincott's. The story is well told and exceedingly interesting throughout, but the writer, Miss Ina Brevoort Roberts, might have introduced into the novel less objectionable characters. The woman who marries for convenience and the roue who delights in his depravity and who wishes to marry "something between a wife and a housekeeper," do not command respect nor invite emulation. "Philosophy 4," by Owen Wister is long and rather tiresome. The philosophical terms introduced will mean nothing to the average reader. "Brother Pidgley Saves the Day," "The Intervention of Gran'pap," "A Goddess on a Pedestal," "A Rose and a Thorn," and "The Mortification of the Flesh," are the other articles of this number.

The August number of Donahue's is interesting throughout. The considerable number of subjects treated, interspersed by short and variegated stories, makes the whole suitable to all classes of readers. The "Poets" intro-

duced by Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., are well worth knowing. The touching little story, "The Prairie Cross," makes a most striking example for "the moral power of music." How could the angelic sound, from heaven, of the "Ave Maria" fail to move even a cow-puncher's heart? "The Probation System of Massachusetts" is an article interesting to any reader. "The Castle in Spain" ends rather abruptly. "An old Museum in Arizona" corroborates the old adage, "history repeats itself." "An American Fern on the Church's Brow" is no more than an appropriate tribute due to those enterprising and energetic virgins—the Sisters of Loretto. The poem, "In the Temple," is a true poetical version of one of the most compassionate and consoling incidents in the public life of our Lord.

Among a number of interesting articles in the Catholic World for August we find "The Letters of Cardinal Newman," a well written paper showing, by means of extended quotations from Newman's letters, that the Cardinal, like Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron and Shelby, was a Romanticist. After quoting extracts from the Cardinal's poetry he says that Newman "might have been the first poet of his age, if he had not aimed at becoming its first prose-writer." Another paper worthy of special note is "The Indians since the Revolution." In a very brief manner the writer gives an account of the relations existing between the government and the Indians since the Revolution, then he shows what the Church has done for them in the same period. In conclusion he gives a most interesting account of the life and customs of the North American Indians as found in the notes of George Catlin in the "Smithsonian Report, 1885." Rightly does he say that "the Indian is cruel, but the white man who found in him an enemy, had too often been himself wrong and had struck the first blow." Other articles worthy of mention are: "The Work of Races in the World's Religious History," "A Novel 'Pasteur Institute' in Ireland," and "The Preservation of the Missions in Southern California."

The American Monthly Review of Reviews for August is rich in timely and interesting articles. Not the least instructive of these is that by Raymond Patterson entitled "Governor Taft and Our Philippine Policy." The writer gives a short sketch of Governor Taft's career, showing forth his brave and manly character together with his versatile abilities which marked him as the man most fitting for the position he has been called upon to fill. The writer also points out the new Governor's future policy as outlined by President McKinley. "Cuba's Industrial Possibilities," by Albert G. Robinson, is full of interest for all who are watching this infant state; and who is not? Nor are our own industries forgotten. H. F. Newcomb writes of "The Recent Great Railway Combinations," and the editor in the "Progress of the World," tells of the clash between the "Steel Trust and the Strikers." There is a sketch of John Fiske by John Graham Brooks, and another of James E. Yeatman. Dr. L. O. Howard writes of "Mosquitoes as Transmitters of Disease." "The Gaelic Revival in Ireland," by Thomas O'Donnell, M. P., and "The Artist Colony in Darmstadt" are well worth the reading.

A considerable portion of The World's Work for August is devoted to the Pan-American Exposition. The

number itself is called The Pan-American Exposition Number. There is a frontispiece of the electric tower illuminated, which is very impressive and picturesque. The various phases of the Exposition are then treated of in several articles. The first and principal one is by Walter H. Page, editor of the World's Work. This article is supplemented by no less than thirty-five illustrations. After a thorough treatment of his subject the writer draws this inference from the Exposition: The age of steam is passing. We move forward now into the age of electricity. In an article by Charles H. Caffin the Exposition is viewed as a Work of Art. "Primarily," the writer says, "the Exposition is an Art Exposition and one almost exclusively an Exposition of United States Art."

The St. Nicholas for Young Folks, has much in the August number that will please and instruct its readers. The articles on "Adventures of Deed and Daring" are still of deep interest. The continued stories, "The Story of Barnaby Lee," and "A Boy of a Thousand Years Ago," grow in interest as the stories advance. Other stories worthy of mention are "The Transmigration of Anunda," "The Junior Cup—Afterward," and "Our Yellow Slave."

#### BOOKS.

"Heart and Soul," a novel by Henrietta Dana Skinner. Harper Bros., N. Y. \$1.50.

It is but seldom we have the pleasure of calling the attention of our readers to any work issuing from the press of Harper Brothers, in which there is not only nothing prejudicial to Catholic belief, but much calculated to edify and make the Catholic reader feel proud of his faith. In these days when the chief aim of the majority of novelists is to pander to the baser passions of human nature, when no novel will "take" unless crammed with the most poisonous immoral insinuations, it is a relief to find an oasis here and there in the vast Sahara of fiction, where the reader may pause and refresh his nobler faculties. This he will find in the latest work of Mrs. Skinner, "Heart and Soul." The scenes of the

present work are laid chiefly around Detroit, partly in France and in Canada. The hero, the son of a wealthy sugar planter, tells his own story. Saved, when but a child, from a massacre perpetrated by rebellious negro slaves, which deprives him of father and mother, he is taken under the care of a grandfather, whose fidelity and unselfishness is so well described as to call for the highest admiration, and to cause doubt as to whether he or his grandson is the true hero of the story. Thrice does the hero risk his own life to save that of one whose race he has every reason to hate, viewed from a pagan standpoint. On two occasions it is an unfortunate negro slave fleeing from his master; on another, an emaciated negro for whose blood an angry mob is clamoring. The narrator's account of his suffer-

ings through the machinations of an unjust trustee, who does everything to ruin him both morally and financially; his life in France, where he meets with Pere Lacordaire, to whom he offers himself for the work of the sacred ministry; the latter's refusal to accept him, and his advice, "Remember, my child, that you are the follower of Him who died for His enemies"; his subsequent return to America at the outbreak of the civil war; his enlistment in the Northern army and incarceration in a Southern prison; his return to France during the Reign of Terror, where he is arrested and about to be shot when the proof of his American citizenship saves him, are all described in a manner well calculated to keep alive the interest of the reader. While it is true that love plays an important part in the work, yet it is of a healthy, moral kind, which leaves no bad taste in the mouth.

From Burns & Oates, through their American Agents, Benziger Bros., we have received "Beyond These Voices," a novel by Mrs. Egerton Eastwick. The story is an interesting one but it lacks strength. The characterization is unskilful. The principal character, Iolanthe is overdrawn. To depict a character as she is depicted, is to overtax credibility. The story bears a striking resemblance to "Helbeck of Bannisdale." The minor details differ, but the general features are the same. Both have as heroines wild, wistful girls, daughters of infidels, and themselves scoffers at religion. Iolanthe and Laura both dabble in philosophy. In either volume we have a cousin madly in love, a professor teaching the girl, a prospective marriage, and then the suicide of the heroine. "Beyond These Voices" contains a chapter devoted to the explanation of some new system of philosophy of which Iolanthe is the exponent. It is crude and labored. Nor does the entire work contain a character that will counteract the evil impression given by Iolanthe. There is also missing an "Alan Helbeck" whose deep charity and utter forgetfulness of self would stand out in bold relief against the shallow selfishness of the egotist. The author, in her portrayal of Fr. Galbraith, pictures a true priest, one in whom the spiritual predominates over the phy-

sical. Paper and print are very good, the binding is substantial and attractive.

"The McBride Literature and Art Books." D. H. McBride & Co., Akron, Ohio.

We have just received books one, two and three of this series. They are unique in many respects. They are accompanied by Manuals which suggest to the young teacher ways and means of making the lessons more beneficial and interesting. They are arranged for any method of reading, but may be used with great profit by combining the phonic and word methods. They are illustrated with masterpieces of art, and the Manuals give sufficient suggestions for each picture so that the teacher can, in a very little time, prepare excellent lessons. Books one and two treat of the sounds of the letters and words which are common in the spoken vocabularies of the children. They form, as it were, the corner stone for the foundation work in reading. Book three continues the same work, calling attention to syllables, accent, and pronunciation in general. The predominant thoughts in book three are the dignity of labor and the virtue of obedience. The frontispiece is the "Angelus" by Millet which is a noble expression of the dignity of labor. Dobson's "The Plow" is on the title page, and it is, in itself, an inspiration. Short sketches of the lives of heroes and heroines form an interesting feature. In the very first book attention is directed toward good literature, and Longfellow is introduced to the children. In book two, Father Faber, Bryant, Whittier, Alice Cary, and others are introduced. In book three a large number of authors are presented: Wordsworth, Barry Cornwall, Keats, Tennyson, MacDonald, and others.

"Dimplings Success," by Clara Mulholland. Price 40c. Benziger Bros., New York.

A short story adapted in thought and style to the intelligence of the young. The plot is most simple; a child is thrown, by the death of her parents, on the care of an unloving and irreligious grandparent. By her meekness and patience she, in a few months, gains his heart and soon afterwards, by the same means, leads him to the Catholic Communion.

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TILDEN FOUNDATION

# ROSARY MAGAZINE



C. J. B. 1899

# THE ROSARY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE DOMINICAN FATHERS.

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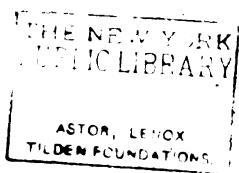
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THE DEATH OF ST. FRANCIS.

THE NEW YORK  
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TILDEN FOUNDATION



# The Rosary Magazine

VOL. XIV.

OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 4

## INFINITUDE.

FRANKLIN PIERCE CARRIGAN.

***A**BOUT my feet the fallen leaves are drifting,  
While overhead the swallows southward go,—  
All reapen lie the leagues of golden wheatlands  
And cornland wigwams stretching row on row:  
For Summer long has vanished to the southland,  
And sad-eyed Autumn steals across the hills,  
Where hare-bells nod amidst the dying grasses,  
And moaning winds the gloaming silence thrills.*

*I wonder where yon long, white road would lead me  
If I should go unto its very end?  
Or would my strength give out and doubts assail me  
Ere I had reached its first descending bend?  
I see it winding down through meadowed reaches  
Till lost among the pines of distant fen;  
And know my spirit feels the restless yearning  
For something far beyond its earthly ken.*

*I wonder if the crests of yonder mountains,  
Which pierce the heavens' vast immensity,  
Can see the mystic source of Light Eternal,  
That only once encompassed land and sea?  
They ever sleep in blue and tranquil beauty,  
And guard the secret of creation's cause,  
Fit emblems of the Great and Mighty Master,  
Who in the end shall right all unjust laws.*





GENERAL VIEW OF THE CHURCH AND MONASTERY.

## FRANCISCAN MONASTERY IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

MARIE AGNES GANNON.



OUNT ST. SEPULCHRE, the Franciscan Monastery in Washington, is like a bit of the wonderful East, country of mystery and romance as well as of holy memories, transplanted to our own prosaic country. It is the holy memories that this building is destined to bring most strongly to our minds; but the architecture is Byzantine, and so an atmosphere of subtle interest, such as we usually associate with all things Eastern and far away, seizes on our fancy as we approach the Monastery, so picturesquely situated on the summit of a gradually sloping hill.

The location is ideal, for it is not the scenery and natural advantages of climate and soil that make our country prosaic, but the needless sacrifice of beauty to utility, especially in architecture, so continually seen.

A few years ago the place now occupied by the Monastery was a wild waste of country. In the first half of the century, however, it had been a home of elegance and large hospitality. The owner, Mr. McCeeny, had a host of friends among the most distinguished

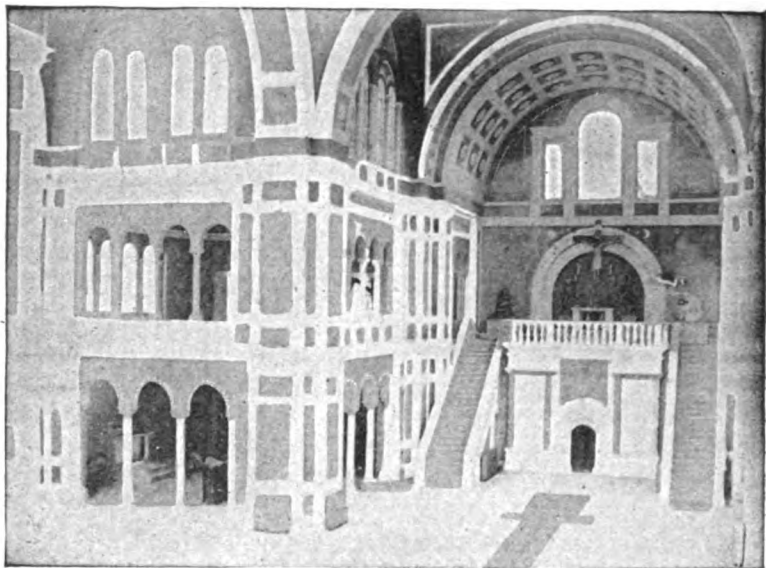
men of the day, and these it was his delight to entertain most royally. Then the large mansion on the hill was surrounded by rare trees, beautiful gardens and all that marks the residence of a gentleman of wealth and good taste. Mr. McCeeny died. Perhaps his generosity had overstepped the bounds of prudence; be that as it may, the old place passed from the possession of the family, and by degrees fell into a state of neglect and disorder pitiful to see, speaking eloquently in its dreary, changed aspect, of the mutability of worldly estates.

When the Franciscans bought the place nothing was left of its old time splendor save its unrivalled situation, and the rubbish-covered bounds of the foundation of the house. But almost like magic the wilderness was subdued, and the walls of Mount St. Sepulchre rose on the hill, and to the surprise of many worthy Catholics in Washington, the daily newspapers finally announced that the sons of St. Francis had come among us to remain permanently, and that on the Feast of the Stigmata of St. Francis, September 17, 1899, the Monastery would be dedicated.

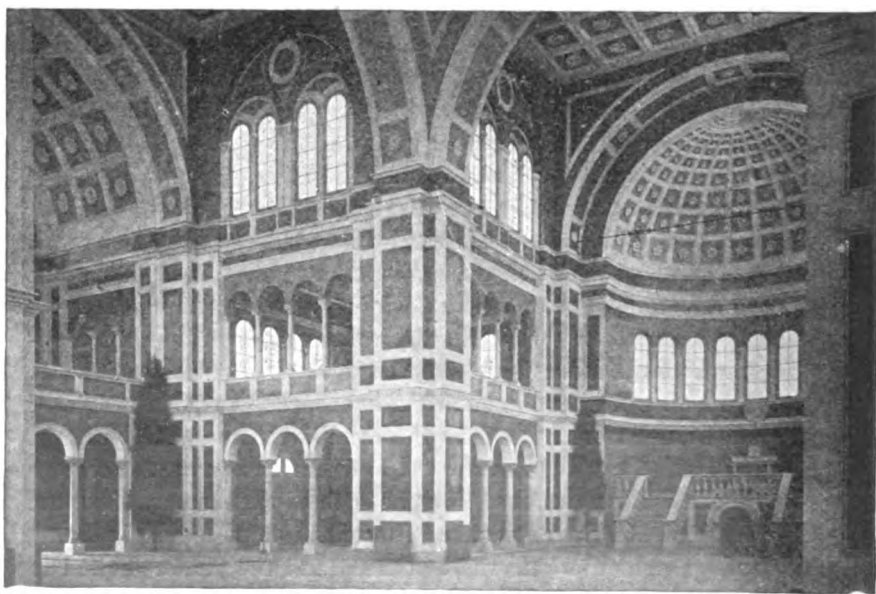
Of course Cardinal Gibbons and many of the clergy knew all about the good work that was going on, but to the majority of the people it was a surprise, so quietly had the work progressed.

The sons of St. Dominic had long been in Washington, and the good people of that place were not slow to welcome the Franciscans. The friendship of the two holy founders, and the co-existent need of the good works of both great Orders, gave a touch of earnestness and joy, a sort of proprietary interest, to Catholics generally when they learned of the dedication of the new Monastery.

The credit is certainly due to the few brothers of the Order who were sent from the Commissariat in New York to build Mount St. Sepulchre and prepare the surrounding ground for its future uses. They came in the hardest winter Washington had experienced for years. They worked away contentedly and silently, making friends of all those their duty brought them in contact with. Every morning they trudged through deep snow and a tangle of pathless, briar-covered wood to the little Church of St. Anthony, in Brookland, the village below the hill. In two years the change in the place was marvellous. On the 17th of September, 1899, the Monastery of Mt. St. Sepulchre, Commissariat of the Holy Land, and College and Mission, was dedicated and the public invited to witness the ceremony and inspect the buildings and grounds. The solemn exercises began at ten o'clock in the morning, when the pro-



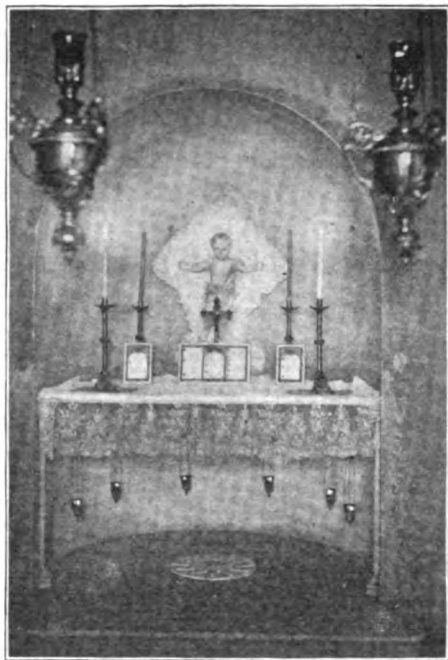
INTERIOR VIEW OF THE CHURCH.



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH. LOOKING TOWARD THE ALTAR OF THE HOLY GHOST.

cession formed and passed around the Church and through the Cloister. The Knights of Columbus had taken charge of the occasion, and individual members spared no pains to have everything go smoothly. As a body, also, the knights responded nobly. By the time residents of Washington became aware of the expected great event, the Knights of Columbus had passed the word along to the different cities throughout the United States, and everywhere that this organization was established interest was shown in true brotherly fashion and representatives sent on to Washington to be present at the ceremonies.

Cardinal Gibbons, attended by Bishop Blenk of Porto Rico, Mgr. Stephan, head of the Indian Missions, Mgr. Sbarretti and a great number of visiting priests blessed the place. At the beginning of the Mass the Church was filled, and great crowds gathered at the doorways. Mgr. Martinelli was celebrant, and occupied a throne on the epistle side of the altar, draped in white and yellow, the Papal colors. On the opposite side, on a scarlet throne, sat His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons.



THE ALTAR OF THE NATIVITY.

A choir of sixty male voices, composed of the members of the Knights of Columbus, sang Gounod's Second Mass. The Very Reverend L. F. Kearney, Provincial of the Dominican Order, preached a sermon of great power and eloquence. In the afternoon, after solemn vespers, Bishop Blenk blessed the little chapel in the woods, which I shall soon describe to you. Then the Knights of Columbus raised two flags in front of the Church—the emblem of the Holy Land, and the national flag. All the remainder of the day crowds continually passed through the Church, which I shall now try to picture before you.

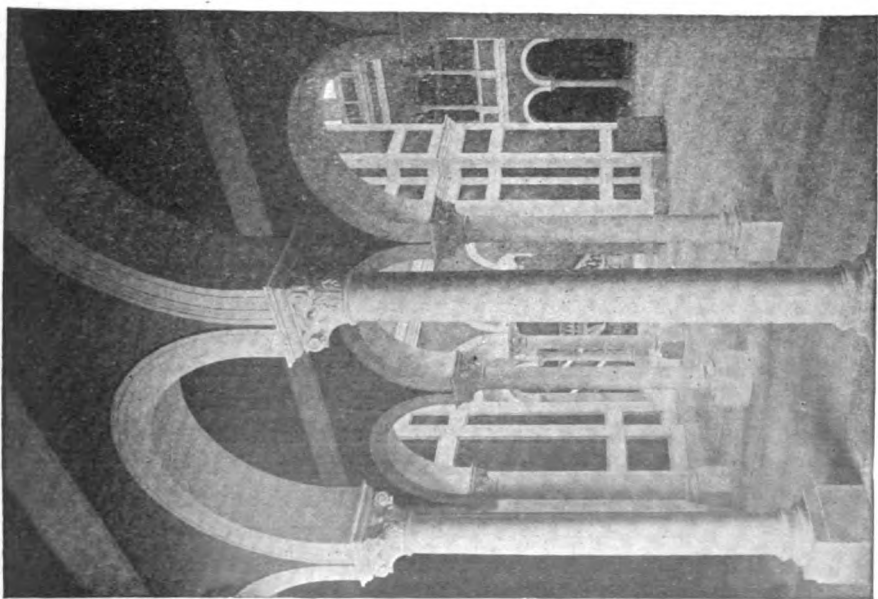
It is a large rectangular building, with a courtyard in the center which is laid out in garden walks, flower-beds and shrubberies, with an immense cistern in the midst. The water is raised by means of an "old oaken bucket," the splash and dash of which the Friars claim, stirs up the water, thus keeping it fresh and wholesome, as it provides the necessary supply of oxygen, which the modern water faucet or pump fails to do.

The inner court is surrounded, on the first floor, by the traditional cloister, a broad, open gallery, where the Friars may walk on rainy days. This cloister can be closed in winter by glass partitions. As the spirit of St. Francis demands strict simplicity there are here no carved columns, delicate tracery and screens such as are seen in many of the lovely old abbeys. Only the garden and the changing clouds above it, give the necessary touch of beauty to the severely plain cloister. There is a counterpart to this cloister in the basement of the building, which has the difference of being enclosed and lighted by windows. Here are workshops, store-rooms for the agricultural products, and the kitchen, pantry and cellar.

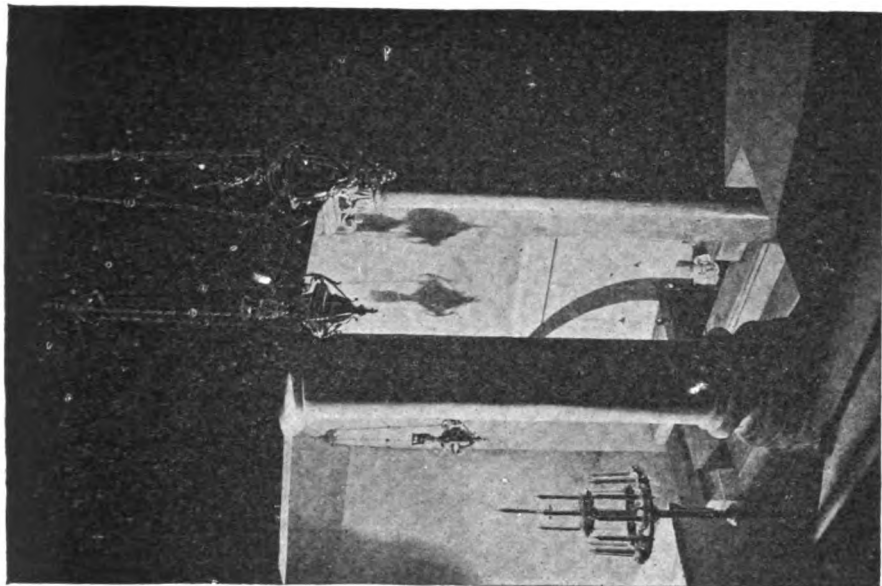
On the first floor off the cloister are the offices of the Commissariat of the Holy Land on the south, the college rooms and study halls on the north, and the refectories and recreation rooms on the east.

The architecture of the Church is based on the general outlines of the Byzantine style, with a slight transition to Italian Renaissance in the details, so the artistic effect of the great Hagia Sophia and the beautiful Certosa of Pavia have been adapted to Franciscan simplicity. The Church is in the form of a five-fold cross, which was the coat of arms of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem, adopted by Godfrey of Bouillon. The large cross forms the main body of the Church, the small crosses forming the chapels. The same emblem is reproduced in the pavement of the Church in Venetian mosaic, so that the whole structure resting on that emblem, declares at once the plan and scope of the institution. This cross is symbolic of the Five Wounds of Our Lord, and is shown beautifully on the large candelabra before the Holy Sepulchre.

The central aisle of the large cross has, at the entrance to the Church, a portico which supports a gallery. At the other end is the sanctuary; the Holy Sepulchre, an exact copy of the one in Jerusalem, is below on the level of the Church floor. Above is the altar, reached by a marble stairway on either side. On both sides



VIEW FROM THE MAIN ENTRANCE.



THE PLACE OF MANGER.



THE CHAPEL OF ST. ANTHONY.

of the altar are entrances to the choirs, where Divine Office is chanted. This altar is called the Calvary, and an impressive group of the Crucifixion is placed above it. It is the gift of the Leune family, of Cologne. To the left of this group is a statue of St. Mary Magdalen; to the right a beautiful Pietà. The platform of the Calvary corresponds in height with the elevation of that holy place in Jerusalem, from the level of the basilica. The vault covering the sanctuary has been omitted, and instead a stained glass window will represent the Eternal Father looking down on His Divine Son. The altar is of the usual Greek style, and in Jerusalem covers the place where the cross was planted. To the right is a rent in the rock, recalling the words which describe the convulsion of nature which took place at the time of Our Lord's death: "The earth quaked and the rocks were rent."

The Holy Sepulchre is directly below the Calvary. The quaint carvings that are in Jerusalem are here perfectly reproduced. The bas-relief, in Greek style, shows Our Lord standing triumphantly on the open tomb, while on one side the guards look up in fear, and on the other the angel announces the glad tidings to the holy women. Adoring angels add to the scene, and the sun, moon and stars appear as silent witnesses of the great event. Between the panels, to right and left, is a low door that leads to the outer room of the tomb. In the middle of this, supported by a low pedestal, is a stone called the "Stone of the Angel," the original of which, tradition avers, is a fragment of the very stone on which the angel rested when he told the glad tidings of the resurrection. Through another door, lower even than the first, we reach the place where the body of Our Lord was laid. From the ceiling hang memorial lamps, and above the tomb is a bas-relief representing the resurrection, a copy of Raphael, done by Mr. James F. Earley, of Washington, D. C.,

who did all the relief work in the Church. This above the tomb is a replica of the silver panel that Cardinal Antonelli gave to the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. Here the tomb from which Our Lord rose, contains the tabernacle, the Eucharistic tomb. There is no further ornament in the room, but in order to protect the place where the Sacred Body reposed from the touch of profane hands, a slab of the most perfect marble was placed over it. Knowing the greed of the Turks, who would be likely to seize a stone of so much value, cunning workmen cut a crevice in the slab, imitating perfectly a crack such as would have resulted if the marble had been broken. The artifice served its purpose, and the slab remains in the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem to this day. To this exact copy of the Holy Sepulchre the Fathers of the Convent come every morning to say Mass, and many pilgrims kneel here with faith aroused by these vivid reminders of the price of our redemption.

The next shrine to attract us is the Grotto of Nazareth. A few steps across the Church to the apse at the epistle side of the chapel a broad stairway leads down to the Grotto. As we descend we notice on both sides of the wall a horizontal bar, surmounted by a circle. This device indicates the limits of the foundation of the Holy House where Mary, her Divine Child and her humble spouse dwelt. The foundations were discovered in 1620, during excavations at Nazareth, for the purpose of building a Church over the shrine. The measurements are identical with the walls of the



THE CHURCH AS SEEN FROM ALTAR OF THE HOLY GHOST.

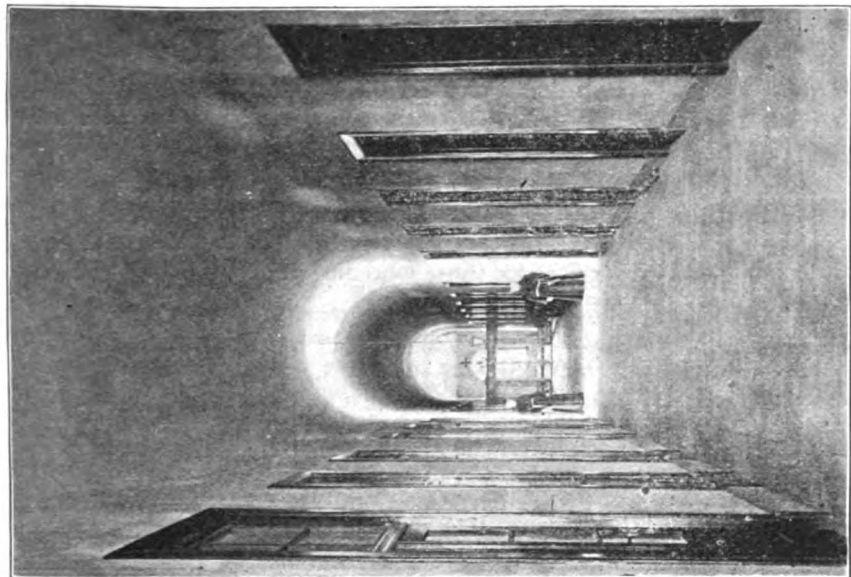


Holy House which angels transported first to Tersate in Dalmatia, then to Recanati and Loretto.

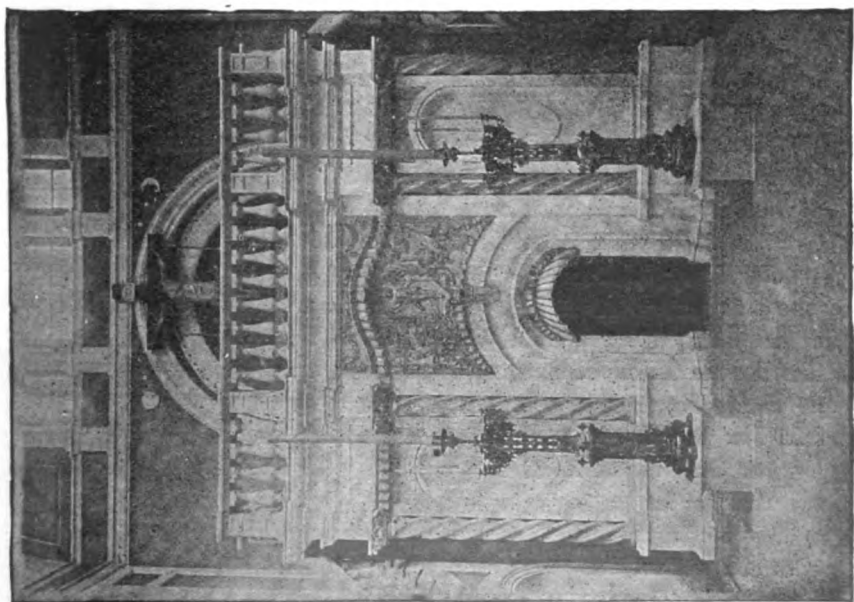
The house consisted of one room, built against the side of a natural cave with which it was connected by an opening. In the Grotto of the Monastery we find as in Nazareth an open space called the Chapel of the Angel. Here are two altars, the one on the left dedicated to St. Joseph, the one on the right to St. Anne. Two steps down and we are before the altar of the Annunciation, which in Nazareth marks the very spot where the Archangel brought the great message to Mary. Underneath, in front of the altar, the cross of the Holy Land is set, and at the bottom, just below the altar table, a stone from Nazareth marks the place of the Annunciation. The altar-piece is a copy of Luca Della Robbia's beautiful bas-relief, representing the great mystery commemorated here. At the left of this altar is a reproduction of a curious feature of the original Chapel, a fragment of a granite column depending from the roof, a shaft of the ancient Church. After a fire, which occurred in 1638, the Africans in search of treasure, cut the column in two, leaving the upper part suspended from the ceiling. A portion of another shaft has been placed under this, to prevent any one passing under it.

At the epistle side of the altar of the Annunciation a doorway opens into a Chapel commemorating the flight into Egypt. At Nazareth another passageway leads from the Grotto to the cave which served the Blessed Virgin as a kitchen, but here the doorway only is indicated.

From the Chapel of the Angel a door on the right leads into a dark, narrow passage, with recesses such as are found in the Catacombs at Rome, which this underground place represents. The little recesses were places for the dead, and as one goes through the mysteriously twisted, darkly silent place a touch of awe, mingled with thanksgiving that it is no longer necessary to hide away to practise the ceremonies of our religion, grows strong upon the mind. The body of St. Benignus, brought from the Catacombs, rests here beneath the altar. The crypt is directly under the center of the dome of the Church, and above, in the Church proper, over this very spot, is now a handsome Greek altar. This altar is of finely veined marble, with graceful columns, which support a baldachino. It has four equal sides, and four predellas, so that Mass can be said at any one of the four sides.



UPPER CORRIDOR OF THE MONASTERY.



THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

But to return to the crypt. The decorations are in the ancient, symbolical style of the early Christians, whose rudest pictures held some deep religious meaning. From this crypt a passageway leads to another chapel, lighted by a glass flooring in the Church above. This is the Chapel of the Souls in Purgatory. An altar of black marble will be placed here and an appropriate altar-piece from France will show the purpose of the chapel. Here, too, will take place the funeral services for those who die within the convent walls.

Returning to the Martyr's crypt, we go along the Catacomb passage to the right until we come to the Grotto of Bethlehem, a semicircular niche between two stairways, the sacred shrine, with a silver star set in the marble floor, exactly like the one in Bethlehem, which marks the spot where Our Lord was born. Around the star is the inscription: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est."

Above burn votive lamps day and night. A large marble slab forms the altar table, and in the niche is a relief figure of the Divine Infant. The stone bench on which the Turkish sentinels sit is reproduced, just as it is in the Grotto of Nazareth. Down a step, on one side, we come to a cavern hollowed in the rock. This is the manger where Jesus was laid. Here the Divine Child held His court, and received the homage of the shepherd, and the Wise Men of the East. The place where they knelt is marked by an altar, called the altar of the Wise Men. Two stairways leading from the crypt to the Church above, are copies of the Latin and Greek stairways in the Church of the Nativity, in Bethlehem.

On returning to the upper Church we arrive in the transept, which at both ends is rounded into apses. Opposite us is the altar of the Sacred Heart. Directly opposite this altar is that of the Holy Ghost. From the altar of the Holy Ghost there is an entrance on the right to the Chapel of the Cenacle. A statue of St. Paschal, who was patron of all Eucharistic congresses and works in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, will be placed here. Adjoining this is the Chapel of Penance, where confessions are heard.

Returning again to the altar of the Holy Ghost we pass, at the left, into the Chapel of Portiuncula, named in honor of the little Church St. Francis loved so well, and where he received so many spiritual favors.

Immediately opposite this is the Chapel of St. Anthony. From here we go to the remaining Chapel of St. Francis. There is another chapel dedicated to St. Francis, a tiny building, some dis-

tance from the Monastery, in a pretty grove of cedar trees and pine. The retired spot reminded the brothers of Mount Alverno, where St. Francis delighted to stay in solitude. This little chapel is intended for the Friars only, and has been erected with the aid of the young men's Tertiary Fraternity of New York. Here is a beautiful statue of St. Francis, representing him rapt in meditation, surrounded by his "little brothers and sisters," the birds. This little chapel is full of peace, and with the greatest reluctance I left it, knowing the favor of this first visit could never be repeated, as the grove is now closed to the public, and no woman will be allowed to pass through the cloister.



THE CLOISTER.

The whole spirit of the Monastery is peaceful. The different shrines, in their faithfulness in detail of those they represent, give the feeling to the visitor of having been truly present in these holy places. Yet curiosity is not so much satisfied, as personal love of Our Lord and His saints is awakened, that He could have condescended so much, and lived in such simple surroundings. We have heard that it was so all our lives, but seeing it all emphasizes it so much that we feel as though it were all new.

It is hard to go back to trolley cars and all the modern comforts so soon as we leave Mount St. Sepulchre, and the mind will busy itself with the far away times, which somehow seem more real than our present surroundings. From Mount St. Sepulchre, to St. Dominic's,—and the fact that we are taking just that journey, brings

to mind Ruskin's description of the two churches and their founders in Florence.

"There is the little octagon Baptistery in the middle; and ten minutes' walk east of it, the Franciscan Church of the Holy Cross; there, five minutes' walk west of it, the Dominican Church of Santa Maria Novella. The two men who were the effectual builders of these were the two great religious powers and reformers of the thirteenth century—St. Francis, who taught Christian men how they should behave, and St. Dominic, who taught Christian men what they should think. The one the apostle of Works; the other of Faith."

### MADONNA PENSEROSO.

KATHLEEN EILEEN BARRY.

#### I.



SAINT Patrick's Cathedral was brilliantly illuminated. It was crowded to the doors. Many religious denominations were represented in that throng; even the atheistic element was not lacking. Saint and sinner, believer and sceptic had come there to listen to the Dominican missionary whose fame as a preacher had spread over New York.

He stood in the pulpit, garbed in the black and white robes of his Order. The circlet of lights that twinkled above his head made him look like an aureoled saint.

He preached with all the fervor and fiery earnestness of his Italian nature. His sonorous voice was the only sound that disturbed the stillness in that flower-scented, incense-laden atmosphere. There was not even the faintest rustle amongst the listeners; their eyes were riveted upon him, their ears strained to catch his every intonation.

Outside all was bustle and excitement. A continuous stream of carriages passed up and down Fifth Avenue. Pedestrians jostled each other on the sidewalks and at the crossings.

A brougham, drawn by a magnificent pair of bays, whirled by. One of the horses slipped and fell heavily on the asphalt. A policeman left his post and hurriedly wrenched open the door of the vehicle. Its occupant, a beautiful woman, sprang out. The night

was cold and despite the fact that a fur cloak covered her evening gown, she shivered in the keen air.

The great white Cathedral loomed up before her. Moved by an irresistible impulse she mounted the steps and entered. When she saw the preacher, her dark eyes dilated and a strange gleam crept into them.

Father Silvio Petroni spoke on, unconscious of her intent gaze. His superb oratory thrilled the people. He seemed to them an inspired prophet rather than a mere priest. When he ceased, they knelt, as though actuated by common impulse, to receive his benediction.

A moment later the choir began the "Adeste Fidelis." The woman who had just entered rose and joined in the hymn. Her voice rang high above the others. It was clear as a bell, sweet as the lark's greeting to Dawn or the nightingale's serenade to Evening.

The congregation listened breathlessly to that liquid melody.

At the sound of it the Dominican started and came to a standstill within the door of the vestry. He paused there, motionless as a statue, his head slightly bowed.

A score of years had passed since last he heard that glorious voice, but he recognized it at once. It brought back a flood of memories pertaining to the days of his youth. He beheld as in a dream the vine-clad hills of his Milanese home, and a procession of youths and maidens walking towards a wayside shrine. Amongst them was his brother's betrothed, singing this very hymn.

That beloved brother had given his heart into the girl's keeping and had believed that nothing could ever come between them. But a great impresario tempted her away, and when Rafael Petroni heard that she had blossomed into the famous diva known as Livia Capello, he realized that she was lost to him forever.

When the hymn ended, the singer went swiftly down the aisle and entered the vestry. She yearned to hear something of the lover of her youth. She had never forgotten him. It was true that her ambition was stronger than her love, yet in the midst of all her triumphs, follies, and caprices, she thought of him often and with tenderness. She had not seen or heard of him since the day they parted, for their pathways in life lay far apart, but now her heart was hungry for tidings of him.

She threw back her head and looked at the priest. She had loosened her furs and her snowy throat gleamed from out the sable background. Her glowing Southern beauty was of the type that Giorgio Barbarelli liked best to paint, but the Dominican searched in vain for a trace of the innocence that had once distinguished her.

"What of Rafael? Is it well with him?" she asked tremulously.

Father Petroni gazed at her sternly, accusingly, then answered, "It is well with him—he is dead!"

"Dead! When—why—of what did he die?" she stammered.

"A broken heart, it is said."

She staggered back, white to the lips, her hands upraised as though to ward off a blow.

The priest's expression changed into one of divine compassion, and as she turned away he murmured pityingly, "Peace be with you!"

She hurried into the church and prostrated herself before the altar. Old memories thronged in upon her,—memories of her joyous, innocent childhood, and of the man whose life she had wrecked. She was shaken with remorse at the thought of all her misspent years, and of the loved dead to whom she might have brought so much of happiness. And even her broken, whispered words of contrition, and the scalding tears that flowed so freely, gave no relief to her overcharged heart.

## II.

The Metropolitan Opera House was in a tumult. The Sunday night audience that had come to attend the grand concert, refused to be placated by the Management's apologies for the absence of the Italian diva. They clamored for their idol and shouts of "Capello! Capello!" rent the air.

At last she came. The house fairly rose at her, but she did not acknowledge their greeting. Her face was cold, unsmiling, rigid as a death-mask.

She glided to the foot-lights, and the orchestra-leader raised his baton. She stayed him with an imperious gesture, and the next instant the strains of the "Adeste Fidelis" rang through the house. As the silvery notes soared aloft, men trembled and women sobbed. The unearthly sweetness of her voice made their hearts vibrate.

When she left the stage, none moved or spoke. The vast audience seemed spellbound.

In the wings the Director accosted her, and wrathfully demanded why she had not sung the aria from Faust, in accordance with the programme.

She regarded him with the blank, unseeing gaze of the sleep-walker or of one whose faculties had suddenly become paralyzed; then she whispered, "Peace be with you! I sing no more!" and passed out into the night.

## III.

In a vine-covered cottage on the outskirts of Milan there lived a stately, black-robed woman whom the lazzaroni called "Madonna Penseroso." The name was most appropriate, for her melancholy expression never varied.

She was the good angel of the town. The poor, the maimed, the just and the unjust were made welcome within her gates.

The people knew not whence she came, but they loved her, and as she moved amongst them like an uncrowned queen, blessings and prayers followed in her wake.

Livia Capello, the brilliant, erratic diva, was practically dead. In her place lived "Madonna Penseroso."

The deep lines in her face told of hard-won victories over the world, the flesh, and the devil. The old restless ambitious career was a thing of the past. The voice that had entranced millions was no longer heard save when whispering words of hope and comfort to the dying. The hands that had sparkled with jewels, and over which princes had bent low, now wiped the death-dew from the brows of the Milanese peasants. The beautiful, gifted woman for whose smiles kings had sued, and before whom palace doors had opened wide, moved amongst the sick, the poor, and the diseased, bringing aid and consolation to all.

And thus the years went by until one summer evening when the news that "Madonna Penseroso" was sick unto death circulated from house to house, bringing mourning and dismay into the hearts of those who listened.

She had been stricken suddenly, and the few who formed her household entreated her not to go, as was her nightly custom, to pray before a certain wayside shrine. But she gently put aside their restraining hands, and slowly and painfully made her way to the shrine, where she knelt in silent prayer. Her people followed at a little distance, their faces pallid with anxiety.

At last she stood up, her voice rose in the "Adeste Fidelis." They who loved her covered their faces with their hands and wept softly.

Then came a sudden stillness. She swayed and fell to the ground. When they raised her, she was dead, a smile of ineffable sweetness on her mouth. And as they gazed at the serene face, their sobs were checked, and they said to one another in hushed tones, "Our Madonna Penseroso is sad no more!"



THE BATTLE OF LEPANTO AND ITS INFLUENCE  
ON HISTORY.

REV. J. B. O'CONNOR, O. P.



IN the world's history many decisive battles have been fought on land and sea—battles that were the turning points in the rise and fall of nations, but few, if any, have equalled the battle of Lepanto, either in the importance of its immediate results or in the wide-reaching extent of its remoter consequences.

The close of the sixteenth century was of a very stirring nature. Events of the greatest importance followed one another in quick succession in almost every sphere of human interest. Philip II., one of the most powerful, if not the mightiest monarch in Europe, and one of the most interesting characters of his time, occupied the throne of Spain. He succeeded Charles V., his father, who in 1556 abdicated the throne of Spain in favor of his son. Pope Saint Pius V., one of the greatest in an illustrious line of pontiffs, was guiding with steady hand the bark of Peter through the troubled waters of those stormy times.

In 1453 a power had sprung up on the shores of the Bosphorus, not only formidable and alien, but actively hostile to Catholicity and western civilization. From the desecrated walls of St. Sophia, Mohammed watched with jealous eye the Christian nations of Europe, and secretly rejoiced over the religious schisms and political dissensions which deprived them of that unity in which strength loves to abide, and placed them more and more at the mercy of the first powerful invader who should find a foothold on the shores of southern Europe.

The religious system of Mohammed, which at this time seemed to menace the sway of Christianity, took its rise towards the end of the sixth century near Mecca of Arabia. Legalizing by its doctrines every species of violence and debauchery, it spread with evil rapidity through Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia. Before the year 710 all northern Africa, from Egypt to the Pillars of Hercules, was overrun and subdued by the fanatical hordes of its devotees. The Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, hallowed by associations more cherished

than life itself, had fallen into their unholy hands. Europe hurled eight crusades against them yet could not stay their onward march. The great Hunyady and Scanderbeg had succeeded in checking for a time their advance, but this only served to give the tidal wave of barbarism an opportunity of recoiling and gathering new strength to hurl its inundating legions deeper into the heart of Europe. The noblest blood of the continent had flowed in crimson streams in futile efforts to submerge them: Emperors, kings and princes had laid down their lives in fruitless attempts to stem this seething tide of barbarism and infidelity.

In 1566 Solymán the Magnificent died and was succeeded by his son, Selim II. This prince added to self-indulgence an itching avarice. The aggrandizement of his kingdom was his highest ambition; and it need scarcely be said that considerations of right and wrong were not permitted to disturb his dreams of conquest. It is not a matter of wonderment that a prince trained as he had been trained, and actuated by motives such as influenced his life should single out Catholic Europe as the field wherein his ambition was to be realized.

The Island of Cyprus, lying to the south of the Dardanelles, had for him an irresistible attraction. For strategic purposes it was of supreme importance. It was a sure haven for all the craft that plied the blue Mediterranean; as a base of attack and supply it was unexcelled. For these reasons Venice was desirous of retaining it, and for these reasons Selim was anxious to wrest it from her grasp. This was the "casus belli" in that desperate struggle between the Cross and the Crescent of which the battle of Lepanto was to be the most decisive as well as the closing struggle.

What had long been expected at last came to pass. The Turks, under the leadership of Mustapha, who had led the assaults against Malta, laid siege to Cyprus. The beleaguered island sent up a piteous cry for succor to Christian Europe; but the influence of Venice had long been on the decrease and she was justly unpopular among the European nations; therefore, her cries of distress did not meet with as ready a response as would have been granted to any other Christian state similarly situated. Pope Pius, with the larger sympathy and interest of one whose children are the subjects of every nation, besought the powers of Europe to unite in one supreme effort to relieve the Island of Cyprus, and to stem the tide of barbarism that threatened to inundate their shores. He laid bare in fervid language

the danger that threatened and the awful consequences of its realization and urged them to meet it with a league of the Christian powers.

The heroic times of the crusaders had passed; these grand, enthusiastic and general uprisings of Catholic Europe in defence of the Cross were now, unhappily, no longer possible owing to the religious schisms and political bickerings which had disorganized government and demoralized society during the sixteenth century. These remarkable demonstrations of the Middle Ages, characterized by all the pomp and might of war, and yet actuated by the purest of religious motives, which thrilled Europe through and through with the cry: "God wills it! God wills it!" could no longer stir hearts recreant to the ancient faith, and no longer susceptible to the higher sentiments of religion and patriotism. To England and Germany the aged Pontiff looked in vain. Protestantism, the so-called sentinel of religious liberty, could not brook the wholesome restraint of ecclesiastical discipline, yet could view with indifference the debasing enthralment which was sure to follow in the wake of Turkish domination. Christian chivalry was dead among the nations that had emblazoned the records of medieval valor with the names of Conrad, Richard, Henry and Frederick. The chilling blight of religious anarchy had swept over the lands evangelized by a Boniface and an Augustine, freezing the generous ardor in the veins of sons whose heroic sires had fought and bled and died under the walls of Jerusalem. France, too, she who sent forth Charles Martel in the early part of the eighth century to arrest and annihilate an overwhelming force of Saracens near Poitiers and Tours; she who had given to the second crusade her king, Louis VII.; to the third crusade again her king, Philip Augustus; and to the eighth and last crusade her saint and king, St. Louis IX., to die plague-stricken among his infected vassals under the walls of Tunis—she, the mother of such heroic sons, busied with intestine brawls, if not actuated by unworthier motives, must needs turn a deaf ear to the Pontiff's cry of distress. Philip of Spain, while not actually refusing his assistance, procrastinated and quibbled and strove to turn the Church's distress and the continent's peril to his own advantage by demanding extraordinary favors as the price of his co-operation.

While the Christian states were in this demoralized condition, Europe was astounded at the news that Cyprus, unaided and unscored, had fallen, after stubborn sieges of its two capitals, Nicosia and Famagusta. The latter capital did not capitulate until six general assaults had been led against it, which cost the Turks fifty thou-

sand lives. Upon the heels of this disaster came the disheartening news that the Moslem power, elated by its recent successes, deemed itself invincible and was preparing to invade Europe.

While the efforts of Pius V. had failed in their immediate object, i. e. the relief of Cyprus, they were not entirely barren of results. The Holy Father had at last succeeded in forming a league of a few of the Christian States. Spain, Venice and the Papal States gallantly flung themselves into the breach while the rest of Europe looked on with indifference.

In the latter part of 1571, five months after the capture of Cyprus, the Christian armament with Don John of Austria, then but twenty-four years old, in supreme command, appeared upon the Mediterranean in quest of the ships of Islam. The first rendezvous was at Messina where they put forth every effort to strengthen the fleet against the shock of the impending contest. On the sixteenth of September, a flying squadron sent in advance to reconnoitre the coast, returned with the news that the Turks were in the Adriatic with a powerful fleet. The entire Christian fleet thereupon sailed for Corfu and reached their destination on the twenty-sixth of September. A council of war was now called, and as not unfrequently happens in such deliberations, there was an utter lack of harmony. The prestige of the Turks, enhanced by recent successes, the comparative weakness of the Christian force, and above all, the fear of the terrible consequences of possible defeat, caused several of the allied leaders to doubt the wisdom of meeting the followers of Mohammed in a single, decisive battle. But the sentiment of the majority prevailed, and it was decided to push on to meet the enemy in a conflict that, in all probability, would result in the salvation or undoing of Europe.

The weather which had been unfavorable, delayed the meeting of the hostile fleets until the seventh of October, when they met at the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto. On the very same shores of Greece where 1600 years before Anthony and Octavius had fought the battle of Actium for the undivided rulership of the Roman world, Cross and Crescent were now to meet in mortal combat for the possession of Europe. The entire strength of the allied forces was two hundred galleys with galleases\* and seventy-nine thousand men. The Turkish armament, as it appeared in the offing, consisted of three hundred galleys propelled by Christian slaves and one hundred and twenty thousand men.

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\* The galleases were large ships with very little speed, but carrying forty or fifty pieces of cannon, and manned by three convicts.

The opposing fleets immediately formed in line of battle. Don John of Austria, the commander-in-chief, in his flagship, the *Real*, directed the centre which consisted of sixty-three galleys. He was supported on one side by Colonna, Captain-general of the Papal forces, and on the other by Veneirio, the Venetian commander. Andrew Doria, whose very name struck terror into the Moslem heart, commanded the right wing. The left wing was under the command of Barbarigo, a Venetian noble. The reserve of thirty-five galleys was commanded by the Marquis of Santa Cruz, who was under orders to act where needed.

The centre of the Turkish fleet was under the command of Ali Pasha, the commander-in-chief. The right wing was under the direction of Mohammed Sirocco, the Viceroy of Egypt, and the left under Ulutch Ali, the notorious corsair of Algiers.

To the ordinary observer who contemplates final results from the low view-point of natural causes, it must have seemed as though the utter annihilation of the Christian fleet would inevitably follow a few maneuvers, a general assault, and then—the end. Not so, however, to him who from the commanding eminence of faith regards nature's laws as subsidiary to a first and infinite Cause, which is God. The enemy possessed a vastly superior force. Its fighting men were homogeneous, well disciplined, and encouraged by the prestige of recent victories; they were possessed of a courage and daring born of fanaticism. For them, victory upon the waters of Lepanto meant the triumph of the Crescent, the approbation of Allah. Death could but open to them the gates of a glorious immortality. On the other hand, the heterogeneous force of the League was not only inferior in numbers, but it lacked the discipline and cohesion that comes from previous experience as a fighting unit. It was, moreover, weakened by the jealousies of the different nationalities of which it was made up, and by a lack of confidence arising from the supposed invincibility of the enemy.

A moment before the storm of battle burst, how characteristic were the scenes enacted upon the decks of the opposing fleets. The followers of the Prophet rent the air with wild shouts and frenzied shrieks and danced in the din of clashing cymbals and blaring trumpets. From the decks of the Christian fleets rises no battle-cry, no shout of defiance. The soldiers of the Cross are kneeling upon the decks of their ships, and in silent prayer are imploring the Mother of God to obtain from her Divine Son the victory for truth and right.

The opening gun was fired by the Ali Pasha in command of the Turkish centre and was answered by Don John from the Real. The hostile fleets, throwing the angry water from their bows, their decks black with mailed men, their frowning sides perforated with primitive guns, rapidly approached, crashed, quivered, and were locked in mortal combat. Don John immediately pushed his heavily armed galleases to the front and as the Turks swept abreast of them, their terrible broadsides belched forth a storm of fire and shot that carried death, ruin and consternation among the advance ships of the enemy. The crafty Ali Pasha, deeming these novel craft\* impregnable, caused his centre to diverge and pass them. Admiral Barbarigo, in command of the left wing of the allied forces, had taken up a position some distance from the land, supposing that the shoal waters between him and the shore would prevent him from being outflanked. His judgment was good, but his knowledge of the local surroundings was defective. The Viceroy of Egypt, who was more familiar with the surrounding waters, saw the mistake of the Venetian admiral and by a bold dash succeeded in flanking and doubling up the left wing of the allied forces. This placed them between two fires which in a short time wrought terrible execution. Early in the fight Barbarigo was mortally wounded while gallantly directing and leading this terribly unequal struggle, but his brave Venetians, with a valor worthy of their best traditions, fought on with unabated fury.

On the extreme right of the Christian line, the crafty old corsair, Ulutch Ali, attempted to accomplish the same feat, but was met by a seaman worthy of his strategy in the Genoese admiral, Andrew Doria. The latter quickly divined the purpose of the Turk and effectually defeated it. Doria soon nullified this success and all but lost the division under his command. In an effort to prevent himself from being outflanked, he extended his line too far, thus weakening it to a notable degree. Ulutch was not slow to see the fatal mistake; he swooped down on the attenuated line, broke it, captured the great Capitana and sank several of the galleys.

Thus, with the right and left wings crippled, and in imminent peril of destruction, the prospect was not hopeful for the Christian cause.

In the centre, where the battle was fiercest, Don John was meeting with but indifferent success. He sought out the Ali Pasha to

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\* Galleases were used for the first time in the battle of Lepanto.

engage him in dual conflict. Both commanders espied each other at the same time, and urged forward their galleys until they met with a terrible shock. The arquebusiers of Don John and the Turkish janizaries engaged each other with terrible slaughter. The arquebusiers inflicted the greater damage, but this was nullified in a great measure by the reserves which poured in from the Turkish fleet.

The fight was now general. The sound of crashing timbers, heartrending groans and shrieks that pierced the innermost soul, prayers, cheers and blasphemies, accentuated now and again by the clarion notes of the trumpet inviting deeds of valor, swelled and deepened by the roaring of the guns—all rose in terrible pandemonium. The sea is splashed with clotted blood; Christian and Turk toss side by side on the crests of shoreward swells, peacefully insensible in death to the storm of human passion raging above them. At the masthead Cross and Crescent flap in the wind, tugging at their halyards as though they too were anxious to engage in dual combat. On the slippery, blood-stained decks, struggling forms surge backward and forward in mortal conflict; the sun in horrid mockery glints upon polished steel of sword and scimitar for a moment poised in air before they are plunged into wells of living blood.

On the left wing, the Venetians, though surrounded and subjected to a desperate cross-fire, fought on with undiminished courage. At last their desperate valor was rewarded; they succeeded in beating off the enemy and then assumed the aggressive. They boarded one after another of the enemy's vessels and put their crews to the sword. The Viceroy of Egypt was slain and his vessel sunk. The news of this calamity spread consternation among his followers, and they fled before the victorious Venetians. Barbarigo lived to hear the news of victory and died amid the shouts of triumph.

On the right wing, Doria's broken line was saved from destruction by the prompt arrival of the reserves under the Marquis of Santa Cruz. Unable to cope with these two skilful generals, Ulutch Ali fled after having cut adrift his prize, the Capitana.

The fight between the commanders-in-chief continued. Twice the allied forces boarded, only to be repulsed with great loss. Once again the trumpets rang out calling the boarders to charge. As they sprang upon the bulwarks they were again met by the janizaries with the grave Ali Pasha at their head. Before the last desperate struggle was a minute old, the Mohammedan commander fell,

pierced by a musket ball. At the sight of their stricken leader, the janizaries ceased to offer further resistance and fled. At the same moment the Turkish ensign was lowered and in its place the Cross fluttered in triumph at the peak.

In four hours almost the entire Moslem fleet had perished. The Turks lost twenty-five thousand killed and five thousand were taken prisoners. Twelve thousand Christian captives were liberated from a living death. Not more than forty of the Turkish galleys escaped destruction or capture. The entire Christian loss did not exceed forty-six hundred.

It is difficult to overestimate the importance of this engagement. Although the battle lost no territory to the Turks, it destroyed their prestige to such an extent that many historians date the decline of the Ottoman empire from the battle of Lepanto. Had the Crescent triumphed on that day, the Christian religion would in all probability have disappeared from Europe, and with it western civilization. As this was one of the most active periods of colonization in the new world there can be but little doubt, such was their ambition, their activity and their power, that they would have followed up their victories to the dependencies of the conquered. And so in this blessed land of ours where to-day the cross-crowned spire proclaims the worship of Christ, the domes and minarets of Turkish mosques might have indicated the abode of oriental fanaticisms and superstition. Had not victory rested upon the Christian arms at Lepanto, the effete, enervating and rotten civilization of the East would obtain where to-day the strenuous character of the Saxon, Teuton and Celt has proved itself equal to the best that is in mankind. Instead of convents and monasteries, which draw down a benediction upon the earth, the repulsive harem of the infidel would curse and defile the soil. And the Cathedrals of Westminster, Cologne, Notre Dame, and St. Peter's itself would have shared the sad fate of St. Sophia. It is needless to say that the sunburst of universal truth which to-day bathes the world would have remained obscured behind the mists of superstition and oriental inertia.

It is pleasing to know that St. Pius regarded this victory as an answer to the prayers of the faithful offered up through the medium of Mary's Rosary. It was to commemorate this triumph that St. Pius proclaimed that on the first Sunday of each October the new feast of "Our Lady of the Rosary" should be celebrated with all possible pomp and solemnity and for a constant remembrance of the same glorious event he added to the Litany of Loretto the invocation, "Help of Christians, pray for us!"



## A STORY OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.



HAD been riding for many hours since leaving the city when a turn of the road brought me into view of a large monastery, as I took it to be. Some monks, clothed in a grey habit, were working in a field, while others were pacing up and down a cloistered walk on the south side of the building. I was tired and so was my horse, so I entered the gate unhesitatingly, and dismounting at the great door rang the bell, and asked for the Abbot. Presently he appeared and greeted me cordially and courteously. In reply to my request for a few hours of rest and shelter, he begged me to remain over night, and as there was no haste about proceeding on my journey, I gladly accepted the invitation. The Abbot called a lay brother who conducted me to a comfortable room and leaving me, presently reappeared with a substantial repast. The brother advised me to rest after eating, and promised to have my horse taken care of. Relieved of all responsibility I presently lay down, and was soon asleep. I must have slept many hours, for when I awoke it was dark, and just then there was a step in the corridor, followed by a tap at my door. In answer to my "Come in," the lay brother entered with a light, and said he had come to take me to the refectory, after which the Abbot wanted to see me and conduct me to the evening service. The brother further informed me that the Bishop of the diocese had arrived an hour ago to make his yearly visit.

I followed the young monk to the refectory where I supped alone, and was then conducted to the presence of the Abbot, and introduced to the Bishop, a fine looking and venerable old man.

The Abbot then told me they were about to hold a weekly service peculiar to their Order, which consisted in first reciting the Rosary, followed by meditations on its mysteries.

"We are," said the Abbot, "especially devoted to the recital of the Rosary, and we think it is too often said with but scant meditation on its teachings. Our ancient custom is for one to rehearse the mystery, and then each monk in turn recites aloud what he thinks

the divine mysteries inculcate. It is wonderful how much we learn by this interchange of thought, as it were, and how it keeps alive faith and hope and love in our hearts."

I confessed I should like to be present at the service, over which the Bishop, who seemed thoroughly familiar with the custom, was to preside. Just then a bell sounded, summoning us to the Community room, a vast hall, with carved stalls and lancet windows, some of them of stained glass. Here we found all the monks assembled. They arose as we entered, and remained standing until the Bishop and Abbot were seated. I was conducted to a stall and presently the bell sounded again, and we all knelt in silent prayer, after which the Rosary was reverently recited. Every one present then arose, and when all were seated the Bishop addressed them, reminding them of the solemnity of the oral meditation, and the necessity of engaging in it devoutly. Every head was bowed, and drawing up their cowls and folding their hands in their long sleeves, the monks waited.

"Beloved brethren," said the Bishop, "we will commence with the Joyful Mysteries, which show forth the opening incidents of our faith, the beginning and foundation of the Christian religion."

"And now, Reverend Father," he continued, turning to the Abbot, give us an account of the first Joyful Mystery, the Annunciation, and what you see in it."

The Abbot arose, with folded hands and bowed head.

"I behold," he answered, "the holy house at Nazareth. It is very small and humble, and stands on a narrow street near the top of a steep hill. Perchance at that hour the evening sun was setting, bathing everything in soft golden light. It is March, but in that southern country spring has come, and the air is sweet with the scent of early flowers. I see Joseph, the carpenter, at work in his little shop, a mere shed built next to the wall of the house. Indoors, the maiden Mary is seated on a rude bench, sewing. I see her pure, gentle face, and tender hands plying her needle. Suddenly there is a sound like rushing wind, and the room is filled with dazzling light. The maiden arises and kneels in reverent awe, for near her hovers a great Archangel, majestic, strong and beautiful. I hear the Angel announce to the maiden that she is to become the Mother of God, and I hear in reply her sublime canticle of praise and thanksgiving."

The Bishop—And what think you, my brethren, can we learn from this Mystery?

First Monk—I learn holy faith, the belief of Blessed Mary that the Angel came from God.

Second Monk—I learn humility, from Mary's sublime meekness in the presence of honor shown to her.

Third Monk—To me it seems that peculiar graces were given by God to Blessed Mary to make her worthy of so great a mark of His favor.

Fourth Monk—It teaches the necessity of returning praise and thanksgiving when the Almighty showers benefits on us.

Fifth Monk—I see, as it were, the calmness, the child-like confidence, and freedom from excitement and worry, that characterized Blessed Mary at a time when her future seemed wrapped in mystery.

Sixth Monk—I learn the purity of body and soul that enveloped her who was chosen to be the Mother of God.

The Bishop—Holy Mary, pray for us.

Abbot and Monks—Holy Mother of God, pray for us.

The Bishop—What see you, Rev. Father, in the second Joyful Mystery, the Visitation?

The Abbot—I behold Holy Mary on the way to visit her cousin Elizabeth. She is alone on the journey, and yet never alone, for God is near her, and holy Angels attend her. I see her passing through the country of Nazareth until she reaches the home of Elizabeth and Zachary. I hear the holy greeting that passed between her and the sainted Elizabeth. At the sound of her voice, who was to be the Mother of his Lord, St. John in his mother's womb leaps with joy. I behold Blessed Mary abiding three months with her kinsfolk, assisting them in the humble daily task; and I see the two holy women holding sweet commune together.

The Bishop—What learn you, my brethren, from this?

First Monk—I learn divine charity, which bids us seek and find others, that we may help them and do them good.

Second Monk—I learn that love is from God, and that in joy and sorrow we may seek kindred souls and obtain comfort and help in life's journey, from them.

Third Monk—I learn the power of the voice of God to those whose hearts are open to hear, in that St. John knew of the presence of Mary and the unborn Son of God.

The Bishop—Holy Mary, pray for us.

Abbot and Monks—Holy Mother of God, pray for us.

The Bishop—Tell us now, Rev. Father, what you see in the third Joyful Mystery, the Nativity.

The Abbot—I behold little Bethlehem and the Holy Night. Overhead shines the spacious firmament, and far in the East is the glorious star that is guiding the wise men, who are even now on their way to greet the King of kings. I see the rude inn with its low roof, the building so poor and mean, only fit for animals and their keepers. Within the inn are the cattle and countrymen; and far at the back, sheltered as much as possible from the cold, lies the Lord of all, a little Child in the manger. I see His delicate and tender limbs resting on the coarse straw. I see His little hands that look so helpless, beating the air. I behold His Virgin Mother and St. Joseph kneeling on the bare floor, gazing at Him in reverent admiration. There are tears in Blessed Mary's eyes because she cannot make her little Child more warm and comfortable. The oxen bend over the crib, and warm the Divine Infant with their breath, and He smiles and holds out His arms to His Mother, and sees in her face all the love and mystery and awe of that holy night.

The Bishop—What, perchance, learn we from this?

First Monk—The teaching of holy poverty, and that “blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.”

Second Monk—I learn self-denial; for on this sacred night Almighty God gave His best to us, who give so little to Him.

Third Monk—To me it teaches union with Christ, the union that comes through faith and love.

Fourth Monk—I learn conformity to the Divine Will, and that the issues of obedience are in the hands of God. St. Joseph and Holy Mary may have preferred to stay in their home at Nazareth, but they have come to Bethlehem in response to the Imperial decree.

The Bishop—Holy Mary, pray for us.

Abbot and Monks—Holy Mother of God, pray for us.

The Bishop—Tell us, Rev. Father, what you see in the fourth Joyful Mystery, the Presentation.

The Abbot—I behold the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph carrying the Divine Child to the Temple. The little Child is in the arms of His Holy Mother, while St. Joseph carries the doves that the Mosaic law requires as an offering. I see the aged Anna, and the interior of the beautiful Temple. In front of the high altar, near the Holy of Holies, stands Simeon, waiting in joy and expectancy to see the desired of all nations. I behold him as he receives the Holy Child in his arms, he feels that earth can bring him no more, and breaks forth in that song of desire satisfied, praying God to let him depart in peace because he has seen the Salvation prepared before all nations—the glory of Israel that has come.

The Bishop—Recount to us, my brethren, what this Mystery teaches.

First Monk—I learn holy obedience to the commands of God. St. Joseph and Blessed Mary fulfilled to the letter all the teachings of the Jewish Church.

Second Monk—The same spirit of obedience is inculcated in the Christian religion, and it is as binding on us as was the ancient law to the Hebrews.

Third Monk—I learn from this holy presentation that we have an example to assist regularly and faithfully at the divine services of the Church.

Fourth Monk—Holy Mary had been preserved by God from the stain of original sin, yet fulfilled the law requiring her presence, with an offering, in the Temple, as a woman of Israel. Even so should we go often to confession to be purified from our sins, and to renew our baptismal vows.

The Bishop—Holy Mary, pray for us.

Abbot and Monks—Holy Mother of God, pray for us.

The Bishop—What see you, Rev. Father, in the fifth Joyful Mystery, the finding of the Child Jesus in the Temple.

The Abbot—I behold the great and glorious city, Jerusalem. Looking toward it from the distant hills, there stands out to view the magnificent Temple. It's golden roof, and polished marble walls and pillars, gleam in the sun. Within are gathered together the wisest of the Jewish Rabbies and Doctors. I see afar on the road leading to Jerusalem, a humble train of men and women. Three in particular claim attention—a tall, dignified man, with dark hair, eyes and beard, and a face worn, like one who has great responsibility and care, and yet, withal, seeming like one who has great peace. With him is a woman clad in the simplest garments. Her head is covered with a hood, and from its folds looks forth a beautiful face, pure and tender. Between them walks a little Child just twelve years old. His fair hair is blown back from His forehead in the breeze, seeming to shed an aureole of light around His head. His face is His Mother's in miniature. And now the scene changes. I see this little Child in the great Temple, listening to the Doctors, and asking them questions. They wonder at His marvellous wisdom, and even as they talk there enters by the door the Child's Mother and foster-father, consumed with anxiety and grief; for as yet they understand not what His mission is to be.

The Bishop—What think you, Rev. brethren, this scene would teach us?

First Monk—That we must “seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness,” and abandon all for the holy vocation of religion.

Second Monk—I learn that when we have to choose between obedience to God, and obedience to earthly ties, the call of God must be obeyed above all others.

Third Monk—It teaches me that we must practice holy obedience as long as we are under authority.

Fourth Monk—I learn never to lose Christ by mortal sin, and to ask the intercession of Blessed Mary with her Divine Son.

The Bishop—Holy Mary, pray for us.

Abbot and Monks—Holy Mother of God, pray for us.

The Bishop—In the Joyful Mysteries we have followed our Lord and His Holy Mother in the hidden life at Nazareth. We come now to the public life of His three years’ ministry; and to the five Sorrowful Mysteries. What think you, Rev. Father, do we see in the first Mystery, the Agony in the Garden?

The Abbot—It is night in the Garden of Gethsemane. The sky is enveloped in black clouds. The wind whistles through the cypress and olive trees, so that their branches bend and sway in the breeze. All nature seems mourning with the Lord of all. I see Him kneeling apart from His disciples, who are slumbering heavily. I hear His prayer—“Father, if it be possible let this chalice pass from Me—nevertheless not My Will but Thine be done.” I behold His fear and agony, and His fervor in prayer. Human comfort has abandoned Him in this dark hour; heavenly comfort seems far off. His Divine Face is drawn with pain and faintness, and in the countenance of this “Man of Sorrows” we learn how great was the sin of the world that could cause such suffering.

The Bishop—Recount, my brethren, what we learn from this Sorrowful Mystery.

First Monk—It teaches me perseverance in prayer, and patience in affliction.

Second Monk—And to me, watchfulness over self—not to slumber or sleep, not to weary in well-doing.

Third Monk—I learn sorrow for sin, to cling to God, and to follow the example of the holy saints, even in the darkest hour.

Fourth Monk—The lesson I learn is faith. When Christ seemed bowed under the weight of his Sacred Humanity, and the fear that comes with the knowledge of approaching evil, He clung, if possible, more closely to the Eternal Father.

The Bishop—Holy Mary, pray for us.

Abbot and Monks—Holy Mother of God, pray for us.

The Bishop—What see you, Rev. Father, in the second Sorrowful Mystery, the Scourging at the Pillar?

The Abbot—I behold the judgment hall of Pontius Pilate. It is the hour of terce, and sentence has been passed on our Divine Lord. All around are cruel men anxious to heap pain and ignominy on Him. They lead Him to a stone pillar in the hall where only malefactors and criminals have ever been punished. He, so meek and silent, is bound to the iron rings of the pillar. He has been stripped of most of His garments, and stands there, ready to allow these cruel men to do their will. Two of them approach, and standing, one on His right hand, the other on His left, raise their arms and let the lash descend on His shoulders and back in heavy, stinging blows. Faster and faster they ply the lash, and still He utters no complaint. His flesh is torn and bleeding, His eyes are suffused with blood, "and still He opens not His mouth." At the other end of the hall, kept back by armed men, I behold the disciples and Holy Mary. How can they endure that hour? Each blow pierces their hearts, and they cry aloud to God to have mercy and to spare.

The Bishop—Recount to us, beloved brethren, what this Mystery teaches.

First Monk—I learn patience, endurance of evil, even when it is pain or suffering that is not deserved.

Second Monk—I learn the pardon of sins, even as we are sure that our Divine Lord forgave His tormentors.

Third Monk—The lesson brought home to me is the mortification of the flesh. If He, who was purity itself, had to endure such cruel scourging, how much more is it deserved by us who labor under the stain of mortal sin.

The Bishop—Holy Mary, pray for us.

Abbot and Monks—Holy Mother of God, pray for us.

The Bishop—Tell us, Reverend Father, what you see in the third Sorrowful Mystery, the Crowning with Thorns.

The Abbot—I behold our Blessed Saviour in the guard room, surrounded by soldiers. He is faint with pain and anguish, and loss of blood. His eyes are sunk in His head, His form bowed down, His beautiful face pale with suffering. It is difficult, now, to recognize in Him the Son of Mary Whose beauty was the counterpart of hers, and yet He seemed more than ever a king. The soldiers draw

near, and place on His delicate brow a crown of thorns. It pierces His flesh, causing intense pain, but how much deeper is the indignity offered to His tender Heart. They mock Him and bow down before Him saying, "Hail, King of the Jews," "and still He opens not His mouth."

The Bishop—What see you, my brethren, in this sad Mystery?

First Monk—I learn from the conduct of the meek Saviour in this hour of bitter trial, the grace of true humility.

Second Monk—I learn how cruel the world can be; and that we must pray fervently against the sins of pride, selfishness, and of indifference to suffering in others, and that rank and wealth do not always make the royal state, else God would not have allowed His Kingly Son to suffer such shame and torment.

The Bishop—Holy Mary, pray for us.

Abbot and Monks—Holy Mother of God, pray for us.

The Bishop—And now, Reverend Father, what behold you in the fourth Sorrowful Mystery, the carrying of the Cross?

The Abbot—I see the holy city, Jerusalem, where all nature is fair and beautiful. Along the Via Crucis I behold a motley crowd. The Saviour of the world is bearing His Cross to Calvary. He can scarcely stand or walk; and fearing that He may die before He reaches the place of execution, the soldiers summon Simon of Cyrene and lay the Cross on him "that he may bear it after Jesus." The meek Saviour stumbles and falls again and again on His journey; yet still He finds strength to address the women of Jerusalem, and to give a blessing to holy Veronica, as she steps forward full of compassion, to wipe the dust and blood from His face. I see the Holy Mother, whose heart is pierced with a sword, as she follows her Divine Son, unable in that hour to save Him, as she would fain do, from all sorrow and pain. She hears the mocking of the multitude, and her heart faints with anguish for her Child.

The Bishop—Recount to us, my brethren, what this great Mystery teaches.

First Monk—It teaches me the great lesson that we must bear the cross for Jesus, and with Jesus.

Second Monk—And to me it speaks of the inexhaustible patience of God. The overpowering love for us that could nerve Him to follow that dolorous way of the Holy Cross in order that we might tread it after Him.

Third Monk—I learn to ask pardon for my sins, and to seek to cheer and comfort others on life's journey, even as the Lord Christ comforted the women of Jerusalem.



The Bishop—Holy Mary, pray for us.

Abbot and Monks—Holy Mother of God, pray for us.

The Bishop—And now, Reverend Father, what see you in the fifth Sorrowful Mystery, the Crucifixion?

The Abbot—I behold that last and most stupendous act of Christ's suffering for us. I see Golgotha and the wood of the Cross. The sky is darkened, the air is cold and bleak. A great multitude of men, women and children, Roman soldiers, Jewish Rabbies and merchants, besides malefactors and criminals, crowd together above and below the hill of Calvary. I see the disciples and holy women, and at the foot of the cross is Holy Mary with Mary Magdalene and St. John. Above these faithful three are three others, the good thief and the unrepentant malefactor; and between them, (O, God that it should be!) is our Divine and Suffering Lord. I hear those seven last words that fall from His parched lips. I see Him bend His dying head, as drop by drop the blood flows from His wounds. I see, as it were, His first as it will be His last appeal to the unbelieving world—the love of His adorable and stricken Heart that the lance has pierced; though far deeper was it pierced by the sin of the world and the ingratitude of man.

The Bishop—Recount to us, beloved brethren, what this most Sorrowful Mystery teaches.

First Monk—It teaches me above all, and beyond all, that God is Love—for "greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his brethren."

Second Monk—It teaches me detachment from the world, the vanity and nothingness of this mortal life.

Third Monk—And to me it speaks of repentance while yet there is time, and that for Christ we must die daily; it teaches of the mortification of evil passions, the forgiveness of our enemies; and the ultimate triumph of good over evil.

Fourth Monk—I learn that love is like a stone cast in the water that causes ever-widening circles. In all His agony on the Cross our adorable Lord thought of His blessed Mother and St. John. For all time He gave His holy Mother to us; and for all time He teaches us from the rood of the Cross to love and care for the sorrowful, the suffering; and for all depending on us.

The Bishop—Holy Mary, pray for us.

Abbot and Monks—Holy Mother of God, pray for us.

The Bishop—And now, Reverend Father, and you, my brethren, we turn from sorrow and mourning to joy. For "Christ our

Passover is sacrificed for us." "He dieth no more, death hath no more dominion over Him." The song of the Church in its Glorious Mysteries is full of triumphant praise and thanksgiving. I pray you now, Rev. Father, recount to us the first great Mystery, the Resurrection of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

The Abbot—Across a chasm of eighteen hundred years I see the garden of Joseph of Arimathea. The dawn is breaking in the East, touching the flower and tree and shrub with its vivid light. It changes into crimson the white stone of the tomb where they laid the body of Jesus. I see afar the holy women wending their way to the resting place of the Lord. They draw nearer and nearer until now they are at the door of the sepulchre, and lo, it is open! The stone that guarded the entrance is rolled away, and seated on either side of it are two Angels, and their words are, "He is not here—He is risen." I behold the wonder and awe of the holy women. And now the sun has risen in majestic splendor, (even as the Sun of Justice has risen from the grave), and hither have come Peter, prince of the Apostles, and John, the beloved of Jesus; and as yet they understand not that Christ has burst the bonds of death and of sin.

The Bishop—Tell me, my beloved brethren what learn we from this Glorious Mystery.

First Monk—It teaches me the daily spiritual resurrection of our souls; and the mortal resurrection of our bodies at the last great day.

Second Monk—I learn from it faith, and that the sufferings of this life are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.

Third Monk—I see in it a type—for as the Angel guarded the gate of Eden to bar out Adam and Eve because of sin, even so at the Resurrection an Angel at the door of the sepulchre bids man enter in; for, "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

The Bishop—Holy Mary, pray for us.

Abbot and Monks—Holy Mother of God, pray for us.

The Bishop—What see you, Rev. Father, in the second Glorious Mystery—the Ascension.

The Abbot—I behold Bethany, and the little company of those who were faithful to Jesus. I see the Apostles and the Virgin Mother, and among them moves Our Lord exhorting them to observe all things as He has commanded. The day is far spent; and

the sun is setting in the West. Everywhere that the eye turns the scene is full of peace. Deep valleys, broad plains, and far-off blue hills greet the eye, and in the distance the Holy City appears, fair and beautiful. And now the clouds have descended and enveloped the little group, and as the clouds lift they behold the Lord ascending to Heaven. He looks up and not down, for His work is done; and now His thoughts are turned to His Eternal Father, and His Heavenly Home. Presently He is lost to sight, and His faithful ones disperse to pray, suffer, and follow in His footsteps, until they too, shall go hence into glory.

The Bishop—What see you, Rev. brethren, in this great Mystery?

First Monk—I learn hope, and yearning for Heaven; and that by the ascension of Christ to His Father we, too, at the last great day will rise and go to Him.

Second Monk—I learn that we should be detached from too great a love of earthly things, and should make steady progress in good during our sojourn here, even as did the Apostles and Blessed Mary after Christ's ascension.

The Bishop—Holy, pray for us.

Abbot and Monks—Holy Mother of God, pray for us.

The Bishop—What see you, Rev. Father, in the third Glorious Mystery, the Descent of the Holy Ghost.

The Abbot—I behold that upper room in Jerusalem where the Apostles were assembled in the breaking of bread. I hear the sound of the rushing, mighty wind, and behold the tongues of vivid flame that descend on the head of each Apostle, and this flame appears, as it were, like a dove, red with the sacred flame, and yet white with the purity of the Spirit of God. And I see that henceforth each Apostle has the Divine knowledge, and Divine purity of the Holy Spirit of God.

The Bishop—What learn we, Reverend brethren, from this Glorious Mystery?

First Monk—Divine charity—the continued love of God, Who not content with sending His only begotten Son for our redemption, should now send the Holy Spirit to guide His Church in all truth.

Second Monk—I learn that we must pray that the Holy Spirit may reign not only universally in the Church, but individually in our hearts, to enlighten and guide us to the haven of salvation.

Third Monk—It teaches me to pray daily for a greater love of God, and zeal in His service.

The Bishop—Holy Mary, pray for us.

Abbot and Monks—Holy Mother of God, pray for us.

The Bishop—Recount to us, Rev. Father, what you see in the fourth Glorious Mystery, the Assumption of the Blessed Mother of God.

The Abbot—I behold the abode of St. John at Nazareth. Here are assembled the surviving Apostles and holy women who knew and loved the Lord. On her humble bed lies the dear Mother of Christ, for she is dying. Her hands are clasped, her eyes are closed. Her sweet face is worn with age and grief; but as beautiful now as in her radiant youth. Her thoughts are already in Heaven with her Divine Son. I see her breathe her last, and behold her prepared for burial. Anon the scene changes. At the command of God, Blessed Mary comes forth from the tomb, whence she is assumed into Heaven. I see her no longer aged or sad, but glowing with immortal life. The clouds envelope and lift her, bearing her gently heavenward. Sweet angelic beings and little children attend her; and she thus disappears from sight.

The Bishop—What learn we, Rev. brethren, from this Glorious Mystery?

First Monk—The grace of a happy death and that we should ever live in the thought and preparation for it, until it loses its terror.

Second Monk—I learn of union with Christ and the Saints, and that we know of two only who were bodily assumed into Heaven through the great favor of God, Elijah in the old dispensation, and Mary in the new.

The Bishop—Holy Mary, pray for us.

Abbot and Monks—Holy Mother of God, pray for us.

The Bishop—What see you, finally, Rev. Father, in the last of all these mysteries, the Coronation of Holy Mary in Heaven.

The Abbot—"Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, the glory to be revealed." I cannot behold that wonderful sight of the whole Court of Heaven. I can only believe; and meditate on the Triune Three, the great God, her Eternal Father, the Holy Ghost, her Spouse, the Divine Jesus, her Son, before Whom kneels Blessed Mary, crowned by her beloved Son. We think we hear the strains of angelic music and that we see the love and joy of the heavenly company, the happiness and humility of the Mother of God. I kneel in awe and reverence at the thought of all God's goodness and mercy to our sinful race.

The Bishop—(As all kneel), what see you, Rev. brethren, in this last great Mystery?

First Monk—I behold the joys of Heaven, that shall be ours when the suffering of this present life is over.

Second Monk—I see, far off but ardently longed for, the reward of faithful and loyal devotion to our Lord Christ in His Church.

Third Monk—I learn that Almighty God, from first to last, honored Blessed Mary in a most singular manner—that Christ on the Cross gave her to us for our Mother. I believe in the Communion of Saints interceding, by us ever invoked; and therefore, following the teaching of Holy Church, I invoke Blessed Mary and ask her to pray for me, a sinner.

The Bishop—Holy Mary, pray for us.

Abbot and Monks—Holy Mother of God, pray for us.

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The Monks arose silently, and passing out of the Community room, dispersed to their cells. I followed the Bishop and Abbot who conducted me to my room, and left me with their peace and blessing. Far into the night I mused on this beautiful devotion and custom; and as I rode away from the Abbey next morning, after attending the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the mystic morning light was breaking over the hills, seeming to lift earth to Heaven, and drawing down Heaven to earth, and I felt that henceforth, wherever I might be, and however recited, my Rosary would hold new and precious teaching for me.

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### AUTUMN.

MINNIE A. GREINER EDINGTON.

**T**HERE is a subtle charm in these rare days,  
 More potent far than other seasons hold.  
 There is a wealth of glory in the gold  
 And crimson hues each autumn wood displays.  
 A mystic meaning holds the soft blue haze  
 That the horizon thinly doth enfold.  
 Each lightly falling leaf, with him of old,  
 In voice of plaintive sweetness mutely says  
 "Man's life fades as the leaf." Proud asters stand,  
 Like monarchs in their purple vestments clad;  
 While plumes of golden rod, on every hand,  
 Nod gayly in the wind. The heart is glad  
 E'en though the hectic splendors of the land  
 Stir in the soul thoughts that are vaguely sad.

## THE TROUBADOURS, AND THE HERESY OF THE ALBIGENSES.

FLORENCE BAIN SEYMOUR.



PROVENCE, the land of purple vineyard and of golden sunlight, of brimming wine-cup and of tender song, its sands washed by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, its valleys watered by the Rhone and Var, and its Eastern boundary sentineled by the snow-peaked Alps, has long been held dear as the cradle of the musical poetry of Southern Europe, and the land par excellence of sweetest lyric and most romantic legend.

O for a draught of vintage that hath been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth,

sang Keats in his flowing metre.

Placed by geographical position in direct communication with Italy, France, and Spain, it is not to be wondered at that the influence of the Provencal poets was strongly exercised in the literature of these countries and that the graceful spirit of the "gaya ciencia," or gay science, is to be found in so marked a degree in the poetry of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The strolling minstrel or Troubadour, passing from chateau to chateau, and from village to village, carolled joyously his song of mirth, so full of love and chivalry but, alas, marred too often by that lightness and irreverence in matters religious, and by a low moral tone so frequently found in a pleasure-loving people. That many of these canzons were regarded even at that time as licentious, and profane is certain, and that they were of a nature superficial and extravagant is evident in the fragments that remain to us. We find one "loving to his eyes" an utter stranger, and then dying at sight of her! From the Arabs they imbibed what has been well called "a courteous contempt for womankind."

Leaving the sunny countries of Provence and Languedoc the Troubadours found their way into Northern France and Italy, and the marriage of the heiress of the throne of Provence to Raymond

Berenger, Count of Barcelona, a descendant of whose, Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence, Dante mentions in the VI Canto of the *Paradiso*, in connection with Romeo, the Pilgrim, brought into Spain a number of these poets, many of them of noble birth, who followed their liege lady across the Pyrenees.

Their dialect, mingling with the Catalan or Catalonian, with which it had much in common, gradually spread from the north-western corner of Spain to meet that stronger national school of poetry which was just then arising in the opposite corner of the Peninsula, amidst the mountains of Biscay and the Asturias. The history of the different dialects with their different claims to merit, the "honeyed sweets of the Venetian," the music of the Provençal, the graceful Catalan, and the stronger Castilian, the vigor and amplitude of which, with its general adaptability as the national language, gave it finally a recognized authority, is full of interest. The Provençal language differs from the modern French, just as the language of the Suabian Minnesingers differs from the modern German. We have the opinion of an American litterateur that Provençal and English are more closely allied than Provençal and French—many words almost identical being found, for which reason Provençal may be more easily translated into English with a closer approach to literal exactness. The Troubadours, and their school of refined poetry flourished for about three hundred years on Spanish soil, but like many another transplanted flower, it did not take deep root and gradually sickened and died. Various attempts were made to revive the Provençal spirit and poetry in France and Spain. Guilds were formed for this purpose, and floral games and tournaments were held, to which were summoned all poets to come as at Toulouse "with joy of heart to contend for the prize of a golden violet." That both language and poetry continued to live in the hearts and affections of the people, is seen in the fact that in the present century, a successful effort has been made to revive them. Joseph Romnanville, and Frederick Wistral, the latter the author of "*Mireio*," so admired by Lamertine, gathering about them five other poets, formed a brotherhood of Provençal poets to which was given the name "*Felibrige*." The music, taken up by scores of voices in divers chords, resulted in the organization of various branches in France and Spain. On the annual feast of the *Felibres* the different divisions meet at some town of Southern France where floral games are celebrated. These floral games, which are competition in belles-lettres, derive their names from the gold or silver flower awarded

to the victor, even as we find them in the days of the Troubadours, six hundred years ago. Thomas Janvier, in his delightful "Embassy to Provence," tells in a charming manner the way in which Romnanville came to write in Provençal. A lad of seventeen, and teacher in a school at that Tarascon which Daudet has made immortal in his inimitable "Tartarin," he began to try his young wings in the flight of poesy. One Sunday he was at home at Sainte Remy with his mother to whom French was an unknown tongue when she said to him:

"Why, Jouse, they tell me that thou art making paper-talk."

"Making paper-talk, mother?"

"Yes, that is what they tell me. What is it thou art putting on paper? What dost thou make it say?"

"But it is nothing, mother."

"Oh yes, my handsome Jouse, it is something. Tell thy mother what it is."

But when he recited his French verses to her, she shook her head sorrowfully and said to him: "I do not understand."

"And then," said Romnanville, "my heart rose up within me and said, 'write thy verses in the beautiful language thy mother understands'." Thus in a burst of filial devotion was begun the movement so eagerly welcomed and followed by his countrymen.

The Troubadours as exiles from their fair Provence and Languedoc, as refugees at the Court of Aragon during, and after the wars of the Albigenses, are constantly held up to us by non-Catholic writers and historians as objects for our pity and admiration, as innocent victims persecuted by the Church of Rome for trying to worship God according to their consciences. The truth is, most of them were tainted by that heresy that threatened to poison the whole atmosphere of Southern Europe, and beneath the grace, and musical, though shallow beauty of their poetry, lurked even as the canker in the rose's heart, the dangerous elements of libertinism and anarchical revolt, in order to view the danger of which, it is necessary to glance at this heresy of the Albigenses. That their teachings undermined the very foundations of Christianity, is frankly confessed by M. Schmidt, Lutheran Professor of the University of Strasburg.

This heresy dates back to the latter part of the 12th century, appearing in the South of France at a time when there prevailed even among churchmen a great immorality, and the Popes seemed powerless to restore piety and ecclesiastical discipline against the rushing tide of avarice, simony and worldliness. It sprang up side



by side with the heresy of the Waldenses, called from its founder Peter Waldo. Both originated in the Manichean heresy of the 3rd century which took its principles from the ancient Gnostics, who in turn derived theirs from Zoroaster.

Manes, a liberated slave of great beauty and talent, claimed to be a new Apostle—even the Paraclete Himself. Some of the leading points of belief of the Manicheans were the following: They inculcated the belief in two Gods—one good, the other evil, each independent of and each laboring to destroy the other. One, the author of good, the other of evil. The soul was the work of the good Principle and was essentially good, and could do no evil. The body was the work of the evil demon, for the deeds of which the soul was not accountable. They inferred that as the body was the work of the evil spirit, marriage was unlawful, though every excess of passion was exempt from guilt. They denied for the same reason the Incarnation of the Son of God, and all distinctive doctrines of Christianity, and treated as idolatrous most of the pious practices of Christians. They rejected the Old Testament as the work of the devil. They were formed into a confraternity composed of different degrees, nearly corresponding to the degrees of modern freemasonry. St. Augustine, who had in his youth adopted their doctrines, testifies that they took an oath of secrecy and were given as a maxim, "Swear true, swear false, but never divulge the secret." They have served to a great extent as the models of secret societies.

After the death of Manes, his followers increased and his doctrine spread. He had been put to death by a king, and resisted by the Church, hence his disciples pledged themselves by terrible oaths to wage war against the Church, kings, governments, and all distinctions of rank. They adopted signs and passwords; on shaking hands, they could tell the adept from one not initiated, and celebrated horrible orgies. Few of these matters were revealed and they passed as a charitable brotherhood, professing great virtue and purity of life and were ever ready to assist the distressed members of their society or their widows and orphans. They assisted at Mass and at the Church services, even receiving Holy Communion, although they did not believe, and when suspected and interrogated, answered like Catholics. As they became sufficiently numerous and powerful, they became less guarded and sometimes openly arrayed themselves against their princes and took up arms. Imperial laws were enacted in the 9th century condemning them to imprisonment and death. In 1017, the heresy was introduced in France by an Italian

woman, who inveigled two canons of Orleans, who enjoyed a high reputation for sanctity and learning, and from them the contagion spread among the clergy. In 1022, a person of great erudition and a devout Catholic, Arefaste by name, determined to find out what they really taught, and insinuated himself into their confidence under pretence of seeking instruction and after discovering all their secrets, revealed them to King Robert of Sicily, who ordered the arrest of all persons concerned. A council of bishops was immediately convened. At first the heretics equivocated and professed as Catholics but confronted with Arefaste, they boldly confessed, avowing the sentiments with which they were charged, justifying their revolting practices, and set at open defiance the king and laws. The people were exasperated, and according to the laws then in force they were put to death. The vigorous efforts of King Robert, purged his dominion of them; they were forced to seek refuge elsewhere, and by carefully concealing the worst features of their sect, they succeeded in establishing themselves in the neighboring provinces. The country was well adapted for the spread of Manichaeism—Rich cities had sprung up, noted for their wealth and culture. Chivalry, associated with the arts, courtesy and love, held sway, and the language of Provence was the language of the polite and learned. But with this refinement of civilization had come freedom of thought and irreligion, and in Provence and Languedoc, scoffers were not regarded with the execration that met them elsewhere. The people lived on terms of commercial and social intimacy with the Moorish kingdoms, giving a welcome reception to the mathematicians of Cordova and Granada, and imbibed in much of their theological impiety with the learning of the Arabians. Religion lost authority with all classes and the clergy were held in contempt. The Troubadours went from place to place enlivening social intercourse with jests upon things most sacred, caricaturing priests, and relating scandalous tales of monks, bishops and nuns.

These minstrels were never admitted to the Court of St. Louis. The lower classes were pleased with these doctrines which placed them on a level with the most aristocratic, while the higher classes saw in them license for a life of pleasure and voluptuousness. That the Albigenses, who derived their name from the town of Albi, one of their strongholds, held so many of the distinguishing principles of Manichaeism, Dr. Brownson says is as certain as any fact revealed in history. Macaulay and Sismondi both acknowledge it, and they themselves boldly confessed it. They rejected the Old

Testament, declared that sacraments administered by wicked men were invalid, but that all good men, viz: of their own sect, whether ordained or not could administer them; that judicial oaths, marriage and infant baptism were unlawful. After years of forbearance and fruitless efforts to restrain the excesses of the Albigenses, recourse was had to arms, a measure absolutely necessary on account of their daily depredations—burning churches, ravaging the neighborhood, etc. Raymond V. Count of Toulouse, demanded of the King of France an armed force to protect the Catholics and to bring the offenders to terms. A numerous force was marched into the field and was victorious, but the tranquility that followed was only temporary. At the beginning of the 13th century they were the more formidable as they had for leader Raymond VI., son of the Count of Toulouse who had so valiantly opposed them. He governed one of the most important provinces, the court of his father having been one of the most brilliant in Europe. Raymond VI. protected the Albigenses and even offered a large reward in money to every Christian knight that should apostatize. As soon as his various wives ceased to charm him, he repudiated them—a precedent closely followed by Henry VIII. of England, and he had so little respect for religion and the laws of the Church, that he hired mountebanks to mock and caricature the priests while they were officiating at the altar. A decisive movement was necessary to save the world from anarchy and barbarism. In 1179, in the 11th General Council, the Church had condemned and pronounced anathema against the Albigenses. Many Protestant writers declare that the wars against them were actuated by religious bigotry for the reason that they believed other than as the Church taught. Had they been content to practise their belief among themselves, no war would have been carried on against them, but instead, they waged open warfare against the religion of the whole world, and sought to bring its authority into contempt.

It must be remembered that in the 13th century, the Church was the great riveting power of right and justice, in countries just emerging from a state of barbarism. Kingdoms and principalities had willingly chosen dependence on her, and men looked to her as the guardian of their civil rights and liberties. She was ever the champion of the weak, and the keeper of peace, and her voice was heard through her ministers. Therefore, whoever attacked religion attacked the fountain-head of civil liberty and authority and made every state and kingdom tremble. The Albigenses, then, as avowed

enemies of both Church and State, must be regarded, not as simple, harmless people persecuted for the practice of a peaceful belief, but as an anarchical faction, aiming to destroy the fundamental principles of government.

When Innocent III. ascended the Papal chair in 1200, he saw plainly the havoc worked by these heretics, and earnestly exhorted the faithful to remove every occasion of scandal, and set a good example.

These persuasions failing, he decreed that all obstinately adhering to this heresy, should be excommunicated and deprived of all ecclesiastical fiefs and revenues, at the same time recommending princes to banish them from their territories, and when necessary to take up arms against them. Two Papal Legates were sent to Toulouse, but though men of eminent piety, and willing to endure every hardship they became discouraged. The Pope called upon the King of France to arm for the safety of his kingdom and the Church but in vain—neither arms nor persuasions availed to quell the proud and licentious Albigenses. It was then that St. Dominic, a young, humble and zealous priest appeared. His labors among the sincere and simple-hearted were most successful, but they roused the fury of the proud and turbulent chiefs and their followers. The cry of priest-craft was raised, and not content with words of abuse, they proceeded to burn the churches, to put to death priests and religious—in many cases, flaying them alive,—patrolling the country in armed bands of from five to eight thousand men. The Papal Legate was assassinated, and this was the final stroke.

Raymond and his followers were excommunicated anew, and all the places they occupied and that gave them refuge were put under an interdict. An army was raised to punish and extirpate the authors of these crimes. Fifty thousand combatants wearing the red cross, with Simon de Montfort at their head, assembled and were everywhere victorious, the Albigenses, Manicheans, being overcome, and those who survived forced to conceal themselves in remote corners.

Fr. Lacordaire says, "Europe, bound together by a common faith, held that every oppressed people, professing the same faith, whoever might be the oppressor, had a just claim to her aid and protection, and could lawfully take up arms for themselves. It was then that chivalry was born. \* \* \* Every Christian man felt that he was a minister of justice against tyranny, and being the workmanship of Him whose ears are ever open to the supplications of His children, that it was his duty to fly promptly at the first cry

of distress, whether the oppression proceeded from the throne, or from the tower of a castle, whether it was necessary for him to cross the sea or merely to mount a charger,—neither weather nor place, nor danger nor rank, could impede the achievement of their object. No one talked of profit or loss. Conscience toward men in this world, and God in the next,” and that among these weaker powers which chivalry had sworn to protect, there was one more sacred than all the others—it was the Church which however great her moral strength, had neither soldiers nor ramparts to defend her.

This glance at the Troubadours and their connection with the heresy of the Albigenses, has necessarily been a cursory one. Neither time nor inclination would permit us to dwell on the profanations and indecencies that have been authentically proved against them, but it will be at least sufficient to convince us that the sympathy so largely shown them by Protestant writers, as innocent victims suffering persecution for conscience'sake has been most undeserved. Like many another slander widely disseminated against the Church, it will not bear the strong light of truth, and like some uncanny thing, shrinks before fair investigation and criticism. We are all more or less familiar with the history of St. Dominic and his apostolate among the Albigenses. Where the anathemas of the Church, and the sword of state failed to curb this heresy, the sweet devotion of the Rosary revealed to St. Dominic by our Blessed Lady, accomplished wonders in bringing back hundreds to the True Fold.

It is said that in the beginning of his mission to these heretics, meeting with so little success, he complained of this in pious prayer to the Queen of Heaven when she deigned to reply to him thus: “Wonder not that until now you have obtained so little fruit by your labors; you have spent them on a barren soil, not yet watered with the dew of divine grace. When God willed to renew the face of the earth, He began by sending down on it the fertilizing rain of the Angelical Salutation. Therefore, preach my Psalter composed of one hundred and fifty Angelical Salutations, and fifteen Our Fathers, and you will obtain an abundant harvest!” The servant of God in consequence began to preach this devotion and make it known to the people, and from that time he won an immense harvest of souls.

Thus began the devotion that has flourished and blossomed with fruitful beauty in every country and under all conditions. The beads of the Rosary, whether of sparkling jewels or rudely carved berries, slipping through the fingers of prince or peasant, have brought consolation to many an aching heart and strengthening grace to many a weary soul. Most truly has it been “the golden chain that binds us all about the Feet of God.”

## VERY GOOD COMRADES.

MARY E. MANNIX.

## IV.

## A JEALOUS AUNT.



FEW days after this Gabriel was surprised to see his friends take their usual station under his window wearing very sorrowful faces.

"What is the matter?" he inquired. "Is your grandmother ill?"

"No, not that," answered Pauline, "but we are expecting an aunt."

"And is that what makes you both look so disconsolate?" said Gabriel, still more surprised.

"I don't care much," replied Andrew, trying to look indifferent, "but Pauline is in a great way about it."

"You are just as bad as I am, Andrew," said his sister reproachfully. "You said she would spoil everything."

"What? Is she a cross old maid?" rejoined Gabriel.

The children laughed merrily.

"No," said Pauline. "The trouble is that our aunt is not like other people."

"Well, what is the matter with her? Is she crippled or infirm?" continued Gabriel.

"Oh no," said Pauline. "If she were we should be very sorry for her, shouldn't we, Andrew?"

"Yes," replied her brother promptly. "That is I should, unless I might have to wheel her about in a chair. In that case I might not feel so sorry."

"Heartless boy!" exclaimed his sister. "You know if that were the case, there would be a servant to wheel her about."

"Is she very disagreeable, then?"

"Oh, if she were that, we could put her on penance, and we shall do it, too."

"What riddles!" said Gabriel, a little impatiently, for him.

"That would be easy enough and proper enough for an aunt eight years old," said Pauline, smiling.

"An aunt eight years old!" cried Gabriel.

"Precisely!" said Andrew, with a frown.

"But how can that be possible?"

"And why not?" rejoined Andrew. "Our mother's mother was married twice. When mamma died this aunt was a very little girl. Our mamma was then twenty-two."

"When she died?"

"Yes," said Pauline. "And now her mother is dead, and our little aunt is coming to live with us."

"I have heard of strange things happening," said Gabriel, "but I never did hear before of an aunt eight years old. And you are both older than she is."

"She shall not rule me, at least," said Andrew. "One does not have to respect an aunt of that age."

Gabriel laughed. "Think of her only as a poor little orphan," he said. "You have been so good to me that I cannot understand why your hearts are not full of welcome for her."

The children looked at each other in self-reproach.

"You are right, Gabriel," said Pauline, "but we three were so happy together."

"And why not we four?" asked Gabriel cheerfully. "Wait, I will come down."

In a few moments they were all seated on the lawn—on Gabriel's side this time. It was about sunset, and from the kitchen garden, where Nora was gathering strawberries they could hear her in conversation with Mrs. Dineen.

"I tell you it's the truth," said the cook. "The child is only eight years old. Didn't I hear Miss Pauline telling Gabriel so a moment ago?"

"Under the window?"

"Under yon window, Mrs. Dineen. 'Tis there one ought to go now-a-days to hear the news. The children scream out everything to the boy above in the other house."

The trio on the lawn behind the hedge looked at each other with a smile.

"I'll have a plenty more to wash now!" said the laundress. "I wonder will she have a deal of flounces and frills?"

"I doubt it," said Nora. "The missus wont allow her to have them long. She'll be dressed the same way as Miss Pauline."

"It'll be an increase in the wash anyway," said Mrs. Dineen in her usual grumbling tone. The women passed on, and the children heard no more.

"Poor little girl," said Gabriel.

"I will love her, we will all love her," cried Pauline; "unless she is mean," she added quickly. "Then we shall try to treat her politely, shan't we, Andrew?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "but I hate new people—that is—usually," he hastened to add, seeing the look of reproach in his sister's eyes. But Gabriel had not noticed the thoughtless remark. Another subject was introduced and they sat talking until Mrs. Ostrander called them into the house.

The next evening Andrew wrote in his diary:

"She has come, and I have nothing to say against her. I felt very silly though when Grandmamma said, 'Come kiss your aunt, Andrew.' She is very pretty, I think. Indeed, I think I can pardon her for being my aunt, on account of her beauty and gracefulness. She is a little timid, probably because she feels strange just yet, but Mlle. Pauline will soon cure her of that. I feel that she adds just a little bit to my responsibilities, which are not slight, although they do not seem to be aware of it. I am certainly to be considered the natural protector of my grandmother, who took care of me when I was little, and who is beginning to grow old. Then there is Pauline and now what with Gabriel and the new aunt, it is no light matter. Papa is too much occupied with business to think of these weighty things. All that he does is to provide us with a living. I must say, however, that it is a very good one.

"Gabriel has not yet seen her; he remained indoors all day yesterday, so that he might be able to come this evening, when we will introduce him to her, or her to him—which is right? Anyway, neither of them will care which; it seems to me it does not make a great deal of difference. I am sure they will like each other.

"My teachers have been finding fault with me lately. I do not think they ought to expect me to confine myself to my studies like Pauline does."

\* \* \* \* \*

Several days after this the following dispute was going on in the back drawing-room of the Ostrander mansion:

"Gabriel likes me best."

"No, he does not. He likes me."

"Not at all," said the other, not without sarcasm, and in a tone which inferred there was no possible further argument to be advanced by her opponent. "Not at all. Besides, I am your aunt and I am entitled to be first in everything."



Pauline stood up, her cheeks flushed, and with angry eyes she was about to make a retort when the door opened, and the subject of their dispute entered. He had taken a great fancy to the little aunt when he had first seen her, while on her side she had felt most strongly attached to the pale boy, who with all his delicacy and fragility, was very manly. Martha Gersel was a beautiful child, with long, wavy, chestnut braids reaching below her waist, a lovely demi-brunette complexion and a pair of large expressive brown eyes that changed with her every mood. She had at times a serious, even a melancholy air, which made her very interesting, but on occasions, and these were not infrequent, she would give way to a fiery and capricious temper, particularly if her wishes were in the least degree thwarted or denied. Pauline had not been accustomed to this sort of disposition, and it was only the duty which she thought she owed to Martha in the relation of aunt which kept her from expressing herself with regard to those outbursts. But now she did not attempt to restrain herself. She was freely and frankly displeased.

"Why were you quarreling?" inquired Gabriel, looking with an amused smile from one to the other.

The two children colored. "She pretends," answered Pauline, who was nothing if not frank, "she pretends that she thinks you like her better than you do me."

"And why should you like her better than me?" asked Martha, with shining eyes.

"I like both of you very much," replied Gabriel, lifting one of her long braids, at the same time putting his other hand caressingly on Pauline's head.

"But you ought to like me best," continued Martha, casting a fiery glance at her niece, whose face had resumed its usual amiable expression.

"For what reason?" asked Gabriel, a little gravely, as he let fall the chestnut braid.

The action did not escape Martha, though it was unnoticed by Pauline, who had, herself, withdrawn from Gabriel's caressing hand.

"Because I am her aunt, in the first place, and because I am the youngest. The youngest is always loved the best," was the undaunted reply.

"Well, I am going to tell you something," said Gabriel, looking at her attentively, realizing for the first time that the little girl was something other than a pretty plaything, that she had faults and follies like her elders, and feeling in himself the boyish and perhaps

unreasoning indignation which revolts against injustice of any kind. "See here,"—he repeated, "I am going to teach you something. In the first place you did not earn that grand title of aunt through any merit of your own, did you?"

The child, only half comprehending, shook her head doubtfully.

"Well, you are not entitled to any credit for that. Besides I should be a very ungrateful boy if I were to like you better than Pauline who has been so good to me. I can never forget that, and there is nothing that could make me love anyone better than I do her."

Pauline's cheeks flushed, her eyes brightened, her lips parted in a shy smile. Martha hung her head for a moment, then lifted it saucily as she said:

"Just now, maybe, but persons forget things. After a long, long time you will not remember which of us you knew first—and—and—I shall always be prettier than Pauline!"

This retort was so childish yet so full of vanity that Gabriel could not help laughing. At this Martha began to scream and jump up and down as though in great pain.

"What is the matter?" cried Gabriel, in real solicitude. "Has something stung you?"

"I am angry, I am angry," answered the child in a loud voice. "No one loves me; everybody is cruel to me."

"Hush, hush," said Pauline imploringly. "We all love you, Martha, indeed we do, and if Gabriel wishes, he may love you best."

"Oh, will you, will you?" said the child, seizing his hands.

Not until you are a different girl from the one I see now," was the reply. "Even for your prettiness I could not love you now. Martha, your face will soon grow red and ugly if you allow yourself to fall into such tempers often. Besides, it is wrong, very wrong to act in this way. God will not love you either."

"Oh Gabriel, do love her best," cried Pauline. "What does it matter?"

"It matters nothing," said the boy. "I am of no importance at all. Why should any one care whether I love them or not?" He looked sadly at Pauline as he spoke. His face was pale. She saw that he was annoyed by the disturbance, for poor Gabriel was not strong. Little Martha was quick to interpret Pauline's look. Suddenly she threw her arms around Pauline and kissed her.

"Gabriel," she cried, "I love everybody and everybody loves me. No one is cruel to me. I have been a naughty girl but now I am going to be good."

"Now, that is nice," said the boy. "Come, let us play something. I have a new game in my pocket. Call Andrew and we can all play it together."

From that time Martha improved. Not all at once, and not without relapses, but, taking Pauline for an example she soon became amiable and gentle which caused Andrew to make the following remarks in his diary :

"Under my kind but firm influence my aunt has dropped a great many of her little caprices. One look from me is enough to control her in her wildest moments. Gabriel has several times tried to influence her, but he is too weak and girlish to have any effect on one with so violent a temper.

"By my advice (at least I made the suggestion and I see that it is being acted upon) Grandmamma does not indulge her so much, and I think the servants have been instructed to be polite yet firm with her. They no longer make a little idol of her. I always felt that I was capable of directing a family—the care of Martha is a case in point. One day I had occasion to reproach her. Mrs. Din-een took her hands out of the soap-suds and wiping them respectfully, said: 'Indeed then, Master Andrew, 'tis well for them they have such a fine directhor over them. What would become of the house widout you, at all at all.' Praise from such a source does not amount to much, of course. Yet it shows that a strong and superior character makes an impression everywhere."

## V.

### A WOULD-BE SAVIOR.

Gabriel was confined to the house with a cold, and as the children were busy with their lessons for a considerable portion of the day, he was thrown on his own resources for amusement. Pauline and Martha, having laid their brown and blonde heads together, resolved to lend him their cat, Merrylegs, which they thought the finest creature and the greatest fun in the world. Gabriel accepted the loan with great pleasure. He taught the cat to do several interesting tricks which it had not known before, such as feigning sleep, standing in the corner on its hind legs until he bade it rest, and several others. The poor child, however, forgot one thing, that his uncle detested cats and would not have them about him. Usually he sent for Gabriel to come to the library, but on this occasion, having been absent a couple of days and knowing that Gabriel was not well, he went up to the school-room, which was also the boy's sit-

ting-room. Gabriel was sitting with the cat in his lap. The room was in semi-twilight—as his eyes were weakened by the cold. Mr. Foxon did not see the cat.

“How are you feeling?” he inquired, seating himself on the sofa.

“Pretty well,” said Gabriel, “and I have had such a pleasant companion that I have not missed my books.” At this moment, the cat, wishing to make friends, leaped from his lap to his uncle’s shoulder. With an exclamation of anger and disgust Mr. Foxon, seizing the poor creature by the back of the neck, threw him out of the open window.

“Oh, uncle, what have you done?” cried Gabriel, in a terrified voice. “That was Merrylegs, the Ostrandrs’ cat; she is their greatest pet.”

“Oh, that will not matter,” replied his uncle, indifferently. “Cats are not easily killed, and you know I cannot endure them. She will run home, and you will see her again at your friends’ house, but not here, please remember.”

Pauline and Martha had finished their lessons and were walking about the garden, close under Gabriel’s window, hoping that he might look out. Andrew sat on the piazza studying his algebra. All at once the little girls saw the cat flying out of the window, and heard Gabriel’s terrified exclamations, although they could not understand a word he said. They looked at each other in speechless amazement, but Andrew who had seen nothing, only heard the cry, threw down his book and slate, and without waiting for his hat, rushed down the steps, along the garden, and up the walk which led to their neighbor’s house. The front-door was open; he ran up the stairs and in a moment appeared in Gabriel’s room.

“What is the matter, Gabriel?” he cried. “But do not be afraid; I am here. It is a wonder that horrible man had not murdered you before I came. We heard your cries and I ran right over! Oh, that miserable wretch of a man. I hate him.”

“What man?” answered Gabriel, in genuine astonishment.

“Your jailer,” replied Andrew, clapping his hands together with a loud noise. “Your jailer. That man who tries to make a martyr of you.”

“Do you mean my uncle?” rejoined Gabriel, alarmed at Andrew’s excitement, which was quite inexplicable to him.

“Your uncle! Why do you call him uncle? Where is he?”

“He has gone down stairs, I think. Or perhaps he is in the library. But Andrew, he really meant no harm,” continued the boy,

thinking that Andrew was annoyed because his pet cat had been so summarily ejected.

"Oh yes!" cried Andrew. "It is all very well for you to excuse him; but I see how you are suffering."

"Not at all, Andrew. I have only a little cold."

"Yes, yes, be deaf and dumb if you choose, but I shall not be. Take off your coat, Gabriel."

"Take off my coat? Why should I do that?" asked Gabriel, who began to think that Andrew was losing his mind.

"So that I may see if he has left marks on your shoulders."

"Marks on my shoulders!" echoed Gabriel. "My uncle has never so much as touched me with the tip of his finger."

"You cannot deny it, Gabriel. I heard your loud cry a few moments ago. I was sitting on the piazza and heard it very distinctly."

"Oh, Andrew, you are so impulsive," said Gabriel. "My uncle does not like cats; he did not see Merrylegs till she jumped on his shoulder, and he threw her out of the window. Almost without thinking I cried out because I was afraid she might get hurt. I am so sorry I frightened you."

"You did not frighten me," said Andrew, somewhat mollified, but still quite disturbed. "I think this as good a time as any to say what is in my mind, Gabriel. I know how cruel your uncle is; I have known it from the first, and now I am determined to put a stop to it."

"But what do you mean to do, Andrew?" rejoined Gabriel in a tone of alarm. "My uncle is not cruel to me, at all. He is a little cold in his manner, and he does not seem to notice me much, but he has had a great deal of trouble; he has lost his wife and child, and it has made him very unhappy."

"He has well deserved to lose them," said Andrew, in a gratified tone. "God has punished him by taking them away because he has taken your money away from you."

"What are you saying?" cried Gabriel. "What do you mean, Andrew?"

Before his friend could reply Mr. Foxon appeared on the threshold. Saluting Andrew very politely he said:

"You are very good to come to see Gabriel, Master Andrew, but how did you enter? I did not hear any one admitting you?"

Andrew's face grew very red. "Oh, he said to himself. 'This wily villain is giving me a home thrust for not having rung the bell. If I had he would not have allowed me to come in.'"

"I did not want to disturb you, sir," he replied, somewhat confusedly. "I merely ran up to see Gabriel."

"As I said before that was very kind," rejoined Mr. Foxon.

"I could not help it," added Andrew, his face redder than ever, while he nervously clasped and unclasped his hands, "the bad treatment—"

"Which I inflicted on your sister's cat you mean," interrupted Mr. Foxon. "I beg of you do not permit her to come here again—she is a trouble and annoyance to me—"

"What! my sister!" cried Andrew. "She has never been inside your doors, Mr. Foxon."

"I am speaking of your sister's cat, young man. I have an aversion for those animals. From all I can learn your sister is a pleasing child, and I am glad to see you champion her cause, even though under a misunderstanding. Will you not sit down and talk to Gabriel a while?"

"I thank you sir, but I cannot accept your invitation," replied Andrew, with great dignity. "Gabriel knows where to find a friend when he needs one. Good day."

Uttering these words he cast a significant glance at Gabriel by which he meant to convey to the boy's mind that he would watch over him. But Gabriel, at a loss to understand his peculiar actions, did not know what had taken possession of his mind. When he had gone the boy was fearful that his uncle would feel displeased at such extraordinary behavior and might possibly forbid him to hold further intercourse with so eccentric a personage. But Mr. Foxon looked after him with a smile, for a moment, then turned and said:

"Your friend is certainly peculiar, Gabriel, but I have no doubt he is a good boy at heart. Very young, very young, of course." With these words he left the room.

"He is older than I am by three years and a half," soliloquized Gabriel, when once more alone. "I wonder if my uncle thinks him younger. But what can be the matter with him, and what did he mean by speaking that way of my inheritance. It is a pity Andrew is so queer for he is really a kind-hearted fellow, and a sincere friend."

Andrew returned home, passed Pauline and Martha on the piazza steps without deigning to answer a word to their eager questions about Gabriel's health, and the cause of the cat's discomfiture, but went immediately to his room, where his journal became the repository of the following confidences:

"This is the evening of the seventeenth of May. It has been a most eventful afternoon. In the morning, trouble with my algebra; after dinner more trouble, and this afternoon, late, as I was just getting myself out of the tangle, I heard loud cries proceeding from Gabriel's-sitting-room. Without a thought of the danger to which I was exposing myself, I precipitated myself into Mr. Foxon's abode. He had fled at my approach. I tried with all my might to make his child (G.) acknowledge that his wicked uncle had been beating him. The poor boy pretended not to understand me, and even went so far as to make excuses for his uncle's harshness. He refused to show me his bruised shoulders—I am certain they are black and blue, or will be, at least, to-morrow. In the midst of my entreaties and denouncement of the tyrant, he entered and endeavored by assuming an air of politeness to throw me off my guard, but he did not succeed in doing so. I bide my time. Gabriel astonished me to-day by professing not to understand what I referred to when I mentioned his lost inheritance. I think it is noble in him to try to veil his uncle's duplicity. Some day—I cannot yet say when or how—but later I shall devise a means—some day I shall unmask that man." (To be continued.)

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### SCATTERED.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

**I***N spring, upon the forest trees,  
The leaves, companions all,  
Held converse with the whispering breeze,  
An April carnival.*

*They clung together faithfully,  
One family were they,  
Till autumn bore Death's sure decree,  
And drove them far away.*

*Hark! wandering thro' the lonely land,  
I hear them weep and sigh;  
They who were once a steadfast band,  
In alien graves now lie.*

*Yet when another spring shall wake  
The woodland, field and fen,  
I know that God will surely make  
The dead leaves meet again.*

## THE STICKLEBACK.

LAWRENCE IRWELL.



HE pretty little fish called the stickleback is easily found in almost any part of the country; in Massachusetts the four-spined species is the commonest; in other states the two-spined is most frequently met with; and there are, in addition, several marine genera which have as many as fifteen spines. The latter are unlike their fresh-water cousins, as they have a longer and narrower body. They inhabit the brackish water of this country and of Europe.

The common stickleback rarely exceeds three inches in length, and it is especially attractive in winter, being olive color above and a silvery white beneath. This appearance is retained by the female all the year around, the only spot of bright coloring about her being the red lining of the two little spines which, when not in use, lie along the sides; they resemble very closely those on the back, except that they are lined with red. This coloring is not noticeable when they are at rest, but becomes so when the fish darts at an insect.

In the male, during the breeding season (spawning), the little fellow's color changes to a mingled blue and green above and a brilliant red below, extending from the gills, which are the reddest part, backwards for a short distance. A curious change occurs in the eyes of the male which turn from their usual dark color to a pale blue. In both sexes are found the little spines on the back, which vary in number between two and ten, but only exceed the latter figure in the species which lives in the sea. The natural food of the stickleback consists of worms and water insects, of which it can consume a great quantity; but if very hungry it will eat bread and will attack and try to feed upon anything that comes in its way. The favorite haunt of these little fish is under the hollow bank of some small stream. They especially love a shady place, where the



smaller roots of some tree have grown through the overhanging bank down to the bottom of the water. Here they find shelter and hide themselves, except in the spawning time, when they resort to larger ponds, where the water is almost still.

Sticklebacks build a pretty nest, with both an entrance and an exit, in which the female lays the eggs, while the male guards the tract of water—which he evidently considers his rightful domain—from the various fish-intruders, whom nothing would please so much as a feast of the eggs of their neighbor. I am not able to write of the way in which the nests are constructed, for I have not been able to watch the process in nature, and in captivity the sticklebacks do not appear to build them.\* The eggs, when laid, are of a globular form, about the size of the head of an ordinary pin, and they are usually in a clump which closely resembles a piece of colorless and transparent jelly dotted over with minute black spots.

The sticklebacks, when first caught and put into a vessel of any kind, swim in a compact shoal, as if exploring their new habitation; but very soon, if the vessel is large enough, one little fellow will take possession of a particular corner, and woe to any of his neighbors who venture too near the boundary of what he considers his property. His example, if there is sufficient space, is quickly followed, and the tank is soon divided into separate residences, so to speak. One may choose a shell; another a clump of weeds; another a sandy corner—and so on. But the owner of the shell strongly resists the trespass of his weedy or sandy acquaintance, and vice versa. Even the females are sometimes attacked by the males, but, as far as I know, they never retaliate. A space in the center is always left untenanted, but forms the feeding ground for all the fish.

The stickleback becomes most interesting towards the beginning of the summer. It is then that Nature changes the dress of the male, and he, at the same time, becomes very pugnacious. Sometimes the fights in which these brilliant-hued gentlemen engage are soon over; occasionally, however, a battle has been known to continue, off and on, for two days. The most remarkable fact that I have noticed is the effect of a fight upon the two com-

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\*An account of the nest-building, which is done exclusively by the male, may be found upon page 405 of Vol. V of the *Royal Natural History*, by Frederick Warne & Co., of New York.

batants. The color of the gills of the victor become, if possible, more vivid than before, while in the case of the vanquished, it pales off to a shade of pink. The males usually fight among themselves until the supremacy of one has been acknowledged. This hero may be easily recognized, even by a person not specially familiar with the habits of sticklebacks, by the beautiful blue and green shades upon his back and sides being far more brilliant and varied than those of his companions, as well as by the same pre-eminence of the color of his gills. He is by far the most handsome of the whole community, and he seems to know it. He evidently takes pleasure in "bossing the show."

The stickleback is very voracious, and it is amusing to see the little fish attack and swallow the worms which are thrown to them. I have seen a little fellow devour a worm as long as himself, without any serious result, except that a little piece of the worm stuck out of his mouth as he swam about. Then came the tug of war. All the other fish tried to seize the protruding morsel, so that in a short time either the glutton had to disgorge the tempting food, or else he had to run the risk of being killed by being literally pulled to pieces. Quite a number of sticklebacks come to an untimely end, however, by choking after swallowing too long a worm.

When these little fish are placed in a globe without any means of concealment, they begin almost at once to attack one another. One will make a dart across the entire length of the globe, and if his intended victim is quick enough, he receives a sharp rap against the opposite side of the glass. Nothing daunted, however, he will turn and chase the other round the whole area, striking him whenever he can, and will continue to do so until he is tired, or until he is himself forced to flee.

A month usually elapses between the building of the nest and the hatching of the sticklebacks eggs, and during the whole of that time—and afterwards—intruders are kept away by the male, who always acts as guardian of both the nest and the young.

When keeping these fish in an aquarium, no other kind of fish can safely be placed with them, for the sticklebacks will attack them with their mouths and spines, so that death will soon ensue.

To anybody—young or old—who wishes to study nature with a minimum of trouble, I give this advice:—cultivate the stickleback.

## THREE SONGS OF A ROSE.

ROBERT COX STUMP.

## I. JOYOUS.

*"Gloria in excelsis Deo!"*

BEHOLD! God fashioneth a Rose,—  
His Jesus,—in rose-vesture veiling round  
Apocalyptic splendor heaven knows,  
Careless of what should come in shape of woes  
From thorn-like men, eager to mar and wound.  
Drinking for dew all trouble of the ground,  
The world's Desired, bourgening, full-blows,  
Whom seraphim—great, golden bees,—enclose,  
Aflight from upper meadows, with joy's timbrel-sound.

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## II. SORROWFUL.

*"Stabat Mater dolorosa."*

OUR Lady, for dower, received Jesse's Flower,  
And cherished right well in her garden.  
She inwrought in each leaf her gladness and grief;  
Heard the angels' birth-strain, felt the dolors' sword-pain,  
Whilst He lay on her breast eburnine;  
She saw Him emergent, as sun from cloud argent,  
All divine,  
Till His eyes met eclipse, and death stilled the lips  
Still pleading humanity's pardon.

## III. TRIUMPHANT.

*"Regina coeli laetare, Alleluia!"*

IN the cirque of God's ways,  
All being works praise;  
Earth's rose becomes bread,  
The dead are made wheat;  
The loathly wax sweet,  
Till all's blossom-ed.  
The bread becomes God—  
The true and green Vine  
Yields blood for grape wine,  
By the vintagers trod.

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ENVOY.

REJOICE, O thou soul-stricken Mother, in faith that not  
faithless is left,  
In thy hope that wave-wise wast divided, next moment  
uncleft;  
For the third day hath come, and God breaketh his prison,  
To sanctify dawn by his countenance risen!  
See Him signed upon spear-bepierced bosom, in hands and  
in feet,  
With five scriptures eloquent, where, as is meet,  
Love setteth a ruddy, quintuplicate seal,  
As ransom for sinning, a pledge and appeal.  
Entwined are the strands of redemption, one rose-wreath  
in three,  
Around the glowing Heart-Rose of thine own rosary.

## THE FIRST GREAT MODERN POET.

THOMAS A. QUINN, O. P.



OWADAYS all, who read at all, become familiar in one form or another with the great literatures of our modern world. We are so accustomed to their rich and varied treasures that we find it difficult to imagine a time, when, hardly anything, that we should think worth reading for its own sake, was written in a modern language; when all Europe dropped its mother tongue, the language of the fireside, of the court, and used the dead language of a past civilization to express its best thoughts and feelings. Old Rome, the great slave mistress of the ancient world, continued for many centuries to hold the modern world in bonds by the fascination of her speech. Men wrote in Latin long after that language had, in their hands, lost the naturalness and flexibility of life, because they conceived of it as the only perfect instrument of thought in its highest form, the only worthy expression of true refinement and civilization.

Such continued to be the condition of things until Dante Alighieri, the first great modern poet, destroyed the tradition by writing the *Divina Commedia* in Italian. So strong was the current of prejudice that even Dante, always the enthusiastic assessor of the claims of his mother tongue, hesitated to use it, and, it is said, actually began his great work in Latin. The *Divina Commedia*, as every one knows, is one of the exquisite masterpieces of all times as well as the first monument of modern genius. Around no other work, except the Bible, has so large a literature grown up. No other work, except the Bible and the *Imitation of Christ*, has been so often printed. It may be added that probably no work has given occasion to so many happily phrased, pithy, appreciations. Let us take this of Mr. Hallam, for example. Speaking of the impression it made, he says, "It was as if at some of the ancient games a stranger had appeared upon the plain and threw his quoit among the marks of former casts which tradition had ascribed to the demigods." (*Middle Ages*, vol. iii, chap. 9.) Or again, this graceful passage of the late Dean of St. Paul's. "The *Divina Commedia* is one

of the landmarks of history. More than a magnificent poem, more than the beginning of a language and the opening of a national literature, more than the inspirer of art, and the glory of a great people, it is one of those rare and solemn monuments of the mind's power, which measure and test what it can reach to, which rise up ineffaceably and for ever as time goes on, marking out its advance by grander divisions than its centuries, and adopted as epochs by the consent of all who come after. It stands with the *Iliad* and Shakespeare's plays, with the writings of Aristotle and Plato, with the *Novum Organon* and the *Principia*, with Justinian's Code, with the Parthenon, and St. Peter's. It is the first Christian poem and it opens European literature as the *Iliad* did that of Greece and Rome. And like the *Iliad* it never becomes out of date; it accompanies in undiminished freshness the literature which it began."—Dean Church, *Essay on Dante*.

Italy at once recognized that Dante was her great man,—“the singular splendor of the Italian race”—as Boccaccio, his first biographer calls him. Copies of the *Commedia* were multiplied—six hundred manuscripts belonging to the fourteenth century are still extant. Commentaries were written—five written within twelve years after the poet's death have come down to us—and professorships were founded to explain the text and to point out the beauties of the first masterpiece in modern literature.

On this side of the Alps the recognition of its merits was equally prompt. It seized all minds, and translations of it were made into many European languages, and through the *Commedia* Italy continued for centuries to inspire and to direct and to color the literary efforts of all Europe. In England Italian influence lasted from Chaucer to the Restoration. With Milton it disappeared for a long time.

In the renewed study of Dante, begun towards the end of the eighteenth century students of every nation have taken part, and those who use the English tongue, a prominent part. The catalogue of the British Museum includes the names of more than thirty translations, and twenty works on Dante, published in English during the nineteenth century.

Dante belongs to the period, of what Mr. Ruskin calls vital Christianity, when the world woke up to find it had grown to the age of manhood. The vigor and vitality, with which every element of society then overflowed, found expression in the series of progressive movements which characterize that time. The advance



DANTE.

was, so to speak, along the whole line, and the progress was perfectly symmetrical. Though religion was everywhere in the forefront the distinctively religious elements are associated with the names of St. Francis and St. Dominic, the scientific with those of Albert the Great and St. Thomas Aquinas. Cimabue and Giotto represent the arts, Dante the men of letters.

Biographers of Dante complain of the meagerness of detail in the poet's life, but the leading facts have happily come down to us. He was born in Florence in 1265; he died in Ravenna in 1321. Thirty-six years of his life were spent partly in Florence, partly at the universities of Bologna and Padua. For the last twenty years he was an exile from Florence and, as he tells us himself, a wanderer through all the places in which her language was spoken. For a couple of centuries his ancestors were leading Florentine citizens. His father was a lawyer and died when his son was only eight years old.

Dante's teachers were men of marked distinction, his companions were the representatives of the Young Italy of those days, his friends were the leading artists, scientists, theologians and men of letters of the age. A more stimulating environment it would be impossible to find. At the age of twenty-four he fought bravely at the battle of Campaldino and took part in the campaign against Pisa the following year. A year later he married Gemma De' Donati whose father was leader of the Guelph, or aristocratic party, to which the poet belonged by birth and education. He took a leading part in the fierce political struggles of the day, and was appointed Prior or Chief Magistrate of Florence in 1300. Happily for posterity Dante's political career came to an end in 1302. His party was defeated and while absent on an embassy in Rome his property was confiscated and he was sentenced to perpetual banishment from the republic of Florence. The qualities we associate with activity and repose respectively, rarely meet in an equal degree in the same person. In Dante they are found harmoniously combined in a very high state of development. The soldier, the politician, the statesman, the orator, the artist, the philosopher, the theologian, the poet, Dante was the most learned and accomplished man that appeared for many centuries before, or after, his own time.

The well-known engraving of the poet is taken from the portrait painted by his friend Giotto. Boccaccio wrote the word-picture which is found in every biography. The following character sketch is taken almost entirely from the *Commedia* by Dr. Franz

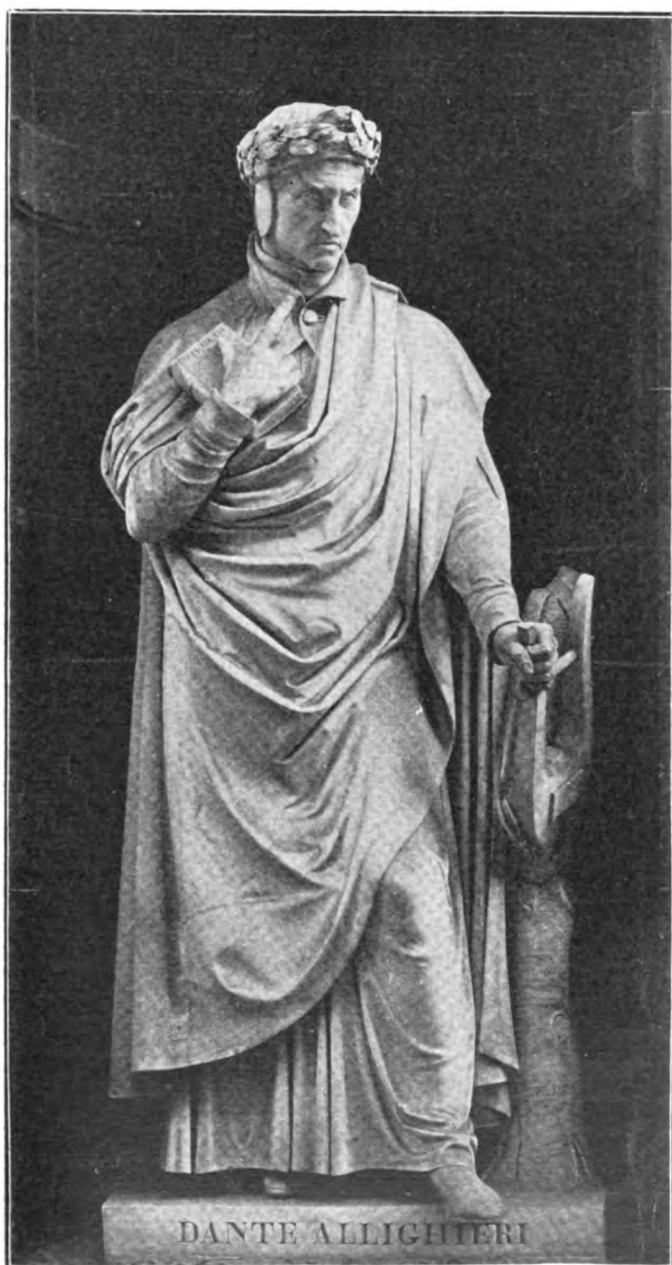


Hettinger. ("The Scope and Value of the *Commedia*"—Father Bowden's abridgment.)

"In his immortal work," says the German professor, "the poet has portrayed his own character for all posterity. He is bold, but restrained by duty, proud but frank and without dissimulation; passionate and implacable in his hatred of evil, but scorning all mean revenge; in his speech, thoughtful, convincing, and truthful. Although he smiles at the follies of mankind, yet he mourns over the sufferings which they entail. He respects all authority and is full of reverence for the Church. He craves pardon for the boldness of his speech, although its sole aim is the public good. Flattery he abhors, and admires constancy in suffering even when found among the lost souls. Unwearied in study, he despises riches, and, whilst ambitious of fame, is ever ready to acknowledge his faults. Despising the caprices of fortune, he is calm amid adversity. He delights in enlarging his knowledge of men and things although he values old friends beyond all others. Everywhere he searches out all that is great and elevated in human nature and does it homage; he fears nothing so much as the censure of noble minds. He esteemed a dignified demeanor in voice, look, and manner. To his native city he clings with unchangeable affection which no wrong can efface. To his friends he is bound by faithful love, to his benefactors by undying gratitude."

As an indication of the elaborate accuracy with which this sketch is drawn it may be added, that Hettinger gives no fewer than forty references to the *Divina Commedia* and four to other works of the poet in the course of it.

The *Commedia* is one of the world's mind treasures we owe to a trifling incident—the chance meeting of two Florentine children. In 1274 Dante met Beatrice Portinari for the first time at a children's party given in her father's house. She was then in the beginning of her ninth year and the poet was at the end of his. Doubtless they often met afterwards but a meeting which took place when they were eighteen, is commemorated in the poet's first sonnet. The subsequent marriage of Beatrice with Simone De' Bardi, a rich Florentine, in no way lessened Dante's love for her. And her death two years after her marriage in the twenty-fourth year of her age, though it overwhelmed him with grief ennobled and spiritualized his affection. She, who, as the ideal of all that is perfect in womanhood, had been part of his life since their first meeting, is now transformed into a celestial being, a sort of angel guardian,



**STATUE OF DANTE, ON THE ESPLANADE OF SANTA CROCE, FLORENCE.**

who inspires him with lofty thoughts and impels him to noble actions. Henceforth all the energies of his higher life may be said to converge on Beatrice. She is the symbol of divine wisdom and love, she watches over him, extricates him from difficulties, leads him into Paradise, and discloses to him the secrets beyond the grave. The *Vita Nuova*, the earliest of his works, is a record of the new life awakened in him by the Florentine maiden. "It concludes with these words: "After this sonnet there appeared to me a wonderful vision in which I beheld things that made me propose to say no more of this blessed one until I should be able to treat of her more worthily. And to attain thereunto truly I strive with all my power as she knoweth. So that if it shall be the pleasure of Him through Whom all things live that my life continue somewhat longer I hope to say of her what never yet was said of any woman." In these lines we get the first glimpse of the great poem.

Dante's poem belongs to none of the recognized kinds or classes of poetic composition. The name Comedy given it by the author, though quite unsatisfactory, is therefore scarcely less suitable than any other of the well-known titles. The materials Dante uses—descriptions of the realms beyond the grave—were as common in his time as the white marble of Giotto's tower in his native Florence.

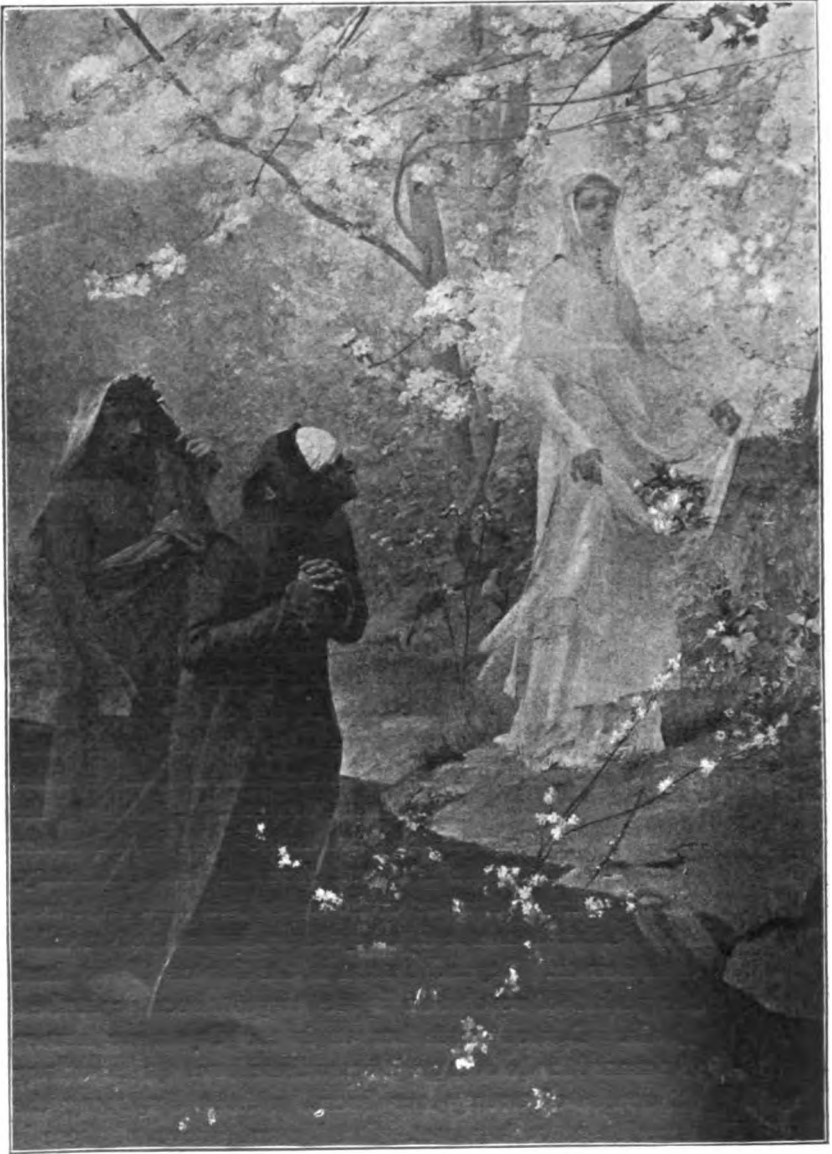
Milman in his history of Latin Christianity speaks of the French monk Farcy as one of those to whom the great Florentine is especially indebted for his materials. This French monk, so called, is no other than the distinguished Irishman, Saint Fursey, grandson of Fuiloga, king of West Munster and patron saint of Peronne in France. His vision of hell, purgatory, and heaven is the ground work of all subsequent poems in this line of thought. The famous Tundalus Legend,—Irish also,—which, according to Mussafia and other Italian critics, is the immediate source of the *Commedia*, is described as little better than an imitation of Fursey's vision.

The subject of the *Commedia*, taken literally is the state of souls beyond the grave. Allegorically, its subject is man in the person of Dante, as a free agent with a future of rewards and punishments set before him. In the struggle for righteousness he is heavily handicapped by vice, more especially luxury, pride, and avarice, represented by the panther, lion, and she-wolf who threaten to destroy him. Divine wisdom, in the person of Beatrice having taken reason in the person of Virgil into her service, goes forth to his relief. Hemmed in, as he finds himself, there is only one path,

the path of suffering, by which he can reach the beautiful mountain he sees in the distance. He becomes despondent and Virgil appears to him, encourages him and offers to conduct him through hell and purgatory. In the course of the journey he is terrified by what he sees and hears. Deeply moved he detests sin and having been purified by sorrow and repentance Beatrice meets him in the terrestrial paradise and conducts him to heaven.

So far, but no farther, the *Divina Commedia* is a sort of Pilgrim's Progress. The poet transports us to the other world only to find it peopled by the inhabitants of this—his predecessors and contemporaries, his relations, friends, enemies, teachers, favorite authors, priests, prelates, popes, emperors, kings, warriors, statesmen, the saints who were the lights of this world, the great historic criminals, who were its scourges. In the ever varying scenes from the entrance to the *Inferno* to the heights of the *Paradiso*, we have not simply read or declaimed, but sung to us, the secret history of all things. He describes, he paints, he chronicles with a power, a precision, a vividness, an intensity, that never have been equalled, and never will be surpassed. The song, as Carlyle puts it, "has been molten in the very hottest furnace of his soul."

Dante, as a Catholic, assumes of course the existence of the three states beyond the grave, and the truth of the Church's teaching respecting them. But beyond this, all his other world topography is the product of his own creative fancy helped by the views on the fabric of the universe which obtained in his time. For his paradise he appropriated the material heavens. Following the Ptolemaic system he supposes the earth to be fixed in the centre of the universe. Outside the earth we have the moon, Mercury, Mars, Jupiter. Each of these revolves on its own axis from west to east and describes a course in epicycles round a fixed invisible point in their heaven. Beyond Saturn is the heaven of the fixed stars, whose period of revolution is the longest, because farthest from the earth. Dante's ninth heaven is the Crystalline heaven called the *Primum Mobile* because it bears these inner systems along in its rapid course of twenty-four hours, without disturbing the individual motion of each planet. Outside and above all these is the immovable *Empyrean*, the dwelling place of the Eternal Godhead. A flight of fancy, bold and beautiful beyond description, supplies the poet with a hell and purgatory. He goes back in imagination to an uninhabited earth and beholds Lucifer falling down from heaven. The monster strikes the earth on the southern hemisphere, opposite our own, and the earth recoils in horror, as it were, at his



Maignan, Pa'nter.

DANTE MEETS MATILDA.

*From the Purgatorio,  
Canto XXVIII.*

• • • "Like Proserpine in Ena's glen  
Thou seemest to my fancy; singing here  
And gathering flowers, as that fair maiden when  
She lost the Spring, and Ceres her more dear."

approach. There is consequently an upheaval towards our hemisphere and a vacuum is thereby formed; this vacuum is the hell of the *Commedia*. Moreover the gigantic frame of Lucifer struck the earth with such force at the point of impact, that he pierced it to its centre, causing a conical projection of land in the South Pacific ocean at a point directly opposite Jerusalem. This projection is the Mount of Purgatory with the terrestrial paradise on its summit.

Da questa parte cadde giu dal cielo :  
 E la terra che pria di qua si sporse,  
 Per paura di lui fe del mar velo.  
 E venne all emisperio nostro ; e forse  
 Per fuggir lui lascio qui il luogo voto  
 Quella che appar di qua, e su ricorse.

—*Inferno* xxxiv, 121.

According to tradition then prevailing no ship had reached the South Pacific, so no mortal eye had beheld the Garden of Delights since Adam was expelled. The nine circles of Dante's hell gradually diminish in circumference towards the lowest pit, which is the centre of the earth. The exterior therefore is represented somewhat like an inverted cone, and the interior like an amphitheatre. The purgatory on the other hand is represented as a lofty mountain in the form of a cone rising out of the sea. Round this mountain run seven circles or terrace-like divisions gradually diminishing in circumference as they reach the summit. The character of traveller and eyewitness which Dante chose to assume is most favorable for displaying his powerful imaginative faculty. Ruskin points out his great advantage here as compared with Milton. "Milton's effort," says the author of *Modern Painters*, "in all that he tells us of his *Inferno* is to make it indefinite, Dante's to make it definite. Both indeed describe it as entered through gates; but within the gate all is wild and fenceless with Milton, having indeed its four rivers—the last vestige of the medieval tradition—but rivers that flow through a waste of mountain and moorland and by 'many a frozen, many a fiery Alp.' But Dante's *Inferno* is accurately separated into circles drawn by well-pointed com-

\*"Upon this side he fell down out of heaven,  
 And all the land that whilom here emerged,  
 For fear of him made of the sea a veil,  
 And came to our hemisphere; and peradventure  
 To flee from him what on this side appears  
 Left the place vacant here and back recoiled."

—Longfellow.

passes; mapped and properly surveyed in every direction, trenched in a thoroughly good style of engineering from depth to depth and divided in the accurate middle (*dritto mezzo*) of its deepest abyss into a concentric series of ten moats and embankments like those about a castle with bridges from each embankment to the next.

\* \* \* Now whether this be in what we call 'good taste' or not I do not mean just now to inquire—Dante having nothing to do with taste but with the facts of what he had seen—only so far as the imaginative faculty of the two poets is concerned, note, that Milton's vagueness is not the sign of imagination, but of its absence, so far as it is significative in the matter. For it does not follow because Milton did not map out his *Inferno* as Dante did that he could not have done so if he had chosen; only it was the easier and the less imaginative process to leave it vague than to define it. Imagination is always the seeing and asserting faculty; that which obscures or conceals may be judgment or feeling but not invention. The invention whether good or bad is in the accurate engineering not in the fog and uncertainty."—*Modern Painters*, vol. iii, ch. 14.)

The time occupied by the poet's supposed vision is a space of ten days. Midway in life, which according to Dante, is the thirty-fifth year, he represents himself beginning his pilgrimage from Florence. This would be the year 1301, but the poem was not really commenced for many years after. By ante-dating it however he is enabled to combine the functions of a prophet with those of a special reporter—an advantage that every reporter with a reputation to make will fully appreciate.

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita  
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura  
Che la diritta via era smarrita."\*

—*Inferno* i, 1.

The whole poem is steeped in symbolism. Here the "forest dark" symbolises ignorance and error with their consequences, sin and vice—the forest is situated in the "vale of tears," the hell of this world. The mountain the pilgrim and the penitent must climb, is the mountain of virtue. Its rugged sides, scenes of struggle and self conquest, are the purgatory of this life. While its radiant summit, the abode of the virtues, is the terrestrial paradise.

\*"Midway upon the journey of our life  
I found myself within a forest dark,  
For the straight forward pathway had been lost."

—Longfellow.


It was only Thursday night in Holy Week that Dante found himself in the dark forest of his imagination and the evening of the following day, Good Friday, he entered the lower regions with Virgil as his guide. Passing through each of the nine circles of hell from right to left the travellers reach the *Giudecca*, its lowest circle, on Easter Saturday evening. At half past one o'clock they enter the great cavern which leads to the opposite hemisphere and before daybreak on Monday they again see the stars at the foot of the Mount of Purgatory. The passage through purgatory takes from Monday until Friday, in Easter Week; on Friday and Saturday Dante traverses the movable heavens, and on Low Sunday he is taken up to the *Empyrean*.

Nothing in the "mystic unfathomable song" of the great Florentine is in the least suggestive of second thought. In the perfect symmetry of its outward design his partiality for numerical mysticism finds expression. It is written in *terza rima* or three-fold rhyme. Each of its three divisions of thirty three *canti* is subdivided into three parts. In these numbers, as we infer from the *Vita Nuova*, the charms of *Beatrice*, her age when first they met, her birth, the date of her death, and so on, are duly commemorated. An introductory canto brings the number up to one hundred, that is ten times ten which signifies perfection. It will be remembered the poet promised to say of her "what never yet was said of any woman." And truly, if we except one who stands apart, no lady has been more honored in the long role of time than Dante's *Beatrice*. The inward structure of the poem is in perfect keeping with its outward design. The three divisions are conceived and elaborated down to the minutest detail as parts of a whole. Dante does not intend to leave his readers behind him in the *Inferno*. But having given them object lessons in the consequences of moral evil and deformity, he conducts them to happier spheres. For this reason the exclusive study of any of the three divisions of the *Commedia* cannot be satisfactory. Carlyle attributed the preference given to the *Inferno* in England forty years ago to what he calls the general Byronism of taste then prevailing. A perverted taste cannot however be the sole cause of this preference. The more accurate knowledge of medieval theology needed to appreciate the *Paradiso* for instance must always restrict its popularity. But the subject does not fall within the scope of the present article in which it is proposed merely to give some idea of the poet's personality and a rude outline of his work to those who have never read the great Florentine.



## VIE.

F. S.



HE was such a strange child. Her dark eyes had such strange lights and shadows sweeping ever through them. The little face was so strangely dark, so full of stories. It seemed as if it belonged entirely to the past; written over with songs of saddened lives, of crushed, bleeding hearts. Proud souls, whose sorrow none suspected, revealed themselves in this incomprehensible way in the face of a little child. Her very name was strange. When the captain had placed her in her new Norwegian home on the crags of the fiord, they had asked him her name. "Call her Vie," he said. And all the night he walked up and down the long hall and struggled with thoughts of Vie's mother. She was an Italian girl whom the captain had wooed and taken away to the cold north where she died of loneliness. Then the captain swore that he would never ask another young creature to share his stern life. So he whispered to the child of six that when she was eighteen she might come to him, and left her standing by the hall window looking out upon the peaceful splendor of the sea.

The years passed and Vie grew to be a tall, slender girl. The north people wondered at her dark beauty, wondered, yet scarcely liked the proud girl who lived so alone in her fort-like home in the rocks, peering through the pines into the deep waters below. The villagers made fanciful stories of her birth and tried to learn the history of her parentage from the simple peasant who took care of her, but Gunda knew no more than her neighbors of her young charge.

Vie went to the village school for a time and there she learned a silent power of self-control which came from contact with companions who misunderstood her intense nature and suspected her on account of the stories in her face which were not her own. She became gloomy and silent, but at last one day a collision came between her will and that of her teacher, and Vie decided that

henceforth her knowledge must needs be obtained in her father's hall, with no guidance but her own desires. So day after day she spent with the old books, in the dark hall which was her favorite room. It was a large place with high windows into which the pine trees forever looked and sang their sad songs. From only one window could a view of the open sea be seen and this window Vie loved. She would stand looking out into the bright waves and then at the dark wall opposite on which hung a portrait of a man with a very strong face. It was her father and though she was only a child when he left her here in the shadowy pines she remembered how the white sails bore him away into the sunshine of the open sea, and the whispered promise of a return. This room was the sanctuary of the holiest and sweetest thing in her life, the remembrance of her father, the hope of a brighter future, her strength against the coldness and suspicions of those around her. It contained her father's books which she loved because they were his friends, and studied with an eager intensity, taking from them strange ideas of life and life's duties, which perhaps their authors never dreamed of, but were the result of her own passionate, unguided nature.

It was a cold, windy afternoon. Black clouds seemed to be trying to push out the gray, dull light. Vie put on her hat and left the dim hall, taking the path that led through the forest into the village, to the sea-shore. It was her eighteenth birthday. "He will come soon, now, and it will be on a day like this, when the waves are blackest, and the white-caps snowiest and the pines are saying and sobbing 'farewell.' Dear father, how he must be longing for his little girl. I think I will go to meet him. Yes, he must be coming to-day. I feel the presence of a great love coming into my life." The dark eyes were alight now and the dark face all bright with a glow like the sunset of her native land.

She pushed the little sailor hat farther down on her dusky curls, fastened the top button of the blue jacket, resolutely unfastened the ropes, unreefed the sails and took her place at the rudder of her sail-boat. The wind was strong and steady and so were the hands that braved it. Vie was a good sailor. One moment and the white wings with their little dark burden would have been far out on their flight. But the sound of a step, a strong man's step made Vie hesitate and turn to see the figure of a tall man standing near her. She knew him. It was Sigurd, the schoolmaster. Everything about the man seemed to speak of the chill desolation of winter. A life, with no spring and no summer, only bitter coldness and loneliness. Love,

and love alone, might perhaps have caught a stern beauty in the rough features or a solemn grandeur in the sad blue eyes like the grandeur of winter night, but love had never come to him.

Vie looked up, then the thought of the day on which she had seen him last, when in her unhappiness she had said that she hated him, came over her, and her face grew a shade darker beneath the sailor, as Sigurd began to speak.

"Foolish child"—the words and tones were half angry, half contemptuous—"tie up your boat. You are not sailor enough to see the meaning of those clouds yonder. That wind is bent on destruction. Come ashore, immediately."

An angry light came into Vie's eyes, but the wind, caressing her as if to shield her from Sigurd's bitter tones, blew a stray curl across her face hiding her resentment and the reply was cool enough. "I know everything the clouds mean. I have been talking with them all my life. I know every wind, too, and I trust them. They have never been cruel to me." And then the fearless girl looked out into the blackening waves because she could not bear a strange something that came into the face of the schoolmaster.

As he turned away Sigurd said, "Old Gunda is sick, very sick. There's no one to care for her. She thinks she saved your life once. She says you will be glad to come to her, but she doesn't know your heart as I do."

Vie's heart was hard, now. She felt nothing, only the hatred of this man forcing her to put the sea between them. One quick motion, and the sails, glad to be free, carried the tiny boat out into the rough waters. The girl did not see the dreary anguish of his face as Sigurd entered the village, nor did she hear the words, "Why should I care? What have I to do with a dream? I need not be jealous of the sea."

On the sailboat flew, till the lights of the town at the mouth of the fiord came dancing over the water. Their peaceful radiance seemed to put out the fire of anger in Vie's soul and before long the thought of her old friend, her only friend, in this dreary place, came claiming her feelings. "She did save my life; she is the only one who has been kind to me and she needs me," thought Vie. Dexterously the boat was put into port, for the wind would not allow a return by sea. But a great surprise awaited Vie at the town—a letter. It read, "If you wish to come to me take the steamer that leaves —— to-morrow. We will sail for Italy as soon as you meet me at ——. Your father."

The dawn was wakening, stretching its golden arms along the horizon, sending the glorious word of life, on the wind, across the land and sea. The dreary, dreary night was past. "To-day, it is to-day that I am going to begin my true life, the life of love with my own father. I knew he would not forget his promise," Vie said to herself as she went down to the sea where the morning breezes were playing like merry children. There she saw the huge steamer which was to take her from the pine shrouded cliffs into the land of flowers and sunshine. She read the letter again and then turned to say farewell to the home she was about to leave when, with cruel swiftmess, the thought of that other message swept through her like an icy wind. "Gunda is waiting for you. I know what a heart you have."

Duty, bitter duty faced her. Vie knew its face. She had learned the severity of its demands from the books in her father's library and in the deep, serious face that she had been studying since the day she was left alone.

"Dear father, I cannot come to you. It is my duty not to come." That was all she wrote. "He will trust me for he knows what a duty is," thought Vie.

The long, black boat carried away the tiny missive, leaving the lonely, unguided child on the shore with a new expression in her dark face. She was a woman now and had a story all her own. She turned away from the cruel mocking of the bright waves and the pines, mourning over her, hid with their shadows the hopeless desolation in her eyes.

The beautiful hall was locked and left alone with its books and empty fire-place. Vie stayed with Gunda day and night, waiting on her, with smiling lips and cheerful ways.

The doctor said she could not live many weeks, and that he would not allow Vie to stay with her but she would not allow anyone else to be near her.

"I will stay with her. It is my right," was Vie's reply.

There was another to whom admittance was not to be denied though Vie rebelled. Sigurd was a frequent guest. He would come in the silent twilight hours, after school was over, and imperiously order the faithful nurse to take a walk through the forest or by the sea. And Vie, she knew not how, began to learn obedience, and to forgive in her heart the cold way of Sigurd.

One night at twilight Vie became very sleepy. The day had been a long and hard one, but now Gunda was sleeping peacefully

and the tired head of the careful watcher at her side rested on the white coverlet of the bed where she lay. The dusk came creeping in, and almost as silently came Sigurd. He approached the sleeping girl and very gently, almost reverently, pushed back the dark curls from the sad face. It was sad, now that the lips did not smile, but so sweet and strong in its sadness. Then he lifted her and carried her to the hall, so long deserted. There he placed her on a large couch and after kindling a fire in the grate left her with the fire's glow and the murmured lullaby of the pines. When he returned with a lunch he had prepared for her, Vie was just leaving the land of dreams. Perhaps it was the dream of the tender radiance that filled the room but she felt something strange and beautiful entering her soul as she looked into Sigurd's eyes.

The death of Gunda brought a new loveliness into Vie's life, but after the funeral, when she came back to the desolate house, she felt that she had done her duty, and now she was free, free to find her father, then the dark eyes seemed to lose themselves in a flood of joyous light as she thought of something else she was free to do. She took her blue sailor jacket and went for the second time to meet the life of love. Again it was twilight, again the tall trees sang the song that was in the girl's soul and the waves ran up as if to kiss her feet as she hurried along the shore towards the schoolhouse.

Sigurd was at his desk, intently studying. One crimson sunset ray swept up from the sea, glorified the solemn face, caressing the auburn hair, casting an almost tender expression into the stern blue eyes. Vie came quite close to the bowed form and stooping down placed a slender brown hand, a little cold and trembling, on his arm. She could not speak; she did not care to, but Sigurd knew well who it was, knew just what was in the dark eyes, and the pathos of the trusting face. He knew that the proud, young soul was conquered, that all the passionate tenderness of a southern love was offered him, yet he did not move his eyes from the page he was reading. In silence she waited it seemed a very long time, but she was thinking that she could wait a lifetime for him. At last the shadows began to creep in, faster and darker, until the words of Sigurd's book became disenchanted and flew away to revel in the gloom, then the book was closed and Sigurd raised his eyes, looked across the placid, sleeping sea and down at the little figure at his side. She was all his own, now, and he yearned to take her to his lonely heart, but he only took the trusting hand in his and said in a firm, low voice, "I understand, little one, why you have come here to-night. I know

your heart's story. It cannot be as you have dreamed; your future lies far away in the southern sunshine, not here in the dark rocks." But the hand in his did not move, so after a brief pause he went on in tones softer still, "You must go, alone, to your father, Vie. It is your duty." She stood up straight as a young pine in the strength of her sorrow. The light was all fled from the palid west and the sea was bathed in a dreary mist. A weariness crept into the girl's face. She just put up her hand to brush away a stray curl and turned away.

Then Sigurd bowed his head on the closed book. An agony of grief swept through his soul as the sea sweeps over the rocks, and no one knew of the change.

The day was beginning. A happy, golden day in sunny Italy when the captain met his daughter. He was proud of the beautiful girl who poured such a wealth of love into his lonely life and whom everyone admired. But Vie, at times, even in her brightest moments, would have a vision of a little, dark schoolroom with a stern schoolmaster at his desk and, outside, a desolation of gray rocks and hungry waves.

### ODE TO THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

H. CECIL BERRIEN.

**O**hl fair young daughter of yon stately dame!  
*"Mater pulchra, (sed filla pulchrior!)"*

*Her mien majestic, and her ancient fame,  
 Fills every heart, with wonder and with awe!*

*But thou, sweet maiden, robed in dainty dress,  
 Unsullied robes! pure as Carrara's stone,  
 For thee each thought is only tenderness;  
 In virgin beauty dost thou stand alone!*

*The priceless thoughts of poet and of sage;  
 The painter's art,—the poem wrought in stone;  
 These are thy jewels, and in every age,  
 Will add new beauty to thy queenly throne!*

*Methinks, some moon-lit night, 'twere fair to see,  
A ghostly concourse, that might softly tread  
Thy marble halls, awhile from limbus free,  
A crowd majestic of illustrious dead!*

*Petrarch, and Shakespeare, Dante, Angelo,  
Visit once more, "the glimpses of the moon;"  
While still unceasing, yet the crowd doth grow,  
With their creations,—hero, maid or loon!*

*Not from "Inferno" shall great Dante rise,  
But from a land where sighing is unknown;  
Where the great painter, with adoring eyes,  
Sees his dear saints prostrate before the throne!*

*Then Petrarch's Laura joins the silent throng  
That cluster round the poet, wrapped in awe;  
Oh, love undying, still thy deathless song  
Conquers all time, and almost nature's law!*

*Oh bard of Avon! 'neath thy magic wand,  
Thy creatures flit before our earthly gaze;  
Ever immortal, though their master's hand  
Shall write no longer, his undying lays!*

*Hamlet, the prince, on fair Ophelia smiles,  
While Falstaff shouts, for his beloved—sack!  
And Romeo captive to fair Juliet's wiles,  
Heeds not her nurse's cry, "Alack! alack!"*

*"But soft! methinks they scent the morning air,"  
Swiftly they vanish, ere the dawn shall break;  
Oh fairer daughter of a mother fair,  
Take thou this idyll, for thy beauty's sake!*

## THOUGHTS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

## THE VAIN SEARCH AFTER WORLDLY HAPPINESS.

WILLIAM ELLISON.



HE observing student of men and things, who keeps his eyes wide open and notes what goes on around him in the movements of every day life, can see plainly enough that the bulk of worldly-minded people are ever on the search for gladness and joy, and to attain this much-desired end many serious affairs of life are neglected or even sacrificed. Having a "good time," according as the world reckons things, is the object that the bulk of mankind sets before its eyes, and, if we allowed ourselves to judge by what goes on in artificial social circles, we might persuade ourselves that joy and happiness are the portions of the worldlings. But no such thing: The experience of those who make such empty claims belies the validity of the pretension, because the manufactured so-called joys of the world are light, superficial and insipid, many of them being even unlawful, besides being false in their origin and deceitful and bitter in their end. Looked at in a broad spirit the made-to-order joy and gladness, which society people boast about so much, usually spring from poisoned sources; and, therefore, cannot satisfy the longings of the heart which instinctively looks for joys that are true, solid, legitimate and spiritually refreshing. If we gain an object, a preferment, a place of trust and honor, if we gratify a passion or attend a party of pleasure, we naturally feel elated at our success, and too easily allow ourselves to conclude that we have gained something substantially pleasing from the accomplishment of our desires, but it is a form of deceit we are practising upon ourselves, for if the heart is not content and the soul is not in peace we have made no substantial gain, but have rather sunk ourselves deeper in the mire of worldly folly, from which we will find it hard to extricate ourselves.



It is not enough that what we call a good thing should please us for the moment; it must be in itself a real, solid good, or else the apparent gladness is false and illusory. Worldlings, who are bent on obtaining what they esteem as pleasure from their made-to-order contrivances, pretend that their wishes have been gratified, and that their pleasures are genuine, and they argue those are in the "swim" with themselves into a sort of misleading conviction that their empty pretences are solid truths; still in the midst of their pretended hilarity they are haunted by the proverbial "skeleton in the closet," and they bear thorns of uneasiness and remorse which cannot be stifled even in the very midst of social hilarity. Under the dissipating influence of the ball-room and the alluring seductions of the dance and other forms of diversion there are laughter and various other symptoms of exterior gladness and merriment, but the real source of the momentary joy being in itself vicious the resulting gladness can be only apparent and artificial, and all the tokens of merry-making are merely forced and unnatural, being produced for the occasion and designed to hide the interior anguish which tortures the heart within.

This is, in a sense, like "sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind." It is a mode of enjoyment designed and fostered by the luxuriant rich, whose passions must be gratified and their sensual appetites satiated; but forbidden passions once fed are ever on the alert for sustenance of the same kind, and the chances are that the unhappy victim who falls under such fell influence will hardly ever be able to free himself from the galling load.

If the above facts are accepted as well-founded moral truths they will go to show what kind of a tyrannical master the world is, holding, as it does, its victims in an unrelenting bond of moral slavery while unable to pay its servants with even a small quota of real and substantial joy and spiritual happiness. I assert again that those who have once chosen the worldly path in their vain search after so-called happiness hardly ever turn back in their mistaken careers. We have, of course, glorious exceptions such as was the case with the great Saint Augustine, and many others attached to profligate and royal courts, who were vouchsafed grace to see their impending fate if they followed their evil ways to the end, but, in surveying the past multitude of those who are blindly misled by the world's fascination, we see them going deeper and deeper into the moral abyss, from which a miracle can only enable them to extricate themselves.

It avails one nothing that his partners in folly should count him happy and contented, if he is not so in reality. It is by their own interior monitor, the heart and conscience, that Christians must strike a balance between their happiness and unhappiness. Their closest friends and boon companions cannot decide this vital question for them. Oh, no, each individual has the keeping of his own conscience, and none save the Supreme Creator and Judge can determine how stands his account before the scrutinizing eye.

To one who ponders deeply on this vital subject its most painful feature is, the truth that the term of delusion lasts so long, continuing perchance throughout the entire responsible years of our existence, or, at any rate, to near the close of our lives, when mind and body are wrecked by infirmities, and we are utterly incapable of making amends for our past follies and transgressions. This is the bitterest part of the life of a reprobate who has abused his time and privileges, and who sees himself on the ruinous brink of eternity, and is yet unable to move hand or foot to make repentance or atonement for past misdeeds. History records the deplorable case of a certain queen, who is reputed to have lived riotously, caring but little for her position in the next life so long as she was able to accomplish the ends of her ambition in her worldly career. Before she went hence a glimpse of what was before her for eternity was revealed to her, and then sudden and even frantic attempts at repentance were made and all of the unhappy woman's dominions were offered for a moment of longer life, in which to make atonement, but Divine Justice was inexorable: the woman, who had squandered and abused the term of a lifetime, was not worthy of the desired moment, and neither did she receive it. The same will be the fate of the gross and worldly-minded people who wilfully ignore their future stern accountability, and perhaps mock at religious practices and moral obligations. The boasted pleasures which we once vaunted as coming from parties of social amusement, theatricals, idle pastimes, and worse forms of diversion undergo a sudden and horrible change when the realities of life and its inevitable responsibilities begin to dawn upon us. Nothing then remains to these libertines and moral outlaws of all their boasted days and nights of feasting and banqueting, and revellings and riotous excesses, save unavailing remorse, scalding tears, mortal paleness and spiritual dismay, which bear witness to the interior anguish of their afflicted hearts, for having wantonly squan-

dered all their time and for having filled their lives with deeds that deserved reprobation.

Let the devotees of worldly wisdom persist in following their sensual inclinations as much as they please, they can never be anything but unhappy people, because throughout all their active lives there are periods when the rebuking conscience cannot be stilled, and when the monitor, that speaks from within, protests against the ill-use of precious time and the indulgence in the forbidden deeds that forebode spiritual destruction. But granting that the accusing spirit kept dormant until the end of life, "the allotted span of three score years and ten," is but a brief interval as compared with eternity, and, on or about the completion of the proverbial seventy years of human existence, the final reckoning has to take place whether it bodes good or evil for those who are called before the great Judgment Seat, where actions and motives are weighed in the infallible scales of Divine Justice.

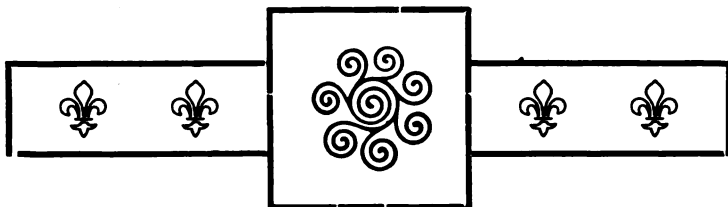
From the trend of the foregoing the true and sincere Christian can infer that whatever quota of real happiness we may enjoy here below, is derived from leading pure and holy Catholic Christian lives, despite all the trials that may beset our paths through life. Theorists and unbelieving philosophers may invent new theories of life and try to propagate the doctrine of non-accountability at the last, and even to do away with the salutary fear of hell and eternal punishment for crimes that are mortal, but it will not all do, nor will the spurious inventions aid them one iota when deprived of their "stewardships" and the eternal adjustment of their accounts is demanded, and the awful determining balance is put into operation.

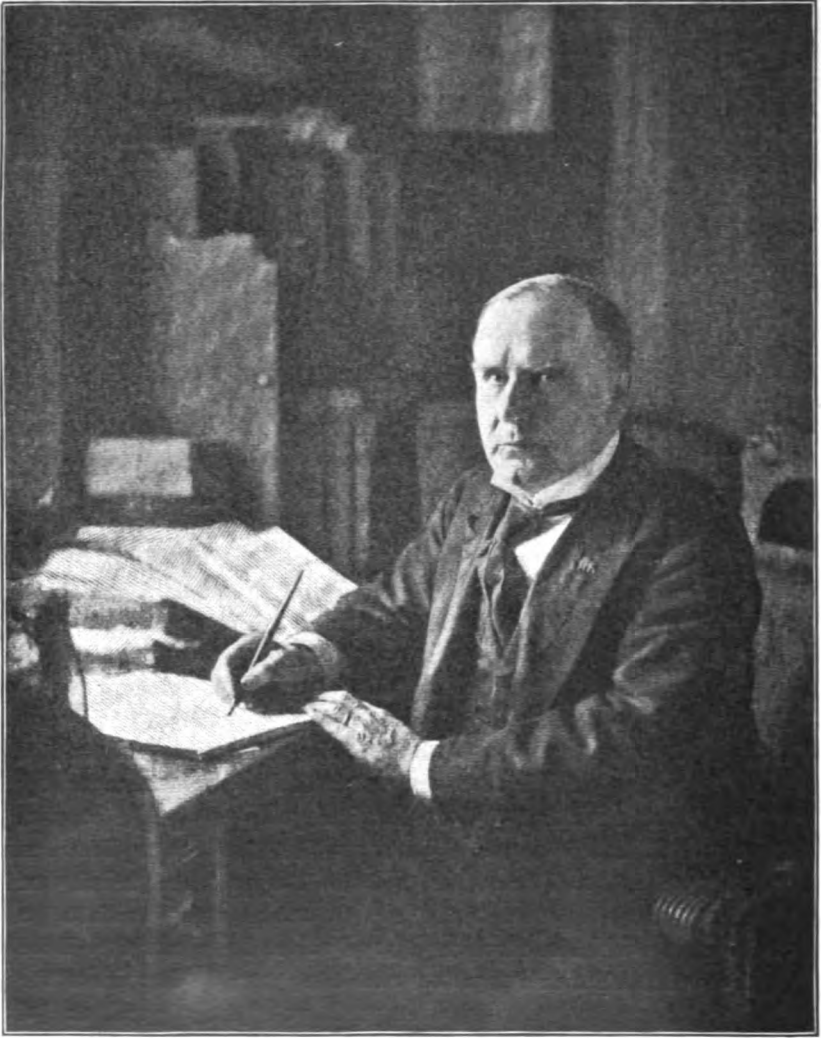
When the Redeemer of mankind dwelt among men it was not His wont to associate among kings and princes and nobles of the earth; for He rather delighted to visit the humble and poor and the meek of heart, giving it as a proof of his divinity that "the poor had the Gospel preached unto them," and when the reputed angelic visitors visited the earth in quest of an abode where true happiness dwelt, they did not enter the dwellings of the favored and rich ones of this world, but rather the humble homes of the virtuous poor, where God's laws were in force and strictly observed, and where moral purity and Christian conduct went hand in hand, and where the daily fare was of the humblest sort, yet producing the fullest happiness to the gratefully contented inmates, who acknowledged

the gifts of the Divine Giver of all good things both for this life and that which lies beyond the grave.

In this eternal and fixed truth the poor and humble of the earth should, and must, find their consolation, for so it is decreed in the all-wise arrangements of the Great Adjuster whose rulings are infallible and ever-enduring.

The average man, or common people, who, by their superiority of numerical strength, may be said to have the world by themselves, should have no grudge against the inflated rich, so long as the latter are governed by decent behavior, and are not unjust tyrants; for truly their accumulated wealth will not add one iota to their happiness either here or hereafter. The Dives of the present day may not go so far into riotous indulgence as did the unhappy pioneer of the Gospel story, and yet they are surrounded by many temptations and dangers which tend in the same direction that compassed the everlasting ruin of that scriptural Dives who ruthlessly drove away poor Lazarus from his gates, and refused the hungry beggar the very crumbs that fell from his table. All the world knows of the change in the situations of the two men after the lapse of the three score years and ten, or thereabouts, when the two came up for judgment before the seat of Him who judges of the heart and its good or bad motives, and of that only, and awards recompense or punishment accordingly. The Catholic poor in America have their trials and their privations, oftentimes in contending for their natural and social rights, but from the very fact of their being comparatively poor and, consequently, obliged to labor, they enjoy, perhaps, a degree of real contentment of mind and heart which millionaires never experience, and never can taste so long as their minds are fixed upon the accumulation of wealth, which must make them uncomfortable while controlling it, and miserable when they have to leave it behind them. In the race after worldly happiness the honest, virtuous and industrious man is not handicapped, and if he obeys the laws of the Catholic Church, he is likely to be a winner in the long race of life.





*Wm McKinley*

***Born January 29, 1843; Died September 14, 1901.***

## The Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.



**O**N October 6th the Church opens wide her treasury of indulgences and invites all to enrich themselves. In the latest authentic list of indulgences we read: "A plenary indulgence in memory of the victory gained over the Turks near the Echinades Islands, through the aid of the Rosary, can be gained for each visit made to the Rosary Chapel (or to the image of the Blessed Virgin there exposed for veneration.—S. C. Indul. Jan. 25, 1866), from the first Vespers of the feast of the Most Holy Rosary until the setting of the sun on the feast itself, by all who, having approached the sacraments, pray for the intention of the Supreme Pontiff." This great indulgence can be gained not only by Rosarians but by all the faithful as well. We marvel at the Church's unbounded generosity, but there is much that we stand in need of. Our friends may be helped by our prayers, and perhaps lingering in purgatory are many to whom we are indebted. During our visits on Rosary Sunday let us be mindful of all to whom we are under obligations, let us remember our own needs and let us make our enemies as well as our friends, sharers in the merits of our prayers. Mary our Mother will hearken to our petitions. If we but prepare ourselves as best we can for this glorious feast and make our visits in childlike sincerity and trust, heaven's benediction will rest upon us and favors long sought for may be obtained.

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The visits made on Rosary Sunday must be distinct, that is, one must leave the church after each visit. The prayers to be said for the Holy Father's intention depend on the devotion and inclination of the individual. Five Our Fathers and the Hail Mary five times will suffice. The visits may begin Saturday at noon and continue until sunset the following day. Dear Rosarians, make as many visits as your time will permit. Only in eternity will you know how much the few moments spent with Mary, were appreciated and also the many graces received.

"You have come to fight the battle of the Cross; to conquer or to die." With such words did the leader of the Christian forces urge his followers in that ever memorable battle of Lepanto. Animated with a courage born of religion they went forth and with Mary's help, valiantly routed the enemies of our Church. It is not needful to recall the details.

Now, as then, the Church has her sworn enemies. With age they have grown more hostile and insidious. Having wrested from her the temporal possessions she had honestly acquired, their sole object now is to destroy the Faith which is her bond of union. Everywhere have been scattered the pernicious errors of rank materialism. Pantheism and atheism, positivism and skepticism vie with each other in their attempt to insinuate doubt into the minds of her children.

But the Church has never yet wanted champions who were able to expose the sophistries of pseudo-scientists. She does not, however, place her sole trust in them. She has an army of devoted followers, whose weapon is prayer. With the Rosary she equips them and tells them that with such a weapon it is impossible not to conquer. On you, Rosarians, does the Church place her hope. Mary's intercession stopped the onslaught which the Turks were making on Christendom. Mary's intercession now will check the flood of infidelity and error which besets her Church. Will you be wanting? No; you have come to fight the battle of the Cross; with Mary's Rosary you shall conquer.

This is her month, set apart to commemorate the strength and power of her Rosary. Rosarians know how it should be celebrated. They will act accordingly.

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It may be of interest to Rosarians to know that the Confraternity of the Most Holy Rosary had been established in the Philippines before the year 1700. In the year 1727 Pope Benedict XIII. conceded to the Master General of the Dominicans the power of sub-delegating to the Provincials of the Philippines the faculties necessary for the erection of confraternities.

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*The Rosary Magazine requests all pastors of churches in which the Rosary Confraternity is canonically established to send the name of Church, and of the director, also the date of diploma. It will register these and publish a list of the same.*

*It offers its services in obtaining diplomas for all who wish the Confraternity established, also in forwarding applications to the Master General of the Friars Preachers, for priests who desire the personal faculties of giving the Dominican blessing to Rosaries.*

## THE DOVES OF ST. DOMINIC.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.



YOU all know Venice, do you not? The city built not like many cities upon the shores of the sea, but really built upon the sea itself? A city the streets of which are canals, and about which people go in boats. You have all heard, too, of the "Doves of St. Marks" who come at a regular hour every day for their food to the great Cathedral.

But did you ever hear of the doves of St. Dominic, the beautiful white birds that marked the spot where the first convent of the Order of St. Dominic was built? Let me tell you the story.

There was a little church in Venice dedicated to St. Daniel. Once the Doge, the ruler of the city, Giacomo Tiepolo, had a dream about it. He saw the holy place adorned with lovely flowers, fresh and bright in their own growing life as in a garden. In his dream he stood looking at them and wondering at their beauty. Soon a company of angels descended swinging censers among the flowers, and the perfume they gave forth was exquisite.

And now came into the midst of the beautiful place a flight of doves, snow-white, with crosses of gold upon their heads. The Doge looked on, filled every moment with increasing wonder and admiration. Suddenly he heard a voice which made God's will oh! so clear to him, a voice which declared that God wished to be served in that place by a company of white-robed preachers.

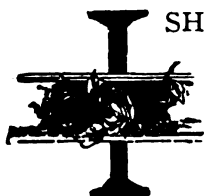
Now the white-robed Saint Dominic and some of his companions had already visited Venice. When the Doge awoke from his dream he summoned his band of councillors, called the Signoria, and made it all known to them, and besought them to tell him what it all meant. All with one voice declared that the little church and the ground which surrounded it, should be given to St. Dominic, that there he might found a house where his white robed friars would serve God by prayer and labor for the salvation of their brother men. And so it was done.

The good Doge so loved the spot and so cherished the memory of his beautiful dream, that there he chose to be buried. And he gave orders that when he was laid to rest there, his tomb might be adorned with a representation of a flower garden, in which should appear angels with golden censers and snow-white doves with crosses of gold.



## A BUSINESS BOY.

EDWIN ANGELOR.



SHOULD like to leave school, father, and go to work."

Mr. Thetford looked up from his evening paper as Frank spoke.

"Leave school and go to work!" he echoed. "What nonsense! Haven't I told you repeatedly that I wish you to prepare for college to take a law course?"

"I know it, sir, but I feel that I should make more of a success in a business field."

"Tut! tut! You have been reading some foolish book. There are hundreds of business boys who would be delighted to have your chance of a profession. Mercantile life is full of hard knocks, as many an experienced boy can tell you."

"Perhaps Frank would be happier if permitted to follow his choice," suggested Mrs. Thetford, looking up from a bonnet she was trimming.

"There is no profession that has the least attraction for me," said Frank, "while business has a great attraction for me."

"What kind of business?"

"I don't know exactly. There are a thousand or more that would please me."

"Well, then, go ahead," consented his father. "Have your own way in the matter. But remember, if you ever regret the step you are about to take, there will be no one but yourself to blame."

Frank was highly pleased to think that his school days were over. He had never disliked study, nor been dilatory in attendance at class, but the time had come now when he felt he should strike out in the world to plough his own way. He was just fifteen, and it was an idea of his that boys intending to enter business should start early, so as to receive a thorough training.

It was summer, and although Frank could have spent the season in the country, he preferred to remain at home and answer advertisements in the daily papers.

One in particular caught his eye. It ran:

**WANTED.**—A bright, energetic boy between fifteen and eighteen; must come well recommended; one just from school preferred. Salary \$150 first year. Address in own handwriting, Hardware, Box 112, Sun Office.

Frank answered this together with several other advertisements, and while awaiting results, called at numerous commercial houses down town.

He met with no encouragement whatever in his visits to the various offices, and in some of them he was even treated with discourtesy, especially by pompous young clerks.

Frank received many letters in response to his own. In calling at the places he was summoned to he was received well, but was left in doubt as to whether he would be chosen from the numerous applicants who had also received letters.

"We shall let you know if we decide on you," was the general word given him after the interview.

One morning he received a letter from the "Hardware" advertiser. Also one from a place in Franklin Street. And another from Duane Street.

He determined to visit the "Hardware" place first. It was in Reade Street.

C. B. Stokes was the name signed to the letter, and the number and street were written below it.

Mr. Stokes was a man of thirty, and very precise.

He questioned Frank closely, and Frank almost believed he would be engaged. The hours would be eight to six.

"I am well pleased with you, so far as this interview has convinced me," said Mr. Stokes; "but you may have noticed a dozen other applicants in the outer office, as you came in. I have yet to see them before making a positive choice."

Frank came away full of hope. Something told him he would be engaged, yet he would not be too sure.

He called at the Franklin Street place next. It was the wholesale woolen business.

"We have already selected a boy, just an hour ago," said the man in charge. In case he proves unsatisfactory, we shall give you a trial. We shall hold your address."

Place number three was a large confectionery house. The hours were from half after seven in the morning till six in the evening, with the exception of Saturday, when three o'clock was the closing hour.

They wanted a young clerk to make out bills and mark wooden packages of goods before put on the wagons for delivery.

The head man in this place was quite impressed with Frank, and he almost told him he would be engaged. But, as in the other instances, the other applicants had to be seen out of courtesy, before a decision was made.

"I should have to leave home at half past six," thought Frank, as he left the confectionery office. It would take me fully an hour to get this far. I seem to like the nail place better. I could leave home at quarter past seven."

Frank kept thinking of the nail business all the way home and all day long. He wondered anxiously would he receive a card next day to call again.

So eager did he become to secure the position, that he had recourse to his Rosary, believing faithfully that whatever one prays for one will get, be it for one's good.

Next morning a postal summoned him again to Reade Street, and he was overjoyed.

Mr. Stokes greeted him cordially.

"Just excuse me a few moments," said the nail merchant. "I will see you after I leave that lady."

The lady in question was gowned in deep mourning, with a long, heavy veil hanging from the back of her head. She was accompanied by a not-over-bright youth of sixteen.

She spoke in a loud voice as she addressed Mr. Stokes, and Frank could not help overhearing what she said.

Frank was under the belief that it was an unwise act for a boy to have a parent accompany him and speak for him. He thought a business man would prefer a boy that did his own talking.

But Mr. Stokes seemed to be an exception, for the lady appeared to be making a success of matters, just as a persistent saleswoman wins her way over an article of goods. Her son had nothing to say.

Finally, Mr. Stokes paused in the interview and crossed over to Frank with a book containing some columns of figures.

"You may add these up, while I am engaged," said he, pleasantly. "Have you a pencil?"

"Yes, sir."

"Skip the figures that are in red ink. Also those that have a line drawn through them."

"Very well, sir," said Frank, taking the book, and beginning with his pencil.

The book was an old one, having been used by a shipping clerk, and the numbers were confusing, while the columns were very irregular.

Frank went over them cautiously, and then marked down the amount.

"Very good," said Mr. Stokes, examining the result.

Then, in a friendly way, he told Frank how he was deliberating between him and the boy opposite.

"I will write you again, in case I decide on you," he said, as he saw Frank to the door, while the lady in black and her son were waiting for him to rejoin them.

Frank's hopes were not so buoyant now, yet he did not despair.

When he reached home he again said his Reads, while kegs of nails, such as he had seen in Mr. Stokes' lofts, kept running before his mind.

"I'm beginning to get tired of these advertisements," he said, two days later, as the postman handed him another card reading: "Kindly call at — Broadway in answer to O. D. F."

"I remember this ad. I wasn't going to answer it at first. Well, I will call over there and have matters over and done with. I suppose it will be the same old way — 'We'll let you know by letter if we want you.'"

"O. D. F." proved to be a man named Oliver D. Fisher. He was an art stationer. After an interview with Frank, he was quite pleased.

"I'll engage you at three dollars a week."

"Thank you, sir."

"Please come next Monday to commence."

Frank was in the art stationer's but a month when Mr. Fisher died.

His son, a haughty man with a reddish beard, then took charge.

He had never liked Frank, and was not long in politely informing him that he intended to make a change.

"I have a nephew who is coming here," he said.

"Everything is against me," thought Frank, discouraged. I wonder if this all means that I should take father's advice and go to college when class begins. I think I'll do as he suggested, if something doesn't turn up soon."

Frank grew heartily sick of answering advertisements.

He was about giving up when one day he was summoned by mail to a transportation office on Broadway, below Wall Street.

He had no hope of being engaged, but he was happily surprised, for they selected him at first sight.

"Just the kind of a boy we want," said the director to himself. "And I think he'll like his duties."

Frank did like the transportation business. It took him in doors and out, and sent him among the ships and wharves.

It is a wealthy concern that he works for, and he has as good chances as any boy could desire in the way of progress.

"I am sure no business could ever please me so well as the one I'm in," he often says to his father, as they chat over the evening meal.

"Since you are putting all your energy into your work," Mr. Thetford remarks, "I am quite satisfied, although it isn't a pro-

"I firmly believe my Beads led me to my position," says Frank, much to his mother's surprise, for she had always noticed him to be shy of "devotional" talk. "I'm glad now that I was disappointed of what I wanted at first. I feel I'm on the right road now."

Mr. Thetford smiled. He was not a church member and Frank's reference to the Beads amused him.

"Very well, believe that way, since it pleases you."

"I know it to be so," said Frank, raising his spoon of berries to his mouth. "And," with a playful wink, "you, father, will find it out some day."

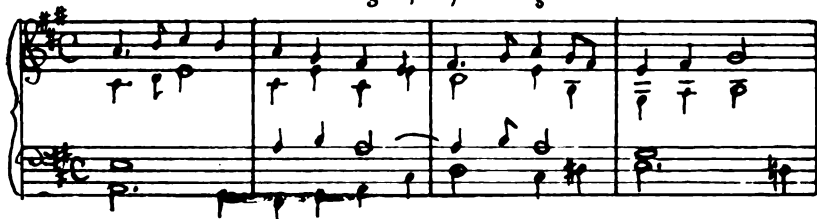
"If I do, I shall give due credit to our business boy."

# St. Thomas Aquinas.

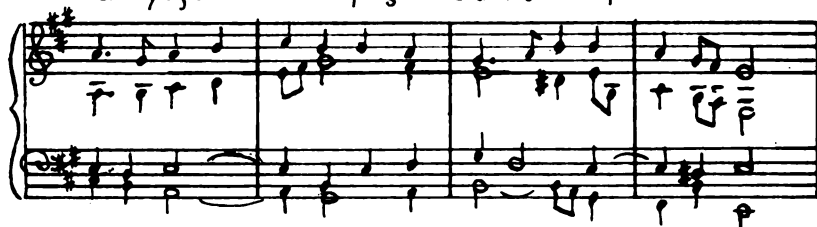
(Air of St. Quirinus arranged.)

Words by L. D. Pythouche.

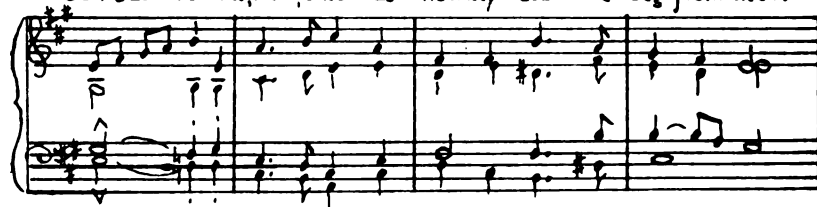
1. Hail to thee, great Saint in glory! Hail to thee blest guide of youth!
2. Sin's dread fetters never bound thee, Pleasure ne'er thy soul be-guiled.
3. Angel bright of faith and learning, Teach our schools the Lore of Thine!
4. Guide thou ever the un-born ages, By the light that shines so clear



Latest time shall list thy story, Bulwark strong of Christian truth!  
 Glory left thee as it found thee, Humble, pure as simplest child.  
 From delusive pathways turning, May our souls God's truth enshrine.  
 From thy life and lucid pages O'er this madeap world's career,



Dear Saint Thomas, hear, O hear us! Heav'nly aid we beg from thee.



May thy spirit watching near us, E-ver our loved patron be!



5. Ceaseless shall thy hymns ascending
6. Light and strength for us poor mortals,
- Praise Redemption's wondrous price, - Doctor most Angelic, ask!
- Sing the mystic Supper blending
- May we pass the heav'nly portals
- Sacrament with Sacrifice
- When completed this life's task!

# Editorial.

At this particular time, when the country which we proudly call our own, is plunged in grief and is beset by the uncertainties which must inevitably come with every change of administration, it can not be other than wise to address ourselves to the Ruler of all nations, and ask Him to guide our destinies with His unerring hand. Of the stability of our government we need not doubt for no anarchist bullet can kill the strong life of our free institutions. Still there are rough waters the sailing of which will bring less of peril if there be the Hand of Power and Wisdom at the helm. Let us then pray fervently that God's special protection and guidance may be vouchsafed to him who now fills the high place of the President of these United States and that the prosperity which is rewarding the immense energy and industry of our countrymen, may continue nor suffer one jot of abatement.

The Rosary, than which there is no more efficacious devotion, should be at least one of the means by which to win from Heaven, the protection and guidance which we so eagerly seek. The signal conversion of the heretics in the days of St. Dominic; the astounding victory over the Turks in the time of St. Pius V., are eloquent of the power of this devotion. This is the month of the Rosary, a time which should be hallowed by a strong fervor in honoring Our Lady of the Rosary. Surely, we will not be want-

ing in paying homage to our Queen and Mother and that too at the very time which by the decree of the Holy See is set apart for her. Let us then resolve to let no day go by without the recitation of at least a part of Our Lady's Rosary.

Father Michael D. Lilly, an illustrious member of our Order and an ornament of our Province, died in the Convent of St. Vincent Ferrer, New York, on the 20th day of August. We reserve for the November number a sketch of his life, asking meanwhile that our readers remember in their good prayers the needs of his soul.

Eliza Allen Starr has gone to her eternal reward. It must needs be a rich one, for apart from the holiness of her life, there was such an earnest, intense devotion of all her powers to the service of God and His Church, and that for the very purest motives, that she deserves a high place in heaven. From the very moment when the folds fell from her eyes and her vision became clear and true in the faith, she was actuated by but one thought, impelled by but one motive, and that was to proclaim the beauty of that faith to all, and to bring them, if possible, to an appreciation of it, in the fullest way. This step cost her much, in a worldly sense, for of friends and kindred even, there were few that did not turn from her. But she struggled on without them, and succeeded in winning a high place in Catholic

letters. A high place, yes, but not a lucrative one for only a few months ago, after a long life of labor, she would have been destitute had not the generosity of certain friends come to

the rescue. With our growing numbers and increasing culture let us hope that instances like this, of the scant reward of literary labors, will be wanting in the future.

### MAGAZINES.

In the September Century Cleveland Moffett has an article on "Mid-Air Dining Clubs." He refers in particular to several New York Clubs which occupy the topmost floors of sky-scrapers, and shows how preferable they are to the stuffy restaurants and other ground-floor concerns. David Gray describes some of the notable features of the Pan-American Exposition. He speaks of it as "The City of Light" and claims that the electrical display "is too marvelous to be described." The accompanying drawings by Castaigne are of the first order. John Bach McMaster contributes his fourth paper on "Daniel Webster." Rev. Henry C. Potter concludes his "The East of To-day and To-Morrow" series with a paper entitled: "Impressions of the Hawaiian Islands." Woodrow Wilson has a first-rate paper on "Edmund Burke and the French Revolution." Lew Wallace is among the story tellers. Irving Bacheller's "D'el & I" is concluded in this issue.

In Lippincott's for September the complete novel, "A Knight of the Highway," has the first place, although it is the most poorly written and least interesting of this month's articles. The high standard of this periodical is maintained, however, by the other contributions. Among the latter is a tale of the rebellion, by Mrs. Burton Harrison, and "Village Life in Early England," by E. P. Cheyney. "Mrs. North" is a stinging rebuke to the sensationalism prevalent in novels of the present day.

The Catholic World for September is justly termed, "Educational Number." "The Grievous School Question again Discussed" is an article meriting the strictest attention of every one interested in education. The whole article is a conglomeration of facts

for fair minds, and if the wishes of the writers are not realized, justice and freedom must suffer in a free country. The admirable work done by "The Christian Brothers in the United States," corroborates the statements advanced by Rev. P. R. McDevitt. "The Need of Technical Schools in the United States" is well worth consideration and every one will agree with the writer, that, if we wish to make progress and do our own work, they are a need. "Mivart's Doubts Against the Faith" reminds us of the priceless value of faith—the freedom on God's part to give it to whom or take it from whom He will—our inability to obtain it by any kind of human light, and that without humility and obedience we can never expect to retain it. Rev. Alex. L. A. Klender has a right idea of the "Catechism and its Requirements." "The Holy See and the Council of Ephesus" is simply another mistake our separated brethren have made, the result of working without a "Head"—a centre of Unity. "Pasquale" is quite attractive, but rather disconnected. "Tom Moore's American Trip is nicely described. "Sailing up the Nile," "Iona, the Isle of Columba's Cell," "Roycroftus" are worthy of note.

In the American Monthly Review of Reviews for September Talcott Williams gives an account of the beginning of our labor unions as well as their future outlook and present condition, in an article entitled "The Strike of the Steel Workers." Park Benjamin also writes an interesting sketch of Rear-Admiral Schley, portraying the manliness, courage and honesty which have characterized this officer during his forty years' service in our navy, which traits have ever borne witness to his sterling worth, and have marked him for promotion, often before his seniors, from midshipman through every grade to the highest but one that can be be-

stowed by our country upon her brave champions of the seas. J. A. Kingman shows how rapidly the business of "Automobile-making in America" is growing to be an industry of no small moment. Of the varieties now in use the steam-propelled vehicle is most popular, while the gasoline machine stands second and the electric motor third. An article headed "Cattle Raising as a Business in the Southwest," by Robert M. Barker, and another by F. W. Blackmor about "Kansas After the Drouth," show the great resources and wealth-producing power of our agricultural and pasture lands of the West and South. H. M. Biggs, M. D., pays a noble tribute to "Dr. Koch and His Discoveries," and Prof. H. B. Adams, late of Johns Hopkins University, is the subject of a sketch from the pen of Richard T. Ely. This number also contains much of interest in the review

of leading articles and under the "Progress of the World."

The September Chautauqua calls attention to "A Florentine Monk's Romance," "The Beatification of a Saint," and "The Ruin and Legend of Kynast," as features of a series about to be taken up in popular systematic form. The first mentioned is a character sketch of the artist Lippi. As written it does not merit special attention. The author calls Lippi, and also his consort, a novitiate. A novitiate is a place, not a person. "The Beatification of a Saint" is a terse account of the ceremonies attendant on the canonization of a Saint at Rome. "The Ruin and Legend of Kynast" contains a fine piece of descriptive work and an interesting and well-told legend. Numerous other articles are to be found in the same issue.

### BOOKS.

The Bible and Rationalism, by the Rev. John Thein, published by B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. 4 volumes in octavo.

Father Thein is a maker of books. He is a wide reader and evidently believes that he should give to others the fruits of his studies. The nature of his studies is indicated by the titles of his various works. He has brought out a "Christian Anthropology," the "Catechism of Rodez," an "Ecclesiastical Dictionary," and finally, in a "completely revised and greatly enlarged" form, under the general title of "The Bible and Rationalism," he has given to the public his earlier work entitled "Answer to Difficulties of the Bible." But not only do these subjects indicate Father Thein's literary tastes, they also show that he has recognized a real want in the book world, and that he is desirous of doing something towards filling it. In his inclination and purpose he is worthy of emulation. There is yet a wide field, even in the domain of the Bible, for writers who have the ability to popularize Catholic teaching. The objections that rationalists raise against the Scriptures change day after day, hence there is a constant need of writers who will give solutions to the unwary readers of the books, reviews, magazines and newspapers that teem with such errors.

Nor can one writer hope successfully to meet all objectors; his work would be too extensive. Father Thein has evidently felt this, and so, in the work before us, has aimed at only a general defense of the Bible. In doing this, however, he has given special consideration to each book of the Old Testament and the New. In his first volume he has given answers to difficulties in the five books of Moses; in the second, to those in the didactic, sapiential and prophetic books of the Old Testament; in the third, to those in the books of the New Testament; in the fourth, to the special difficulties concerning the cosmogony, anthropology and chronology of the Bible. With his purpose of writing for ordinary readers steadily in view he has avoided the discussion of philological and other difficulties that are for the learned only. Doubtless it is also for the sake of such readers that he gives his numerous quotations from French and German writers in English translations with not a word of the original languages. In this he does well. Not so commendable is his habit of neglecting to tell his readers whence his quotations are taken. A few foot-notes directing them to the works quoted, with some information concerning their authors, would be of value in such a work. Intent upon showing the weak-



ness of the objections offered by rationalists, and impatient to be done with them the author writes with a swift pen, like one learned in the matter. But in doing so he often mars his pages by allowing to fall from pen inaccuracies and crudities of language that suggest a poor translation from another tongue. Nor is this all. He often fails to give a question the full and careful consideration that it merits, as for instance, to mention only two popular questions, those of the "fall and original sin," and the "passage of the Red Sea." And sometimes certain obscure questions are not examined in the strongest light, and as they are presented by writers later than those he quotes: such is the question of the composition of the Pentateuch. Again solutions are offered that are unsatisfactory and that can but weaken the general defense. We have mentioned these points with the hope that the author will not take them amiss, but will profit by them in preparing, at his leisure, a new edition of a work that is calculated to do much good.

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"A Catechism of the Christian Doctrine for the use of Catholic Schools, and Especially for those children in our Sunday Schools who have made their First Communion," by J. H. Slinger, O. P.

The author of this catechism was for years the director of one of the largest Sunday Schools in New York. He saw the necessity of a catechism for advanced pupils, which would give a fuller explanation to the doctrines of our holy faith. To meet this want he composed the present work. It is a prayer-book, catechism and hymn-book combined. First published in 1877, it has stood the test of subsequent years; this is sufficient guaranty of its worth. The catechism is the best of its kind in print. The questions are clear and concise, the answers lucid and comprehensive. When possible a scriptural citation is added. The following questions, chosen at random, give a key to its contents: "How do you prove that the priest has power to absolve sinners if they be truly penitent? From the words of Christ: 'Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall

retain they are retained them.' John xx. 23; also Matt. xviii. 18." "What words of Christ prove the infallibility of the Church? He says in St. John; 'I will ask the Father and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever the Spirit of truth.' John xiv. 16, 17." "Is it true that the Bible alone is the only rule of Faith? No, for not the Bible alone, but the Bible and tradition, both infallibly interpreted by the Church, are the right rule of Faith." The addition of the daily and mass prayers, the collection of hymns make it an invaluable book for the young. Directors of schools will find that it fills a great and long-felt want. The Rosary Press has secured the right of publishing and selling this little work.

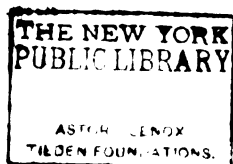
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From the Poor Clares of the Monastery of St. Clare, Evansville, Ind., we have received the *Princess of Poverty*, St. Clare of Assisi and the *Order of Poor Ladies*, by Fr. Marianus Fiege, O. M. Cap.

This work makes no pretence to originality, but, as the author says in his preface, is a translation of the ancient biography of St. Clare written shortly after her death by order of Pope Alexander IV., the Pope who canonized her. Timely foot-notes supply needed information in regard to names, dates and chronology. To the life is subjoined an account of the Order of Poor Clares, and particularly of their foundations in this country. This account, which is given in the words of the two sisters who succeeded in making a permanent foundation in this country, is highly interesting.

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We have received from Benziger Bros. "The Little Flower of Jesus," an autobiography of Sister Therese of the Child Jesus, a Carmelite nun. The narrative is charmingly simple and sincere. It describes a character who walked in ordinary paths and who does not frighten us with the lofty flights of an ascetic. The book is suitable for young and old. In fact, it deserves to be urged upon both for it is one of those oft-sought things that are seldom found, a "Story of a Soul." The original in French has gone through two editions. The present translation ought not to find less favor.





ST. CECILIA. (DONATELLO.)

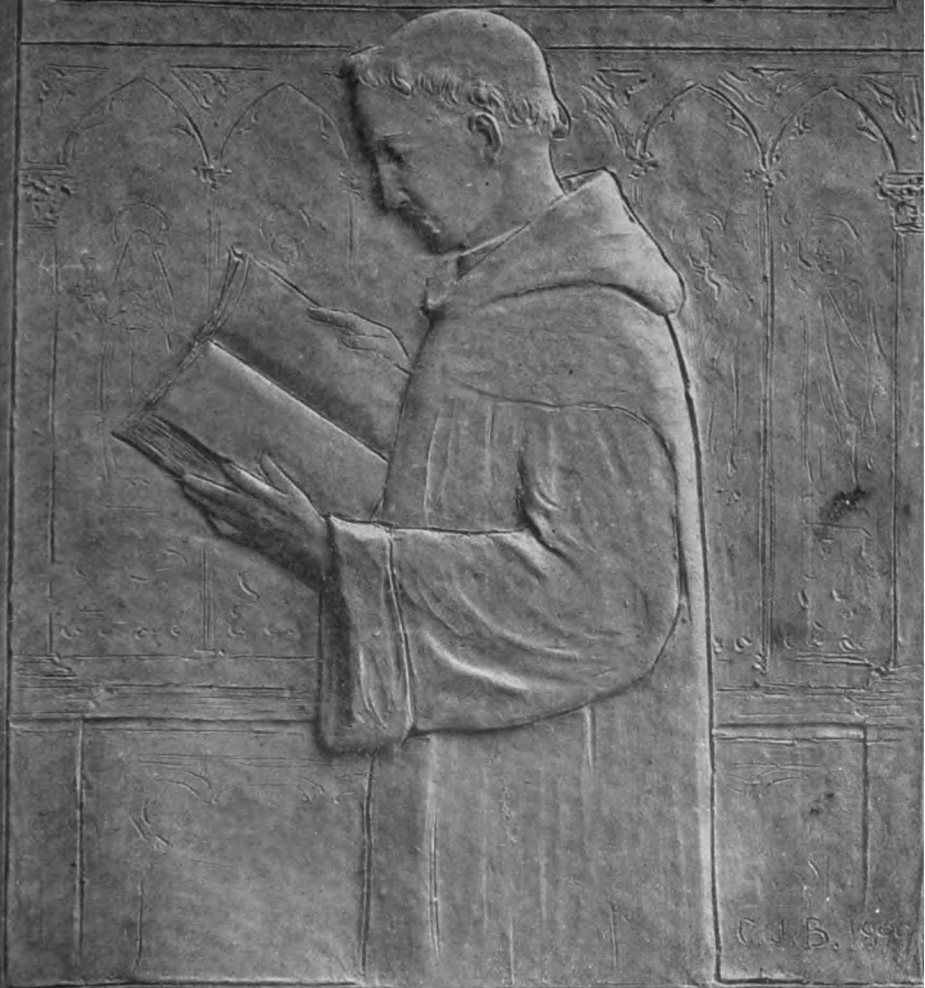
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NOVEMBER, 1901.

No

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# The Rosary Magazine

Vol. XIV.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

No. 5

## WE THANK THEE, LORD.

HENRY COYLE.

W

E thank Thee, Lord, for spring's glad hours,  
For summer's sunshine, birds and flowers,  
For autumn's rainbow hues and glow,  
And winter's mantle white of snow!

We thank Thee, Lord, for joy and grief,  
For patience, faith, and glad relief;  
For night's sweet peace, and rest and sleep,  
While guardian angels vigils keep!

We thank Thee, Lord, for hope of Heaven,  
For grace and blessings freely given;  
For liberty and Fatherland,  
For a united household band!

We thank Thee, Lord, for loving friends,—  
For every thought inspired, which tends  
To raise our thankful hearts to Thee  
For all Thy lavish bounty free!

✓  
THE PATRON SAINT OF MEXICO.

CLARA SPALDING ELLIS.



HE visitor to Mexico, traveling from one delightful old town to another, is impressed, first of all, with the fact that he is in a land of churches,—noble churches built for ages, designed with an artistic sense that is too often lacking in our own country, and most beautifully adorned and perfectly equipped within. He next observes that every one of these sacred buildings has an altar for the worship of the Virgin of Guadalupe, over which invariably hangs a large painting of a sweet-faced woman surrounded by a halo, with a cherub at her feet. Always this altar, among the many, and before it men and women kneeling in silent prayer, while the sacred fire burns dimly beneath its protecting glass.

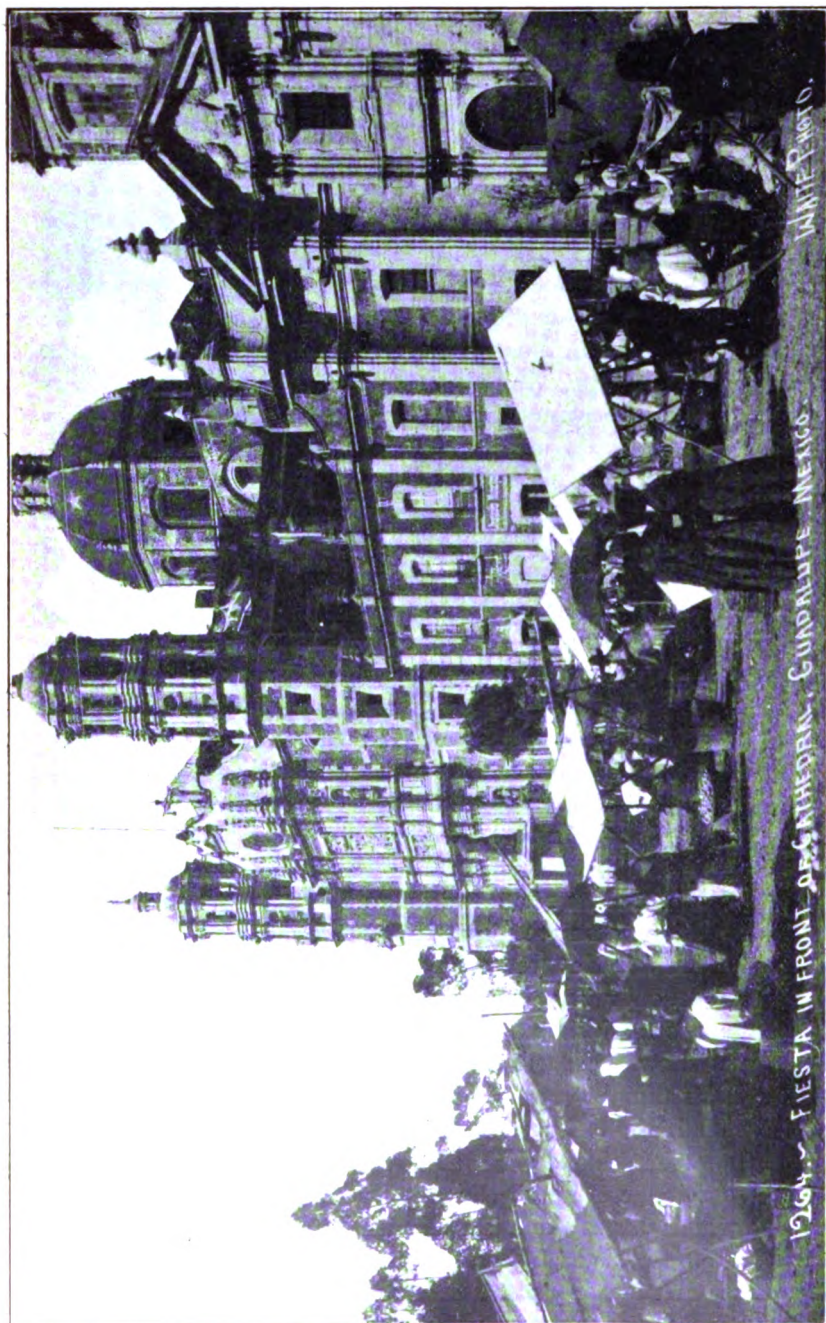
He learns, too, that most of the larger towns have a church dedicated to Our Lady of Guadalupe; and, after he has journeyed southward twelve hundred miles, to the City of Mexico, he is soon asked if he has gone out to the town of Guadalupe, where is the most sacred shrine in all Mexico, and there he finds three churches dedicated to this mysterious saint, and hears a story of fascinating interest in explanation of their existence.

The Virgin of Guadalupe, he is informed, is the patron saint of Mexico. To her the people cry for aid in time of trouble, on their battle banner is emblazoned her image, and her they bless for the favors of Heaven.

In the days of Montezuma, an Aztec divinity was worshiped at a shrine erected on the spot now consecrated to Guadalupe; but, by a wonderful miracle in which the Mexicans have implicit faith, the Christian form of worship replaced the adoration of the pagan goddess. A native of the Indian town Cuauhtitlan, so the story goes, living with his wife in Tolpetlac, went to hear Mass in the church of Santiago Tlatelolco, on the morning of December 9, 1531. When he was near a hill called Tepeyacac, he heard angelic music and beheld, amid indescribable splendor, a beautiful lady who directed him to go to the bishop and say that she desired a temple built to her honor in that spot. Juan Diego, the Indian, fell on his

knees in awe and admiration, and remained there while he listened to the words of the wonderful apparition, after which he betook himself to the bishop with a mind full of happy confusion, and related his story. The holy man,—Don Juan Zumarraga,—heard him patiently, but could not credit the tale. Juan returned to the lady and she bade him come to her again, so on the next day he visited the hillside, and for the third time beheld the vision. The lady repeated her command that he convey to the bishop her order that a temple should be built in that place. Again the holy father listened without faith in the truth of the story, and this time he replied that the Indian must bring him some convincing sign that what he said was true. Juan started for the rendezvous, and was followed by two servants whom the bishop sent to watch him. They were positive that they never took their eyes away from him, yet, as he approached the hill, he disappeared from their sight. While unseen by the watchers, he met the mysterious lady and talked with her, telling her that he was required to bring the bishop a token of her presence. He was told to come again next day to receive the sign, and went home, finding his uncle very ill with fever, so that he could not leave him on the day appointed. The malady became so serious that, on the day following, December 12th, he started out to get a confessor from a neighboring town, and, feeling the need of haste in the precarious condition of his relative, he avoided the side of the hill where he had seen the vision so many times, and took another path; but he soon saw the lady approaching him and heard her calling to him. He told her where he was going, and of his uncle's serious illness, and she replied that he need feel no anxiety, as the sick man was cured. Then she told him to cut some flowers, a command that astonished him, for no flowers had ever bloomed on that barren hillside; yet, ere he could explain that it would be impossible to obey her, he saw beautiful blossoms around him. "Take them to the bishop," she said, "as the sign for which he has asked, and show them to no one on the way." He covered the flowers in his *tilma*, a sort of blanket used to protect his shoulders from the cold, and hastened to the bishop; but before he was out of sight another miracle occurred,—a spring of water gushed out of the ground where the angelic lady had stood, a perpetual spring that endures to this day, and is a panacea for many ills. Juan Diego reached the door of the bishop's house, almost breathless with the importance and mystery of his mission; and lo! when he opened his blanket, there were not only the flowers to prove that he had not drawn upon his imagination as the father had supposed, but a





THE CHURCH, AT FOOT OF HILL, CONTAINING THE TILMA.

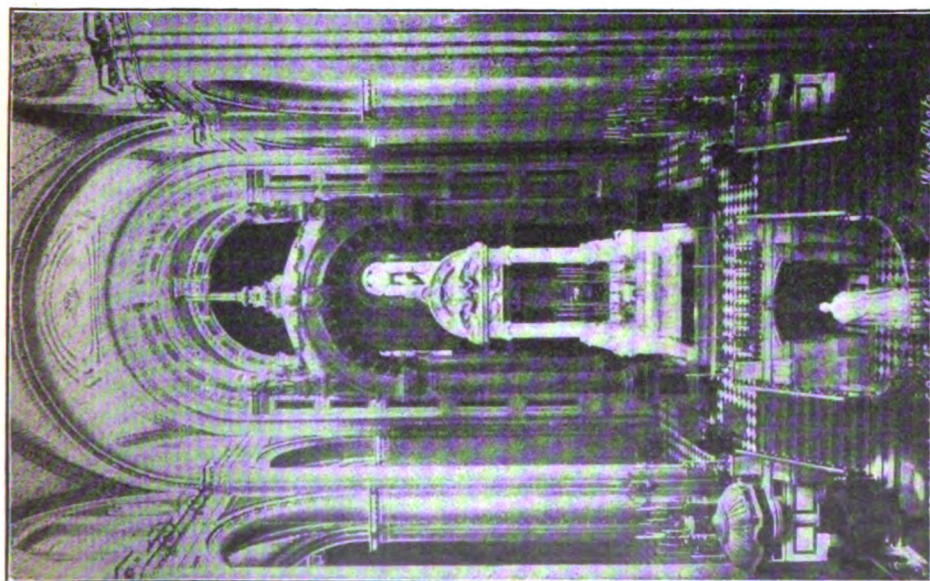
miraculous and perfect picture of the holy Virgin who had appeared to him was painted on the coarse texture of the tilma.

The bishop could not longer doubt, but placed the picture before his altar and venerated it. To complete the marvel, the Indian found when he returned to his home that his uncle was entirely recovered from the dangerous fever that had possessed him, and that he had been suddenly healed in the hour that the Virgin had said he was no longer ill. The bishop caused a chapel to be built on the spot where the roses had sprung out of the rocks, and, on the 7th of July 1532, the painting on the blanket was placed in it. Juan Diego and his uncle henceforth devoted themselves to the cause of religion, becoming servants of the Virgin in this sanctuary; and Juan took the vow of chastity, his wife consenting and taking a similar vow. He died in 1548, in a little house beside the church.

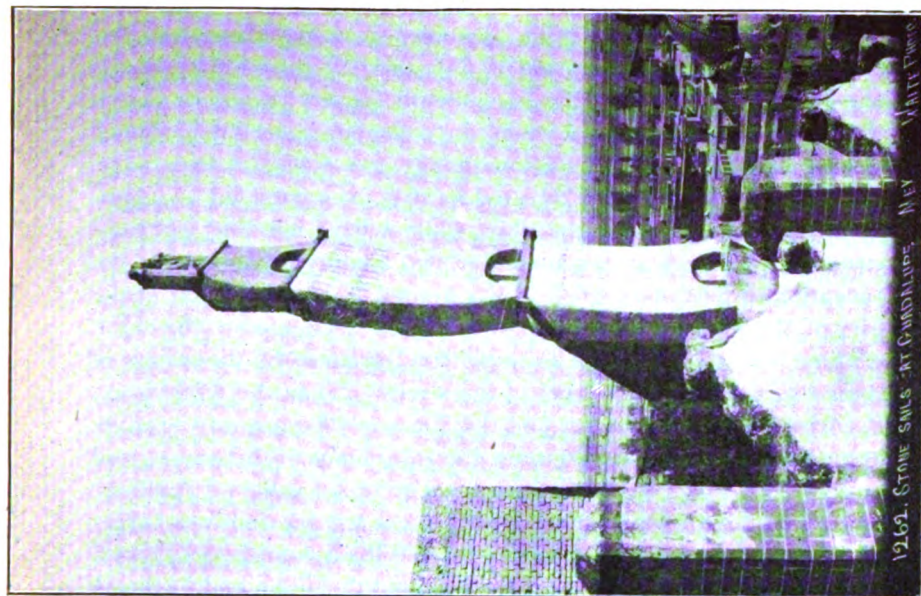
It was a long time before this miracle was entirely sanctioned by the papal authorities. Not until 1663, in the time of Alexander VII., was an account of it admitted and ordered to be investigated by the Congregation of Rites. The church in Mexico had asked that the 12th of December should be created a day of holy festival forever, in honor of the apparition. In 1666, Senor Don Francisco Siles, Dean of the Cathedral, organized a tribunal of investigation which went to the village of Cuautitlan, the birth place of Juan Diego, and had confirmed by the natives, some of whom were over one hundred years old, the truth of the story, for it had been taught to them by their fathers before them. This evidence, with other proofs, was sent to Rome but availed nothing. Cardinal Julio Rospilluzzi, who was elected Pope under the title of Clement IX., in 1667, wrote to the Dean of the Cathedral at Puebla that the similarity of the legend to the story of the Immaculate Conception would make its recognition impossible; but he permitted a plenary jubilee to be held on that date. The successive Popes, in the century following, recognized the Mexican Virgin in various ways, and allowed the annual festival to be continued, but the Congregation of Rites still refused official sanction.

The Mexicans, tired of waiting, made the Virgin of Guadalupe their patron saint so far as their authority went, near the middle of the eighteenth century. They had called upon her to protect them during the fearful pestilence of 1736, when the dread disease *matlanzahuatl* made its appearance, and she had succored them, for which service the ecclesiastical and secular chapters, representing the church of the people, elected her their patroness. The Jesuit Father, Juan Francisco Lopez, was sent to Rome for the express

purpose of securing the long-delayed confirmation of the miracle by the Congregation of Rites, and it was given by a papal bull dated May 25th, 1754, though not with perfect willingness. This bull officially inaugurated the festival of December 12th, and declared the Virgin of Guadalupe to be the Patroness and Protectress of New Spain. She was considered the champion of the Mexicans when they fought against Spanish rule, and the first standard around which the revolutionists were rallied by Hidalgo, the patriot-priest of 1810, had a picture of the Virgin on it. Their war-cry was "Guadalupe." This original banner is now waved by President Diaz at 11 o'clock of the 15th of September in each year, ere he pulls the rope that rings the "liberty bell" whose tones called Hidalgo's followers together to strike for independence, and thus are 1810 and the present era bound together by ceremonies that rouse an ecstasy of patriotism in the hearts of the Mexican people. The early strugglers for freedom believed that their Lady of Guadalupe did much to render their efforts successful, and the first Congress of the Republic lost no time in decreeing the festival of December 12th a national holiday. The importance of this patroness to the people may be realized from the fact that she is not only a religious divinity, but a political power. She is, also, an object of adoration by the Indians, who celebrate the annual festival even more enthusiastically than do the Mexicans, and for many years have journeyed from distant points to worship at her shrine. They are allowed to conduct the rites on December 12th in their own way, without the aid of priests, employing ceremonies that were practiced in the days of the Aztecs. A more imposing and orthodox celebration takes place on the 12th of January, under the management of the Archbishop and higher clergy. This feast is one of great magnificence. Others take place on the 22d of November, the 3d of December, and the 12th of each month. People come in train loads to attend them, from all parts of the Republic, and, in earlier days, toiled on foot for hundreds of miles to reach the sacred spot. The town of Guadalupe is between two and three miles from the city of Mexico, and reached by tram cars over one of the raised railways that Cortez found when he invaded the capital; also by the Mexican railway. Quite a settlement, comprising several thousand souls, has been built up around the churches that are dedicated to the Lady of Guadalupe. At the foot of the hill, where she appeared for the fourth time to Juan Diego, is the collegiate church of Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe. It is the fourth one in which the sacred image on the tilma has been sheltered. The first chapel, built by the bishop who had



HIGH ALTAR AND TABERNACLE IN CATHEDRAL.



STONE SAILS AT GUADALUPE.



been so hard to convince of the genuineness of the apparition, was enlarged forty years later; and is now used as the sacristy of the parish church. Early in the seventeenth century, a larger church was constructed on the spot where the collegiate church now stands, costing \$50,000, and the precious image was placed in it in 1622. The present parish church, erected in 1695, was intended as a temporary abiding place for the tilma while a finer building was constructed; but here it remained for two hundred years, with the exception of five years when it was housed in the Cathedral of the City of Mexico. In 1629, the entire city was inundated to the depth of three feet, and remained so until 1633, menaced by the waters of lakes that are above the level of the streets. Then the Archbishop Francisco Manso y Zuniga, and the Viceroy, Marques of Cerralvo, besought the aid of the Virgin for the subsidence of the waters, and brought her image to the Cathedral. The broad valley of Anahuac was covered with water and the image was transported in a barge, while other barges followed filled with a brilliant company of church and state dignitaries. The procession was in the night, and the boats were lighted with torches and paper lanterns. Hymns were sung to the Virgin, and musicians played sacred airs. The large temple was dedicated in May, 1709. It is 184 feet long and 122 feet wide, covered by a vaulted roof supported by two rows of Corinthian columns, and surmounted by a dome rising to the height of 125 feet. The towers are 110 feet high. The splendid high altar and tabernacle were made from designs by Tolsa, a great native artist, prepared in 1802. The work was so hindered by the revolution from 1810 to 1821 that but little progress was made and it was not completed until 1836. The chancel is enclosed by a silver railing, set on a base of white marble, that was the gift of Viceroy Bucareli, who was buried in this church. The choir, occupying the center of the church, as in the Cathedral of the City of Mexico, is elegantly carved in ebony and mahogany, and in the sacristy are other carvings, some fine paintings, and tables of the beautiful onyx that is found near Puebla. One of the best pictures in Mexico,—a crucifixion,—is on the north wall of this church. In all, nearly \$2,000,000 have been expended on the various churches designed to enshrine the sacred image on the tilma, and, before the confiscation of church property, in 1857, the gold and silver plate, gems, vestments, etc., were valued at two millions more. The tilma is in a frame of gold and silver, inclosed by plate-glass, within the tabernacle. Whatever its origin, it is a wonderful and mysterious picture, retaining its coloring as if it had been recently painted,

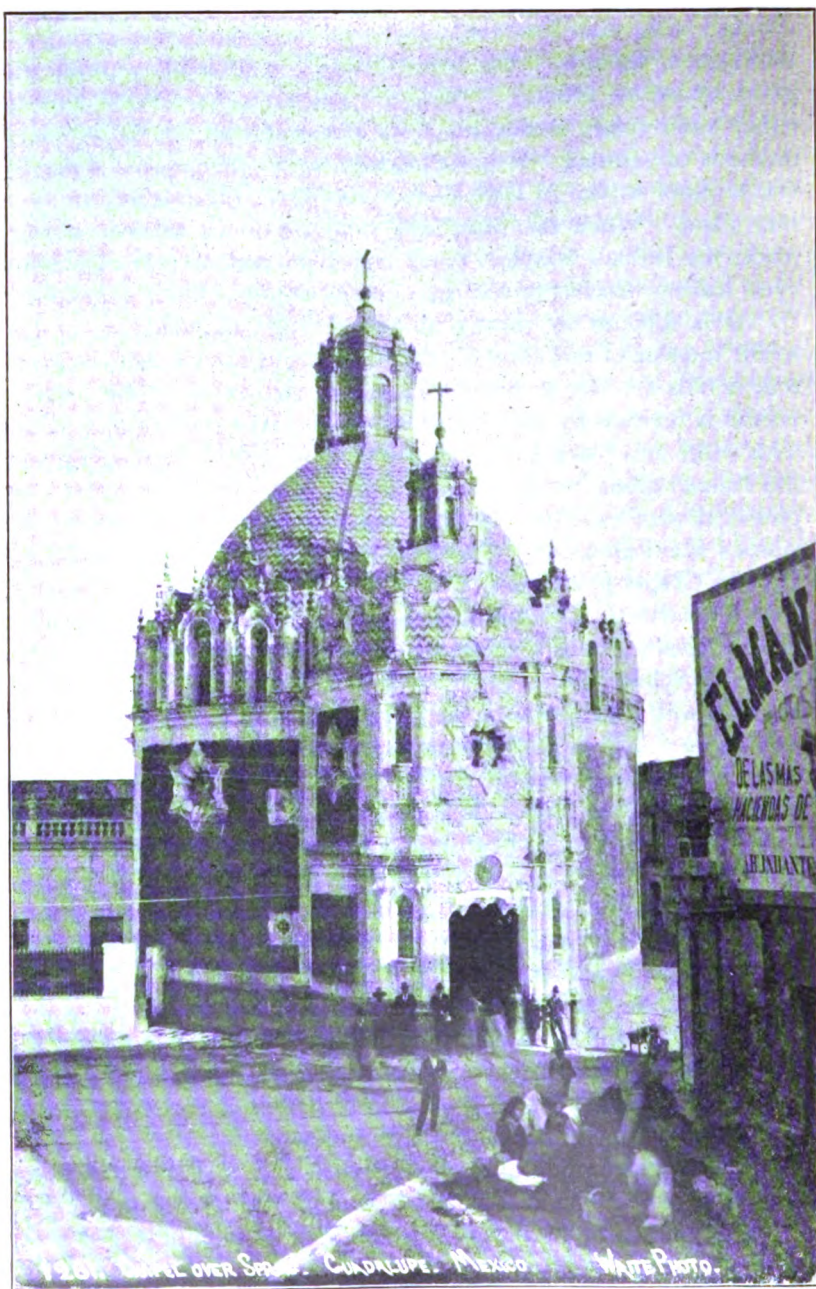
through more than four centuries; and its composition cannot be ascertained, though it has been critically examined, without the glass, by skilled artists. It does not appear to have been done in either water-colors or oils, nor does it resemble any of the ordinary methods of painting. It is well drawn, in a conventional style, on coarse cloth woven of ixtli fibre, a species of the maguey or century plant. When the tilma was removed to its present resting place, the Indians watched every step with jealous and suspicious eyes, fearing disaster or foul play to the object of their veneration.

It is difficult to convey an idea of the magnificence of the scenic interior of this church; the harmony of the whole is so great that details are not at first observed by the visitor. The presbyterium is reached by four flights of twelve steps each, and is paved with white and black Carrara marble. The grand altar containing the framed tilma is of snowy marble, carved and wrought with gilded bronze executed by the sculptor Nicoli from designs by famous Mexican artists. The bronze work was done in Brussels. On the Gospel side of the altar is the figure of the good bishop, Juan Zumarraga, who had demanded a sign to prove the miracle; on the Epistle side is a statue of the Indian, Juan Diego; in front is the kneeling figure of Labastida y Davalos, Archbishop of Mexico, who superintended the great work in honor of the Lady of Guadalupe. His ashes, and those of his father and mother, lie beneath the statue. At the top of the frame in which the image is secured, are three angels in marble relief, representing the archdioceses of Mexico, Michoacan and Guadalajara, which used every endeavor to secure papal authority for the crowning of the image. A noble Byzantine baldachin, supported by pillars of Scotch granite, and surmounted by a gilded cross of roses, the flowers of the Virgin of Guadalupe, is above the High Altar. The front arch of the baldachin bears the arms of Pope Leo XIII., and on the others are the arms of the Archbishops of the three states above mentioned as working actively for the coronation. Lines composed by Pope Leo XIII. are inscribed on the baldachin in Gothic letters. Translated from Latin, their meaning is as follows:

"The Mexican people rejoice in worshipping thee, Holy Mother, under this miraculous image, and in looking to thee for protection.

"May that people through thee flourish in happiness, and ever, under thy auspices, grow stronger in the faith of Christ."

Bronze statues representing Prudence, Justice, Fortitude and Temperance are between the arches of the baldachin. There is a crypt underneath the altar with a vaulted iron roof that will sus-



tain the weight of 300,000 pounds. It contains four altars, and thirty urns for the ashes of the thirty persons who gave \$5,000 each to the cost of the high altar and the baldachin. The vaulted roof of the church, studded with cedar stars covered with gold leaf, the beams decorated in Byzantine designs, the gilded dome festooned with pink roses, the splendid frescoes of scenes showing the influence of the Virgin and the efforts to obtain official recognition of the miracle, the family chapels and vaults, the numerous finely decorated altars, the stained-glass windows given by prominent people in Mexico,—combine to form one of the notable churches in the world. A Latin inscription on the wall states that as the Chapter of the Vatican Basilica had decreed, in 1740, the image, with the sanction of the Supreme Pontiff, Leo XIII., was crowned with a diadem of gold on the fourth day before the Ides of October, 1895, Prospero M. Alarcon being Archbishop of Mexico, to stand forever as the shield, the protection and the honor of the Mexican people. This coronation was a wonderful scene. Pilgrims came from distant parts of Mexico, toiling over mountains and across sandy plains, happy to kiss the ground in front of the sacred edifice that sheltered the object of their adoration, for thousands were unable to gain admittance. The women of highest position and wealth in Mexico had given their jewels for the crown, and it was made by a goldsmith in Paris at a cost of \$30,000 for workmanship alone. It is an imperial diadem, with twenty-two shields representing the twenty-two bishoprics of Mexico. Above these are angels upholding six other shields bearing the arms of the six Archbishoprics of Mexico. From the wings of the angels are festoons of roses and diamonds gathered at the top under a globe showing Mexico and the Gulf. Above all is the eagle of Mexico carrying a diamond cross in its talons. The shields are surmounted by emeralds and sapphires, and on the breast of each angel is a ruby. It is considered the finest jewel in the world that is used for religious ceremonies. A cherub holds it above the image of the tilma. News of the intended coronation was sent, not only all over Mexico, but to foreign lands, and the Archbishops of New York, Quebec, and of Santiago de Cuba, with many bishops, were present at the ceremonies. The ladies who had given their jewels for the crown carried it to the throne of the Archbishop in charge, where the official certificates authorizing the ceremony were read, while cannon boomed and bells pealed forth the tidings. The priestly procession was one of great magnificence, incense rose in clouds, and the choir chanted anthems of praise. Then a solemn Mass was said, after which the crown was



carried through the vast congregation and placed in position over the sacred tilma.

At this time the "Ingersoll of Mexico," Senor Don Juan Mateos, launched his oratory against the legend, and one or two bishops agreed with him, the controversy bringing forth an edict from the Archbishop of Mexico in which he called attention to the tradition that has been so lovingly cherished for centuries, and said: "Preserve the traditions which you have inherited from your forefathers, and hold indelibly in your memory the words which Lorenzana caused to be written with regard to the first Archbishop of Mexico, Dr. Zumarraga. Heaven rewarded his apostolic labors and his painful diocesan visits made on foot, by vouchsafing the apparition to him on December 12th, 1531, of the miraculous image of Our Lady of Guadalupe, a favor which kindled in his heart such flames of devotion towards that Holy Queen that at his own expense he began the construction of the first chapel in her honor, there to satisfy his own devotion and that of the faithful by an incessant round of services." He ordered more elaborate festivals than ever before, and the people took delight in them.

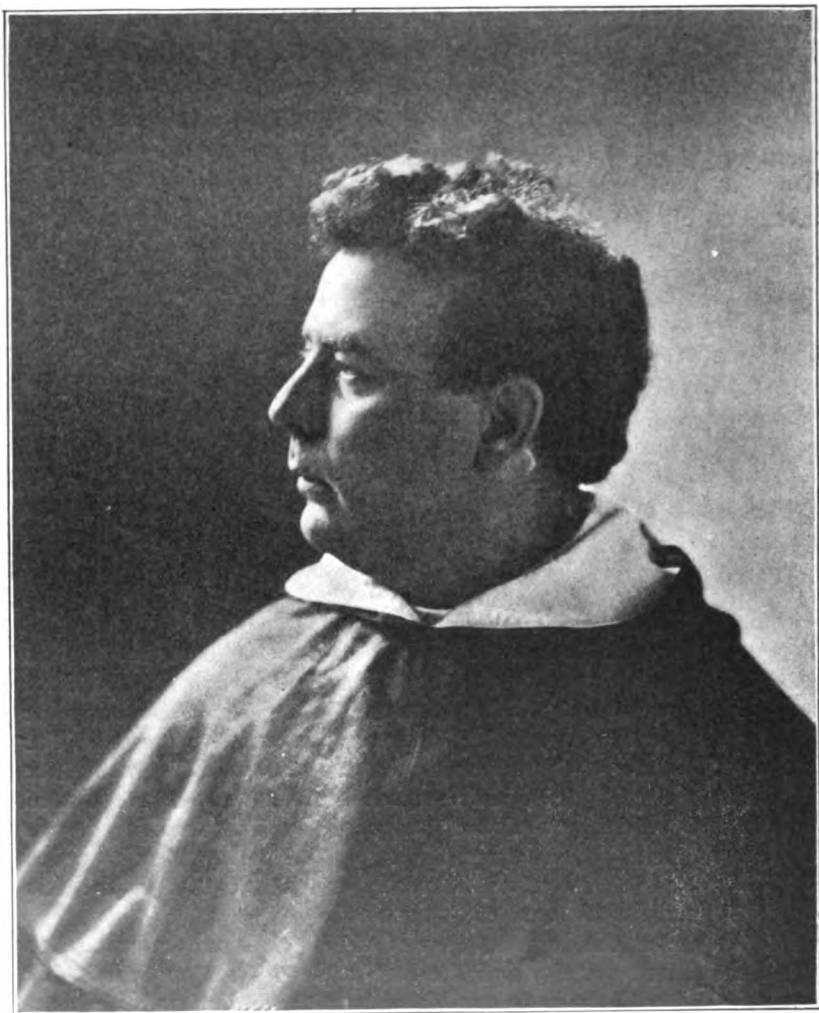
A chapel called Capilla del Pocito, "chapel of the well," is built over the magical spring, and is an elegant, though small, structure. It has a peculiarly beautiful domed roof of enameled tiles, and is exquisitely frescoed within. The well is in an ante-room protected by a grating of wrought iron. Many pilgrims and visitors test the efficacy of its highly mineralized water, dropping a mite into the box that invites offerings for the poor as they turn away. This chapel was completed in 1791, at a cost of \$50,000, the architect giving his services.

A broad stone stairway, delightful in its moss-grown solidity, its shallow steps, and parapeted walls aligned with stone seats for the entire distance, leads to the top of the hill, on which is another chapel, the Capilla del Cerrito, "the chapel of the little hill," built in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Only a wooden cross marked this spot, where Juan Diego picked the miraculous flowers, for a long time. In 1660, a small chapel was built and endowed with the sum of \$1,000, so a service might be held within it annually on the 12th of December. A cemetery beside the chapel is the prettiest one that the writer beheld in Mexico, though cramped in size from its position on the hilltop. In it are buried many distinguished Mexicans, among them, the famous General and Dictator, Santa Ana. Everything is beautifully kept, and the graves are shaded by trees and plants unknown to northern climes. The view from the

hill is one of the most beautiful in the world, similar to that which Humboldt pronounced incomparable, in 1803, as he gazed upon the valley of Mexico from the towers of the great Cathedral in the city. Fertile, verdant lands extend in all directions, dotted with quaint old towns above whose tiled roofs rise the towers of noble churches.

The partially drained lakes of Texcoco, Chalco and Xochimilco shimmer in the distance, the fair capital of this picturesque land glitters with its broad stretch of streets radiating from the Cathedral, and against the horizon, with scarcely a visible break as one turns to all points of the compass, are boldly outlined the crests of lofty mountains, forming a vast amphitheatre. Directly below are the narrow streets and flat-roofed houses of the town of Guadalupe, and you are struck, as you have been many times before while traveling in Mexico, by the similarity of the ancient settlement to the descriptions of the cities of Palestine. The women, with their rebosas draped over their heads, and poising earthen vessels of water on their shoulders, look as if they might have stepped out of some Bible illustration. In many ways, Mexico is similar to Egypt and the Holy Land. Part way up the stairs is a curious object called the Stone Sails of Guadalupe. No one knows when it was placed in its present position, but every one is familiar with the tale connected with it. Some mariners, tossed about on the Gulf in a tempest, became alarmed for their safety, and besought the Virgin of Guadalupe to protect and bring them back to port, vowing that if she would do so, they would drag their foremast up the mountain sides from Vera Cruz, and across the plains to her shrine, and there set it up as an offering to her forever. They did so, enclosing the mast in stone that it might perpetually defy the elements. The town of Guadalupe has another claim to fame as being the place where the treaty of peace which closed the war between the United States and Mexico, called the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, was signed, on the 2d of February, 1848. By this treaty, Mexico ceded to the United States all the territory north and east of the Rio Grande river, for the sum of \$15,000,000.

It is a beautiful legend, that of Guadalupe, one calculated to inspire the best emotions of the human heart, one so thoroughly commingled with the religious life of both the Indian and the Mexican that his very soul would seem to go with it, were it taken from him. The tourist from other lands, whatever his creed, winds his way down that sacred hillside lingeringly and reverently, past the humble beggars who sit upon the steps, meeting devotees at every turn, some working their way up on their knees, and echoes the words of the Archbishop: "Preserve the traditions of your forefathers."



VERY REV. LAURENCE F. KEARNEY. O. P., S. T. M.

THE VERY REVEREND LAURENCE F. KEARNEY, O. P.  
MASTER OF SACRED THEOLOGY.



N the city of Zanesville, Ohio, there occurred on the feast of Rosary Sunday a ceremony the like of which for beauty and solemnity is wholly unknown outside the Catholic Church. And even among Catholics it is not a common thing to see the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries from all parts of the country assembled to do honor to one of their number.

Such an event as the conferring of the degree of Master of Sacred Theology upon a priest whose exalted attainments as a scholar, a theologian, a gentleman, have been sounded the world over, one might naturally suppose would be reserved for a great Eastern city, where, mid pomp and splendor, glint and glamour, heralded boldly by the secular and the religious press, the recipient of such honor would find much to gratify a purely human but pardonable vanity. It is characteristic of Father Kearney, however, that, in the face of much opposition, he should choose to have such an occasion in his life assume a quietly religious bearing, and modestly prefer that the city wherein he labored for several years as pastor, and which during the four years of his provincial work he has made his home, should also be the scene of his triumph. Invitations were accordingly issued to the high officials of the Church and to the Priors of all the Dominican convents throughout the United States to meet at Zanesville on Rosary Sunday—that beautiful feast essentially Dominican in its history and sentiment—there to assist at the ceremony which was to confer upon the Very Reverend L. F. Kearney, Provincial of the Dominican Order, the additional title of Doctor of Sacred Theology.

It is needless to add that the time appointed found the city inundated with visitors from far and wide, and that the beautiful Gothic church was taxed to its utmost capacity to find even standing room for many for whom this ceremony was to bear a most personal interest, for, besides the Right Reverend Bishop Moeller and the almost innumerable clergymen who were present in the sanctuary, the great body of the church was filled to overflowing with thousands of the friends and relatives of Doctor Kearney.

It was a matter for regret both to his Eminence himself and to all who had anticipated the honor of his presence, that Cardinal

Martinelli's illness obliged him at the last moment to cancel an engagement to which he had long been looking forward with pleasure.

Promptly at ten o'clock, the Bishop, preceded by Father Kearney, the visiting priests, and the altar boys, entered the church as the orchestra played softly and sweetly the beautiful processional. It was a picture not easily forgotten but one beyond the power of pen adequately to describe: the church with its bright coloring and elaborate floral decorations, the vast array of priests wearing the white habit of their Order, with here and there the dark cassock of the secular clergy, the rich hues of the Bishop's purple, the altar boys in their white gowns and red sashes, the yellow clouds of fragrant incense and the soulful music of the orchestra,—upon all of this, the space of our article permits us merely to touch in passing on to the great feature of the day.

At the Pontifical High Mass the Right Reverend Henry Moeller, D. D. of Columbus, was celebrant, with the Rev. Thomas A. Powers, of Logan, Ohio, as assistant priest, Rev. J. R. Meagher, O. P., of Newark, N. J., as deacon, and Rev. D. A. Wynn, O. P., of Zanesville, as sub-deacon; the deacons of honor were the Rev. H. F. Lilly, O. P., of New York, and the Rev. F. A. Spencer, O. P., of Washington, D. C., while the Rev. A. A. Cush of New Lexington, O., and the Rev. J. S. Hannan, of Circleville, O., acted as masters of ceremonies. The music was Weber's Mass in G. most beautifully rendered by well-trained voices of Zanesville and Columbus.

After the Papal Benediction, given by the Bishop, Doctor D. J. Kennedy, O. P., Prior of St. Joseph's Convent, Somerset, Ohio, and a life-long friend of Father Kearney, delivered the sermon, a lucid and masterly setting forth of the Church's attitude in all ages with regard to progress in sound knowledge—knowledge such as is attainable by mere human reason, and that higher knowledge which is beyond the ken of man's unaided powers, requiring the light of divine revelation to afford him even a glimpse into the mysteries "hidden from ages and generations in God."

It was most fitting that one who had been so closely in touch with Father Kearney through all his student years, and who has been the sincere and comprehending friend of his mature manhood, should have been chosen to deliver the sermon upon this occasion; and those who know both men well felt that it was the voice of affection which proclaimed so truthfully, yet so modestly, the eminent right of the present candidate to his title. As Father Kennedy's sermon is given at length elsewhere in these pages, we do not refer to it more explicitly, but we should love to repeat again and again that beautiful prayer at its close, which found echo, surely, in the

hearts of all that vast throng of people: "May the Lord preserve and bless him, so that for many years to come he may be what he has been in the past, an able and worthy exponent and defender of the truth. And when his labors are ended, may he receive in exchange for the insignia with which he is to be invested to-day, the special crown or halo that encircles the brows of Doctors in heaven."

At the conclusion of the sermon, the Rt. Rev. Bishop received the profession of faith from the candidate, after which the Rev. B. F. Logan, O. P., of New York, read the document authorizing Doctor A. V. Higgins, O. P., to confer the Doctor's cap and ring. These essential features of the ceremony over, the Bishop arose from his throne to congratulate the new Doctor, extending to him most graciously every mark of his appreciation of his manly and priestly abilities, and expressing sincere thanks for the great work Father Kearney has accomplished in the diocese of Columbus. To all of this, Doctor Kearney responded in a few well-chosen and deeply felt words, and then as the choir sang the recessional, the long line of priests departed as they came, and all was over.

A solemn hush fell upon the congregation as the last tones of the music died away, and all appeared loth to leave the church, so impressed were they by a ceremony so beautiful that it has been said of it that from processional to recessional there was not one flaw to mar its perfect rendering.

In a place of honor in the church, happy to the verge of tears, sat the dear old mother and a sister of Father Kearney, proud in the possession of such a son and such a brother.

To those who have heard Doctor Kearney in his various successful missions throughout the country, it may be of interest to know something of that early life which has so much to do with the formation of character. Historic Lexington was his birth-place,—that old Kentucky town famous in days of battle, and, in times of peace, rendered more famous by the literary work of so many of its illustrious sons. A center of culture and refinement always, it was only to be expected that for all who first drew breath in such environment something more than mediocrity should be the portion in life. But there was another atmosphere—the atmosphere of faith—which the lad breathed in from his very birth into the bosom of a beautiful Catholic family, and it was the high motives learned from his mother's lips which did most to lift him above his fellows. In the schools of Lexington, he obtained his early education, easily outstripping his comrades in physical as well as mental acquirements.

At the early age of sixteen, he entered the Dominican Novitiate at St. Rose, Ky., where he remained until his profession of

simple vows, a period of about three years; he then went to St. Joseph's College, near Somerset, Ohio, to enter upon a four years' course of philosophy and theology. It was while here that he attracted the attention of the Rev. Father Larocca, Master General of the Dominicans, then visiting the United States, and it was upon the Master General's advice, and through his influence that the young student was transferred to the University of Louvain in Belgium. Here his studies were completed, and he was ordained priest. Returning to America with the highest honors of his university, he was assigned to the post of Master of Novices at St. Rose, Ky.; he filled this position for four years, when he was removed by his superiors to St. Joseph's Convent, Somerset, where he was also Master of Novices and professor of philosophy and theology; while acting in these capacities, he was elected Prior by the members of his community and continued in this office until his removal to Zanesville where he was acting as Vicar of St. Thomas' church when the provincial council of 1897 elected him Provincial of the Dominican Order. To those who know Doctor Kearney it is needless to enter into a detailed account of the able manner in which he has filled and still fills this high post of honor. Suffice it to say that his own Brothers in the Order are earnest in their eulogies of their Provincial, and such praise from those in close association with one not bound to them by the ties of blood, means much.

Again we would repeat Father Kennedy's beautiful prayer, than which we could frame none more fitting for the new Doctor of Theology.

#### FATHER KENNEDY'S SERMON.

"They that are learned shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that instruct many to justice as stars to all eternity." (Dan. 12, 3).

The highest and noblest faculty of man is his intellect. By this faculty he is elevated above the world of matter and the brute creation, being in dignity "a little lower than the angels" (Ps. 7, 6), those pure spirits which, being purely intellectual, entirely free from matter, and not subject to any of the conditions of matter, emulate and imitate the perfection and the perfect intelligence of the great Pure Spirit, God Himself.

The intellect being man's highest faculty, it follows that the highest perfection of man consists in the exercise of that faculty; and the exercise of that faculty consists in the search after truth and the acquisition of knowledge, by which man is brought nearer to the greater beings that are above him, the angels and God.

The materialists, those destroyers of human dignity who deny the existence of a spiritual and intelligent faculty in man, dragging him down to the level of "the horse and the mule that have no

understanding" (Ps. 31,9) object to this statement and explanation of man's high position in the order of creation; they would measure the perfection and progress of man by the number and importance of his achievements in the material world. Their degrading principles, however, have never been universally accepted. To the honor of the human race be it said that men have always held in high esteem those who devote themselves to learning, to the search after truth and to spreading the knowledge of the truth. Obeying an inclination and an impulse which is something much higher and nobler than the blind instinct of nature that guides brutes in the selection of what is good and profitable, individuals and nations, whether barbarous or civilized, have united in recognizing the value and dignity of learning, and have always proclaimed as worthy of honor and distinction those who devote themselves to intellectual pursuits. The fact is clearly written on every page of history, and in no place is it more clearly written than in the history of the Catholic Church. There could be no greater mistake than the supposition that the Church is opposed to the development of man's highest faculties, no calumny more false than the assertion that she is the enemy of learning and of the light. How could the Church be opposed to learning and science? She is to be the "light shining in the darkness" (2 Pet. 1, 19) of human ignorance, because she is to teach the truths that lead men to the True Light. She has received from her Divine Founder the mission to "teach all nations" (Matt. 28, 19) and in virtue of that commission, as Pope Leo observes in his Encyclical on the restoration of scholastic philosophy, she has been divinely appointed "the common and supreme teacher of all peoples." Hence it has always been her mission and her aim to explain and defend the truth, and to condemn all errors opposed to the heavenly truths which she announces. We shall better understand the Church's reasons for promoting learning and for honoring her doctors if we consider her relations to the world and the position which she occupies in the plans of Providence for the welfare of mankind.

It would, no doubt, be a great gratification to human pride if we could assert that the intellect of man is capable of knowing all truth; but we must confess that the intellect of man is not of itself capable of knowing all truth. In the first place, there exists truths of the higher, the supernatural order, truths pertaining to the nature of God in Himself, and things that depend solely on the will of God. These truths do not come within the scope of man's natural capacity. They are above him, as metaphysical truths are above the capacity of brutes; they are mysteries "hidden from ages and generations in God" (Col. 1, 26), and they would have remained forever unknown to man had not God deigned to direct into our minds a few rays from the light with which He perpetually shines.



Then let us take a lower order of truths; let us take truths of the natural order, which do not by their nature surpass the powers of man's intellect. Can man know all these truths without the assistance of God? Have men always possessed, without the aid of divine revelation, such a perfect, unwavering and accurate knowledge of natural truths that they could guide the human race in the practice of a perfect natural religion? In his immortal Encyclical on the restoration of philosophical studies, Leo XIII. answers this question in the following words: "Even those who were considered the wisest of ancient philosophers, but who had not the gift of faith, erred most grievously in many things. They often taught, along with many truths, things false and absurd, and very many that were doubtful and uncertain respecting the true nature of God, the first origin of things, the government of the world, the divine knowledge of futurity, the cause and origin of evil, man's last end and eternal happiness; respecting virtues and vices and many other subjects a true and certain knowledge of which is of the utmost importance to the human race.

It would be foreign to my purpose to enquire into the causes of this weakness of the human intellect. I am now simply calling attention to the fact that the knowledge of certain truths of the natural order is necessary for the guidance of the human race, and that the intellect of man has been unable to furnish that knowledge. This fact being well established, I call your attention to another fact: God, in His goodness, has never left man without means of arriving at the knowledge of the truth. He could without injustice have allowed man to grope about in the darkness caused as we know from faith, by his own disobedience, but He would not "in His anger shut up his mercies" (Ps. 76, 10). He has never deserted the human race, but has supplied, by the light of revelation, the deficiencies of the human intellect. From the beginning through the patriarchs and prophets and inspired writers of old He spoke to the world the words of life and of truth; and when the fulness of time was come He sent His only begotten Son to be the Teacher of the human race. "This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him" (Matt. 17, 5.) was the announcement made by the Father on the day of Christ's transfiguration.

What Christ was to the world whilst He was on earth that the Church is to be until the consummation of the world, "the common and supreme teacher of all peoples." The Church is the divinely appointed guardian, expounder and defender of the truth, and doctors of the Church are her ministers appointed to explain and defend the truth. The Church fulfills her mission of teaching the truth in two ways. First, from time to time, when necessity demands, she gives forth her solemn definitions in which, relying on the assistance of the Holy Ghost who abides with her and will abide with her for-

ever, as the Master promised before His ascension, she speaks *ex cathedra*, and proclaims by the authority of the Holy Ghost and of the apostles, Peter and Paul, the truths that form a part of the deposit of faith. She does not make new revelations but, acting as the interpreter and teacher appointed by Christ, she declares what is or is not contained in the revelation vouchsafed to the world by Almighty God. And when she thus speaks from the height of St. Peter's chair and in the fullness of her apostolic authority, she is an infallible guide; all doubts are removed; Rome has spoken and the dispute is ended.

Second, the Church, however, does not always make use of this prerogative. She does not in every instance have recourse to the special assistance of the Holy Ghost which guides her in solemn, infallible definitions. Just as in the natural order we do not ascribe effects to supernatural causes except when they cannot be explained by natural causes, miracles being the exception and not the rule, so also the Church has her ordinary method of teaching the truth, and she does not invoke the special assistance of the Holy Ghost until the ordinary means of proclaiming the truth fail to produce in the minds of men that certainty which is required before they can be asked to make an act of faith.

The ordinary ministers of the Church in teaching the truth are the Bishops, who are the judges for the faithful under their care in matters pertaining to faith and morals, and then priests, especially those priests who by their learning and ability have merited the title of doctor.

Doctors of theology are chosen to be the ministers of the Church in explaining and defending the truth; and it is no empty honor to be designated as one well fitted to perform those high offices as a representative of the Church of God. Were there but one page in the history of the Church, and on it was written a true and accurate statement of what the Church demands of those on whom she confers the title of doctor, and an account of the esteem in which she has always held her doctors, that page alone would suffice to brand as base calumniators those who say that she has not always fostered and protected learning and the learned.

What is required of a doctor of divinity in the Church? First, it is necessary that he be skilled and well trained in theology, which may be called the science of revealed truth, and which includes not only theology strictly so called, but also a knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures of the history of the Church and of the laws of the Church. He is a teacher of the Word of God; he stands before the world as the expounder of divine revelation, and he must be prepared to tell men what God has made known concerning Himself, and the world that He created and the relations of the world to Him, and the worship that is due to Him from His intelligent creatures, the laws

that are to be observed in the relations of man to man and of man to his Creator. What reason could not have known God has deigned to reveal, and the doctor of divinity must explain to men what God has revealed.

Secondly, it is required of a doctor that he be skilled in sound Christian philosophy, because there never was a good theologian who was not at the same time a good philosopher. I presume on your kind permission to insist on this point, for it is this knowledge of sound philosophy which distinguishes the truly learned doctors or teachers from those who are called doctors but cannot teach or explain the truths of Christianity in a becoming manner.

The doctor should be like Ambrose and Augustine and Gregory and Jerome, skilled in the sciences of the times, ready to meet the adversaries of the faith on their own grounds, admitting whatever is true in their defective systems, and turning against the enemies of the Church the very arms which they had used in attacking her. He should be like Origen and Tertullian, ready to say with the latter to the enemies of the Church: "You are not our equals either in science or knowledge." (*Encyc. Aetern. Patris.*)

The ideal of a Catholic doctor is furnished by the thirteenth century which gave to the world St. Thomas of Aquin whom Leo XIII. calls "the prince and master of all the scholastic doctors." St. Thomas learned much from the doctors who preceded him, especially from St. Augustine, for whom he always manifested the deepest reverence; and "because he especially revered the doctors of old," writes Cajetan, "he thus acquired in a measure the intelligence of them all," being as it were the connecting link between the doctors of old and those who in more recent times explained and defended the truth. Now, what is it that made St. Thomas the ideal doctor, the ideal exponent and defender of the truth? It was his knowledge of sound philosophy, and the use he made of philosophy in the service of revealed truth. St. Thomas did not excel many of his predecessors in the knowledge of the scriptures; he was not the greatest linguist or the greatest historian of his time; he was not the greatest scientist of his day, although he lost no opportunity of acquainting himself with the latest discoveries made by men of research. In many branches of learning he had his equals, but he was distinguished from the doctors of all times by his knowledge of sound philosophy and the use he made of this branch of knowledge; and we must count amongst the most remarkable passages of his writings those in which he determines the true relations of philosophy and theology, in other words of science and revelation, of faith and reason. Men have, unfortunately for themselves, formed the habit of considering the thirteenth century as part of "the dark ages," as a period of ignorance. If they took the pains to study the history of that century they would find

that it was really a golden age in the history of the Church. "Never was intellectual activity greater; no period can boast of greater movements of human genius, whether we consider the magnificent architectural monuments which were then begun if not completed, or the still living tombs which speak of the proficiency of the thirteenth century writers in all branches of knowledge." (Vaughan—Life of St. Thomas). Since that time the world has made progress in some branches of knowledge, especially in the physical or experimental sciences, but no age has produced a greater body of thinkers. St. Thomas Aquinas, in the thirteenth century, determined so accurately the true relations of faith and reason that his doctrine was solemnly proclaimed, almost in the very words which he used, in the Vatican Council, and the acts of the Council on this subject read like pages taken from his writings.

The Angelic Doctor had meditated long and deeply on the words of St. Augustine who declared that the right use of reason was that "by which wholesome faith is begotten, nourished, defended and strengthened." With that clearness of statement and accuracy of diction which constitutes the true dignity of the scholastic doctors, he points out the duties which reason, as the handmaid of the higher science, must perform for faith and revelation.

First, reason must prepare the mind for faith by demonstrating these truths that are called the preambles to the faith, such as the existence of God, the spirituality and immortality of the soul, the existence of rewards and punishments in another life, and by explaining the motives of credibility. In other words reason prepares the minds of men for faith by showing the reasonableness of believing that God has spoken to the world.

Secondly, revelation being accepted, the right use of reason is necessary in order that the doctrines of faith may be intelligently and methodically explained and illustrated, together with the conclusions that follow from them.

Thirdly, the use of reason is required in order to defend the faith. When the revealed doctrines have been proposed and men object, the right use of reason will show that, since there can be no opposition between truth and truth, either the objection is based on falsity or it is not opposed to any revealed doctrine.

These are the offices of reason in connection with revelation, as they were explained by St. Thomas in the thirteenth century and more recently by Leo XIII. in his encyclical on philosophical studies. These two great minds saw clearly that the true relations between faith and reason could not be established and maintained without sound philosophy; they saw that a Christian doctor could not, without the aid of philosophy, fulfill his mission to prepare for the faith, to explain the faith, to defend the faith. St. Thomas was not combating an imaginary enemy. The craze for the study of

Aristotle, interpreted as he was in those days by the Moorish commentators, had been the occasion of a dangerous spirit of rationalism, which found a champion in the unfortunate Abelard, and had some patrons in the great university of Paris. St. Thomas attacked a living and vigorous adversary when he attacked the abuse and determined the use of reason in matters of faith; and he became the model doctor because his knowledge of philosophy enabled him to systematize the sciences of revealed truths.

Pope Leo XIII. did not deplore an imaginary evil when he lamented over the defects of philosophy in the world of to-day. One of the greatest evils of the nineteenth century was contempt for everything that savored of metaphysics, and the lack of sound philosophy. It was an age of experiments and of progress in the applied sciences, but the adversaries of revelation rejected, together with what they called the useless subtleties of metaphysics, the sound principles supplied by philosophy for guiding men in forming judgments, and unbelieving scientists jumped at conclusions in a manner that was very illogical and very discreditable. How many foolish conclusions in opposition, for instance, to the first chapter of Genesis, were drawn from the discoveries of recent times, simply because men were ignorant of the first principles of sound reasoning! How many silly objections have been made against the doctrines of the Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility by persons who did not have logic enough to make them pause and consider the meaning of the dogmas which they attacked!

In the discourses and writings of those loud-mouthed ranters who go about in this country or in other countries dealing in vague generalities against religion there is such a woful want of logical, accurate statements that it is almost impossible to detect their meaning; yet such men pass as philosophers until some person with knowledge of philosophy patiently analyzes their statements, to show that either they are devoid of meaning or have a false meaning without any foundation in fact—as Fr. Lambert did with the so-called philosopher, Ingersoll.

It must be confessed, alas, that the enemies of religion were not the only persons lacking that accuracy of statement which characterizes the utterances of a well-trained philosopher. Even amongst those who consider themselves the exponents and defenders of revealed truths there were some who failed, simply because they had never been trained in philosophy, and their failure resulted in detriment to the faith. If a minister of the gospel talks loosely and inaccurately in explaining and defending the faith, his hearers will not be instructed or convinced. Either his statements will be so vague that they will not be understood or his arguments will be so illogical that their weakness is soon perceived, and the truth suffers by reason of the weak exposition or defense. The remedy of

these evils is to be sought in Christian philosophy in the best sense of the word, which means reason rightly applied in the exposition and defense of revealed truths. This is the true and sound philosophy for the restoration of which Leo XIII. pleads in his letter on ecclesiastical studies; this is the philosophy which is necessary for a theologian and a doctor. Revelation in itself does not need the aid of reason; but the right use of reason is necessary in order that the truths of faith may be intelligently and scientifically proposed to the minds of men and defended against the attacks of unbelievers.

Would that the Church of America had a greater number of doctors such as the one whom we honor to-day. We are assembled to confer the insignia of doctorate on one who is in every way well prepared and worthy to be a minister of the Church in explaining and defending the truth. I have endeavored to describe the ideal doctor, and in doing that I have drawn a picture of the worthy minister of God's Church who is to receive to-day the highest literary honor that can be conferred by the authorities of the Dominican Order, the title and degree of Master and Doctor in theology. His presence and his own well-known wishes, which I desire to respect, make it impossible for me to speak at length of the many qualities which render him worthy of the honor, but the exigencies of the occasion are such that I can not pass them over in silence.

Gifted by nature with a taste for study, especially for the study of philosophy and theology, with a rare happiness of expression, and with a disposition which readily wins a way to the hearts of others, he seemed marked from the beginning of his career as one fitted to spread the knowledge of the truth; and that natural aptitude has been perfected by the course of studies which he pursued. Our Order was founded in the thirteenth century, and we have preserved to this day many traditions that come down from that period of intellectual activity, with its great universities and its great doctors. Amongst those traditions is our system of graduation, which demands a long and serious preparation for the mastership or doctorate in theology. In many universities and institutions of learning the title of doctor is conferred at the termination of a prescribed course of studies. This is not the case in our Order which on this point preserves, substantially, the statutes which were observed at the university of Paris and in religious orders in the thirteenth century.

The conditions for the mastership are as follows:

1. The completion of the classical course.
2. Three or four years devoted to the study of scholastic philosophy, Church history and introductory theology.
3. Four years devoted to the study of the "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas, together with Scripture and Canon Law.

4. At the end of this course the student who has been successful in all examinations is appointed a Lector of Theology, i. e., he is authorized to teach.

5. Having taught for seven years he is admitted to pass the *Examen ad Gradus*, or examination for degrees, and then he is styled a Lector Presented for degrees.

6. Finally to obtain the mastership he must again teach for six years in a house of studies of the Order or in a university.

Seven years of study and thirteen years of teaching should prepare the candidate for the doctorate, but the degree is not conferred unless a petition for the honor is sent to the Master General or to the General Chapter by the brethren of the successful student and teacher. It is not surprising, then, that in comparison with the number of members in our Order, only a few receive the doctor's cap and ring; and I can state most positively from personal knowledge that amongst those few, the candidate of to-day is distinguished by merits of a high order that are remarkable and rare.

For years we studied together, for years we were associated in the work of training young Dominicans, and I know more than I can state here to-day of his brilliancy as a student and his success as a professor.

I was an eye-witness of all his triumphs with the exception of one, viz: the remarkably brilliant examination for degrees passed at Rome some years ago, the memory of which is still fresh in the minds of the learned professors of the Eternal City, being a favorite subject of conversation with our esteemed and much loved professor, Father Albert Lepidi, now Master of the Sacred Palace.

The merits of our candidate were so well known throughout the Order that in the general chapter held at Ghent in May of this year, when his name was proposed for the honor of the mastership, the proposition was accepted by acclamation. That the action of the chapter was universally hailed with joy is evident from the presence to-day of so many friends, amongst whom we gladly salute our Right Reverend Bishop, the prudent and gentle and well loved ruler of the diocese of Columbus. His presence will, I hope, bring a special blessing on this assembly and on the humble prayer which we direct to the throne of the Almighty for our newly crowned doctor. May the Lord preserve and bless him, so that for many years to come he may be what he has been in the past, an able and worthy exponent and defender of the truth. And when his labors are ended may he receive in exchange for the insignia with which he is to be invested to-day, the special crown or halo that encircles the brows of Doctors in heaven.

"They that are learned shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that instruct many to justice as stars to all eternity."

## CHARLES MACCARTHY, A RHODE ISLAND PIONEER.

THOMAS HAMILTON MURRAY.



RISH settlers are found in Rhode Island at a very early period. They were contemporaneous with Roger Williams, John Clark, William Coddington and other leading men and proved sturdy, energetic members of the community.

Some of these Irish pioneers doubtless came to Rhode Island as soldiers in the Indian wars, and when the latter were over "remained and went not away."

Others in all probability, came as settlers from St. Kitts, Jamaica, Montserrat and Barbadoes. During Cromwell's atrocious regime in Ireland thousands(1) of Irish were transported not only to the continent of North America but also to the West Indies. Other thousands followed them, forced from home by the iniquitous English policy of extermination.

It is not at all unlikely that Rhode Island received many of these hardy refugees and became to them a land of asylum and a permanent home. Nor can it reasonably be doubted that Connecticut, Plymouth and "the Bay" likewise contributed Irish settlers to Rhode Island at early periods and in goodly numbers. In Winthrop's Journal, under date of 1635, is an entry indicating that even as early as that a considerable immigration from Ireland to New England was under way. Thus readeth the entry:

"Another providence was in the voyage of Mr. Winthrop, the younger, and Mr. Wilson into England, who, returning in the winter time, in a small and weak ship, bound for Barnstaple, were driven by foul weather upon the coast of Ireland, not known by any in the

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1 See Prendergast's *Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*, (London, 1865); Thebaud's *Irish Race in the Past and the Present*, (New York, 1883); McGee's *Irish Settlers in North America*, (Boston, 1851 and 1855); Condon's *Irish Race in America*; McGee's *Catholic History of North America*, (Boston, 1855); Cullen's *Story of the Irish in Boston*, (Boston, 1899); Walpole's *History of Ireland*, (London, 1882); Lingard's *History of England*; Morison's *Threnodia Hiberno-Catholica*, (Innsbruck, 1659); Haverty's and other histories of Ireland.



ship, and were brought, through many desperate dangers, into Galloway<sup>(2)</sup> [Galway] where they parted, Mr. Winthrop taking his journey over land to Dublin, and Mr. Wilson by sea. His ship was forced back by tempest to Kinsale. Mr. Wilson being in Ireland, gave much satisfaction to the Christians there about New England. Mr. Winthrop went to Dublin, and from thence to Antrim in the North and came to the house of Sir John Clotworthy, the evening before the day when divers godly persons were appointed to meet at his house, to confer about their voyage to New England, by whom they were thoroughly informed of all things and received great encouragement to proceed on their intended course."

Sometimes immigrants from Ireland were welcomed<sup>(3)</sup> to New England and at other times the contrary was the case. In the records of Massachusetts, 1652, we find that one David Sellick having craved pardon "for his offence in bringing some of the Irish men on shoare, hath his fine remitted, so as the first optunite be taken to send them out of this jurisdiction." But where could they be sent? Only to some place where they would be likely to get a better reception. In this connection, Rhode Island, the refuge<sup>(4)</sup> of so many oppressed by "the Bay," would naturally suggest itself, at least to a portion of the Irish immigrants thus proceeded against. The writer inclines to the belief that numbers of these Irish, being refused permission to reside elsewhere in New England, finally located in Rhode Island.

Charles Macarte (MacCarthy), the pioneer to whom this paper is specially devoted, was a resident of Rhode Island in 1677. When he came to the colony is unknown. He resided on the island of St. Christopher, otherwise known as St. Kitts, before arriving in Rhode Island, a fact mentioned in his will<sup>(5)</sup>. Some of the recording

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<sup>2</sup> Evidently not Galloway in Scotland.

<sup>3</sup> Under date of Sept. 25, 1634, the Massachusetts records have this entry: "It is ordered that the Scottishe and Irishe gentlemen wch intends to come hither shall have liberty to sitt down in any place Vpp Merimacke Ryver, not possessed by any." In the Massachusetts Records (vol. 1, p. 295), under date of 1640, is another interesting entry, to-wit: "It is ordered that the goods of the persons come from Ireland shallbee free from this rate [tax]." And a marginal heading reads: "Irish goods now land free from ye rat[e]."

<sup>4</sup> Maryland and Rhode Island early enacted legislation providing for liberty of conscience, Maryland leading the way.

<sup>5</sup> The greater part of the will was reproduced in the Narragansett Historical Register, James N. Arnold, editor, Providence, April, 1891. It was

clerks of those days were not particularly brilliant in writing proper names, Irish or otherwise. They appear to have, in a way, adopted the phonetic idea of spelling, that is according to sound. But it frequently happened that some names sounded differently to different clerks and thus, as in the case of Charles MacCarthy, we have a variety of spelling.(6) At the same time it should be said, in justice to the clerks, that there were instances, no doubt, when they should not be held responsible for variations that appear. Orthography was not fixed then as now.

The Rhode Island pioneer of whom we are treating has had his name rendered as Macarte, Macarta, Macarty, Mackarte and Mecarty. In his will it is "Macarte," but whether that was the form authorized by him, or whether it was the work of the clerk who drew up the will, cannot now be determined. The same name applied to other early Rhode Island people is also recorded as Maccartee and McCartie. The style "Mac Carthy" used, for the sake of uniformity, in the caption of this paper, and in the text, is that common(7) to the MacCarthys Mor, the MacCarthys Reagh, the MacCarthys Glas and other grand divisions of this great Irish clan.

Charles, the Rhode Island settler, had a brother who went from Ireland to Spain. This brother had been exiled and may have been among the Irish troops who, in 1652, after surrendering to Cromwell and Ireton, were allowed to depart and enlist in the Spanish(8)

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probably copied from the East Greenwich probate records. The original draft of the will is not known to be now in existence.

6 This applied not only to Irish names, but to English, Scottish and others as well.

7 MacCarty was likewise a common form of the name. It also frequently appears in Ireland as Carty, and Carthy, without the Mac.

8 Many persons of Irish birth or extraction became distinguished in the armies of France and Spain. Among those in the French service were: Justin MacCarthy, (Lord Mountcashel), Colonel Proprietor, 1691, regiment de Mountcashel; Owen MacCarthy, Lieut. Colonel, 1715, regiment de Athlone; Daniel O'Brien, (Viscount Clare), Knight of the Orders of St. Louis and St. Lazarus, Colonel Proprietor, 1690, regiment de Clare; Arthur Dillon, Colonel Proprietor, 1690, regiment de Dillon; Gordon O'Neill, Colonel Proprietor, 1692, regiment de Charlemont; Charles O'Brien, (sixth Lord Clare), Colonel Proprietor, became a marshal of France; Dominic Sarsfield, (Lord Kilmallock), Colonel Proprietor, 1693, Kilmallock's Dragoons; Jeremiah Mahony, Lieut. Colonel, 1694, regiment de Limerick; John O'Donohoe, Lieutenant, 1677, Garde du Corps; Patrick Nugent, Lieut. Colonel, 1706, regiment de Berwick; Daniel O'Madden, Lieut. Colonel, 1703, regiment de Fitzgerald; Jacques Francois

service. These troops embarked for Spain at Kinsale, Waterford, Galway, Limerick and Bantry. With them also went many of the Irish nobility and gentry who had been ruthlessly dispossessed of their estates. In more propitious times some of these exiles returned from Spain. Charles's brother did so and from Kinsale wrote to Charles whom he supposed to be still in St. Christopher, urging him to return to Ireland. But Charles had, in the meantime, left St. Christopher and was probably then in Rhode Island. Though long delayed, the letter finally reached its destination, but Charles never went back nor, it is believed, did he and his brother ever meet again.

In 1677, Charles was one of a party of 48 settlers to whom a grant of 5,000 acres, to be called East Greenwich,<sup>(9)</sup> was made by the General Assembly of Rhode Island. The grant was awarded largely for services rendered during King Philip's war, (1675-76). This would seem to indicate that Charles MacCarthy had been a participant in that war and it is quite within the bounds of probability that he had seen military service, too, in the Old Land. At a session of the General Assembly held at Newport, R. I., May, 1677, it was

ORDERED that a certain tract of land in some convenient place in the Narragansett country, shall be laid forth into one hundred acre shares, with the house lots, for the accommodation of so many of the inhabitants of this Colony as stand in need of land, and the General Assembly shall judge fit to be supplied.

Edward Sarsfield, (Earl of Lucan), Colonel, 1715, and Knight of the Golden Fleece; Arthur Lally, Knight Grand Cross of St. Louis, Lieut. General, 1746; Maurice MacMahon, Knight of Malta, Captain, 1761, Fitzjames' Horse; Count Patrick Darcy, Knight of St. Louis and of St. Lazarus, Colonel, Major General, died 1779. In our own day MacMahon, of Irish blood, became President of France.

Irish names met in the Spanish service include: Don Florencio Macarthy, Cornet, 1705, Dragonés de Dublin; Don Felix Macarthy, Captain, 1718, regimiento de Limerick; Don Justinio Macarthy, Sub-Lieutenant, 1718, regimiento de Hibernia; Don Carlos Macarthy, Lieutenant, 1724, regimiento de Hibernia; Don Carlos MacMahon, Captain, 1718, regimiento de Ultonia; Don Juan O'Sullivan, Captain, 1724; Don Dionisio O'Sullivan, Captain, 1724; Don Demetrio Mahony, Lieut. Colonel, 1735; Don Cornelio MacMahon, Captain, 1771, regimiento de Hibernia; Don Miguel O'Reilly, Captain of Grenadiers, 1777; Don Josef O'Donnell, Lieut. Colonel, 1777; Don Hugo O'Connor, Captain of Grenadiers, 1777; Don Pedro O'Daly, Commander and Colonel, 1803, regimiento de Irlanda.

<sup>9</sup> Records of the General Assembly. Arnold's Vital Record of Rhode Island. Greene's History of East Greenwich.

It was likewise enacted that the said tract be laid forth to contain 5,000 acres. Of this, 500 were to be laid in some place near the sea, as convenient as may be for a town, which said 500 acres shall be divided into 50 house lots and the remainder of the 5,000, being 4,500, shall be divided into 50 equal shares or great divisions.

It was further decreed that the persons to whom the grant was made have the rights, liberties and privileges of a town; also that they, or so many of them as shall be then present, not being fewer than twelve, on the said land, [are] required and empowered to meet together upon the "second Wednesday in April next" and constitute a town meeting, by electing a Moderator and a Town Clerk, with such constables as to them shall seem requisite; and also to choose two persons their Deputies to sit in General Assembly, and two persons, one to serve on the Grand Jury, and one on the Jury of Trials in the General Court of Trials.

Thus was launched the town of East Greenwich. The founders, no doubt, included "men from all parts" and if names may be taken as a criterion several of them, in addition to Charles MacCarthy, were from Ireland. The date of the incorporation of the town was Oct. 31, 1677, the year following the close of King Philip's war and the overthrow of the Narragansetts. Later, the boundaries of the town were enlarged by addition of 35,000 acres on the western border. Facing a great bay, it was hoped by the founders that the town might in time equal or surpass Newport or Providence. In 1741, the town was divided and the western part incorporated as West Greenwich. Both towns exist to-day, East Greenwich with a population of about 3,000 and West Greenwich with a population of between 600 and 700.

The most thickly settled part of East Greenwich is built mainly on a hillside and fronts a safe and spacious harbor. The town is a favorite summer resort. Some of the early settlers engaged in ship-building, and when the town was laid out two locations were set apart for shipyards. The persons named as incorporators of East Greenwich, including Charles MacCarthy, were each required to build within a year, on his lot, a house suitable for habitation, under pain of forfeiture. It was also required that highways be provided "from the bay up into the country" convenient for settlement. In addition to MacCarthy, the founders included Philip Long,(10)

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10 Long,—a frequent name among people of Irish blood. It is derived from O'Longain, from whence we have O'Long.

Thomas Dungen<sup>(11)</sup> and John Strainge<sup>(12)</sup>—all three names typically Irish. Among the proprietors in 1700 was Anthony Long. About 1732, the town possessed stocks and whipping post, pillory, irons for mutilating ears, branding faces, cropping, etc., and similar appliances rife at that period.

The records of the "General Assembly held at Newport, the 6th of May 1679" show that "Charles Mecarte" and two others "being freemen of the towne of East Greenwich, are admitted freemen of the Collony." It does not appear that Charles ever married, at least the writer has met no record to that effect. Neither wife nor child are mentioned in the copy of the will extant. It is, of course, possible that he may have had both wife and children in the Old Land and that he survived them, but of that nothing definite is known. His will is dated "the 18th day of February, 1682" and was witnessed by John Knight and Thomas Fry, Jr. It was the first will to be recorded in the probate record book of East Greenwich where it was entered by "John Spenser, Town Clark." Written over 200 years ago, its quaint phraseology is a source of much interest at the present time. The will thus begins:

Unto all christian people unto whome these pents [presents] may com know yee that I Charles Macarte now of the towne of Est greenwich in the Colony of Rhod Island and providance planteteons Being in parfact memory but weake in body doe meake this my lastt will and testament.

First, he requests that all his debts be paid. Then he makes John Spenser, Jr., his lawful heir and bequeaths him "my house and Land or Lands in this Towne." He designate John Spenser, Sr., "father to the aforesaid Spenser, Guardian to his sonn to teak cere that my will be parformed."

One Pasco Whitford owed Charles a debt. This debt the latter cancels and, in addition gives Whitford "halfe the sheepe of mine in his keeping." The other half he gives to Edward Carter, to whom he likewise bequeaths his arms, i. e. two guns and a sword and also his chest "with the lock and cea." To Charles Heseltun,

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<sup>11</sup> Dungen,—another name of Irish origin whatever its Rhode Island bearer may have been. It derives from O'Donnegan, and MacDonnagain, anglicized Donegan, Dunnegan, Dongan, Dungan, etc. O'Donnegans were chiefs of "Muskry of the Three Plains" in Cork. MacDonnagains were chiefs in Limerick. Walter, Lord Dungan, (Irish), was prothonotary of the Exchequer in Ireland in 1689. Thomas Dongan, an Irish Roman Catholic, became governor of the province of New York, 1683, and rendered a wise and just administration.

<sup>12</sup> Strange is a well-known name in Ireland.

Jr., he bequeaths a young horse "that will be two yere old next Spring branded with IS on the shoulder." To John Andrew is given "my biggest yron poot" [pot] and four narrow axes. His pewter he bequeaths Susanna Spencer, the same to be delivered to her when she is of age. All his carpenter and joiner tools are given by testator to William Spencer<sup>(13)</sup> "which shall be resarved for him till hee is capable unto mak youse of them," or of age. After disposing of certain clothing and household goods to Susanna Spencer, Sr., he mentions "one piece of brod cloth that I had to make mee a wascoat"; this he gives to his heir. Unto Hannah Long,<sup>(14)</sup> the younger, is given "one heffer of three yere" old, to be delivered her at his decease, and to "John Garard<sup>(15)</sup> a poor Country man of mine" he gives "three bushels of corne to be paid him presently after my desese." But one of the most striking passages of the entire will is the following:

I have a letter that came from my Brother from Kingsile<sup>(16)</sup> [Kinsale] after his return from Spaine Being fersed from home in the war in which Letter he sent for mee home; but the troubles in Cristifars at that time fersed me from thence to New England and soe hee herd not of mee nor I of him. \* \* \* I will that that letter with another [which] within it is, be sent unto him with a letter to signifie unto him how it hath been with mee since and when and where I end my dayes.

Charles then provides that Richard Dunn<sup>(17)</sup> of Newport, R. I., be added unto John Spenser, Sr., the first mentioned guardian, to carry out the provisions of the will, and "if aither of these soo Before men'oned betrusted should die before that my haire is of edge [age]; then he that doth survive shall heve power; and my will is that hee chuse one to him it being one that my haire doth approve of." The will goes on to say that "My ould mere [mare] I give to Samuel Bennet and hir foule [foal] or my young mere I give unto Mychell Spenser \* \* \* and the rest of my Chatle Goodes and catten [cattle] I give unto John Spenser Senior and all

13 This name appears to have been spelled both Spenser and Spencer.

14 Probably the daughter of Philip and Hannah Long; Philip, who was one of MacCarthy's associates in the founding of the town.

15 The names Gerard and Gerrard are found in Ireland. This name Garard, mentioned by MacCarthy, however, may have been Garratt or Garrett, and therefore derived from Garritty or MacGeraghty.

16 This was also at one time written "Kingsale." It is in the County of Cork.

17 Dunn,—a typical Irish name; from the Irish O'Duin, and anglicized O'Dunn, Dun, Dunn, Dunne and Doyne. The sept was prominent, in the olden time, in Kildare and Queen's.

the deapts dowe to mee \* \* \* As Concaning [concerning] the Land that I Give unto my haire and the house my will is that the land and house [be] unto him and his lawful hairees for-ever \* \* \* and for the Conformation of this my will and that it may apere unto all parsons [persons] unto whome it may come I have sett to my hand and seale this psent 18th day of February 1682." Charles died soon after, his will being entered in the town records in 1683-4.

The orthography of Charles MacCarthy's will must not be severely criticised. It was as correct as that found in the average document of the period in which he lived. Whether it was written by Charles or by someone acting for him, due allowance must be made for the times and conditions and for the fact that educational facilities were very meagre then as compared with those available at the present day.

It is a source of deep regret that so little is known about this Rhode Island pioneer. That he was a man of sturdy character, cannot be questioned. That he was worthy to rank as a founder of a town or a state must also be admitted. He plainly possessed traits and qualities entitling him to a place in the front rank of Rhode Island settlers.

And here we may indulge briefly in a retrospective glance at the status of the MacCarthys(18) in the land of Erin. For from these, unquestionably, the Rhode Island pioneer was descended. Then, we will touch upon certain "troubles in Cristifars" which may have been the same as those to which Charles MacCarthy alludes as having forced him to New England.

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18 For interesting mention of the MacCarthys, see Burke's *Dormant, Abeyant, Forfeited, and Extinct Peerages*, (London, 1866); O'Hart's *Irish Pedigrees*, (Dublin, 1881); Burke's *Vicissitudes of Families*, (London, 1859-60); Lodge's *Peerage of Ireland*, (Dublin, 1789); Burke's *Landed Gentry*, (London, 1871); Burke's *General Armory*, (London, 1884); Washbourne's *Book of Family Crests*, (London, 1882); the *Royal Book of Crests*, London, (Macveigh); O'Hart's *Irish Landed Gentry*, (Dublin, 1877); Howard's *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica*; Nichols' *Topographer and Genealogist* (London, 1853); the *Complete Peerage* (edited by G. E. C.), (London, 1893); the *Book of Dignities* (London, 1894); Cusack's *History of the City and County of Cork*, (Dublin and Cork, 1875); Prendergast's *Ireland from the Restoration to the Revolution (1660 to 1690)*, (London, 1887); Amory's *Transfer of Erin*, (Philadelphia, 1877); John O'Kane Murray's *Prose and Poetry of Ireland*, (New York, 1882); Douglas Hyde's *Literary History of Ireland*, (London, 1899); *A Historical Pedigree of the McCarthys*, by D. McCarthy, (Exeter, Eng., 1880); Lower's *Patronymica Britannica*, (London, 1860).

Burke, Ulster King of Arms, the great authority on the British and Irish peerages, declares that "Few pedigrees in the British empire can be traced to a more remote or exalted source than that of the Celtic house of M'Carty." The learned Dr. O'Brien says that it was "the most illustrious of all those families whose names begin with Mac." It has also truthfully been declared that "The MacCarthys may proudly defy any other family in Europe to compete with them in antiquity, or accurate preservation of the records of their descent." Their patrimony was chiefly in Cork and Kerry where they had strongholds for many centuries. They built over twenty castles there, many of them overlooking "the pleasant Bandon, crowned with many a wood." These castles were massively constructed, the towers and battlements being equal in grandeur and strength to those elsewhere in Europe. For generation after generation they defied the attacks of time and the elements and proudly reared aloft their stately walls. The ruins of some of them still remain, crowned with ivy, and frequented by appreciative tourists. The MacCarthys have been Princes of Carberry, Earls of Clancarty(19), Earls of Muskerry, Earls of Mountcashel, Viscounts of Valentia and have also held other titles. Their history has been replete with chivalrous deeds, brave men, handsome women, noted clerics, generous benefactors, whole-souled hospitality.

The MacCarthys were the dominant family in Desmond,(20) (South Munster), at the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion. The MacCarthy Mor, lord of the elder branch, was generally inaugurated in Kerry. The O'Sullivan Mor(21) and the O'Donoghoe Mor (22) presided at the ceremony. The hereditary judges of the MacCarthy Mor were the MacEgans; his captains of war, the O'Rourkes; and his poets and antiquaries, the O'Dalys and

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19 Clancarty, from Clan Carty; the latter derives from Cartach or Cartagh, progenitor of the family.

20 Desmond, or South Munster, comprised the whole of Cork and the greater part of Kerry, together with a part of Waterford and South Tipperary. North Munster constituted the territory known as Thomond.

21 O'Sullivan Mor, Lord of Dunkerron. O'Sullivan Beara, Lord of Beara. Some of the O'Sullivans went to Spain, and were styled Counts of Bearhaven. Gen. John Sullivan of the American Revolution, and Hon. James Sullivan, Governor of Massachusetts, were descended from this Irish clan.

22 Chiefs of the O'Donoghoes were Princes of Lough Lein, and Lords of Glenfesk. The first bearer of the surname died A. D. 1057.



O'Quinns. His feudatories also included the O'Donovans<sup>(23)</sup> and O'Hurleys. Charles who died in 1770, was styled "the last MacCarthy Mor." The arms of the family are thus described: "Arg. a stag trippant, attired and unguled or." One branch of the family, had as its motto: "Fortis et fideli nihil difficile," and another: "Ex arduis perpetuum nomen." The motto of the MacCarthy Reagh was: "Fortis, ferox et celer." "The MacCarthys were a regal and princely house," observes Burke, and he states that at one period the head of the clan could muster 3,000 men-at-arms. The MacCarthys Reagh constituted the second sept of the clan in point of importance, while the MacCarthys Glas were also a strong branch of the family.

Dermot MacCarthy, feudal lord and founder of the house of Muskerry, was killed in 1367. Cormac MacCarthy, slain in 1494, had been lord of Muskerry for 40 years. Donogh MacCarthy Mor was, in 1556, created Earl of Clancare, (Clancarty), and Viscount Valentia. Cormac Oge MacCarthy became a Viscount in 1628. There was a Callachan MacCarthy who married Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of the Earl of Kildare, and died in 1676. A Charles MacCarthy, born about 1721, was a solicitor, seneschal of the manor of Macroom, recorder of Clonakilty and clerk of the Crown for the County of Cork. A Donoch<sup>(24)</sup> MacCarthy, lord viscount Muskerry was an Irish officer exiled to the continent in 1641-42. He had commanded the King's forces in Munster against Cromwell. At the restoration of Charles II. Donoch returned to Ireland and contested the right of Florence and Charles MacCarthy to the title and dignity of "MacCarthy Mor." He was created Earl Clancarty, and died in 1665.

It is to be regretted that we do not know the name of the brother of Charles MacCarthy,<sup>(25)</sup> the Rhode Island settler—the

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<sup>23</sup> The O'Donovans have been Lords of Clancabill. In 1607 an Iquisition taken at Cork mentions "The manor of Castell O'Donyvane, containing twenty and one ploughlands." The principal castle of the O'Donovans at one time, was situated in the County of Limerick. "Daniell O'Donovane, Gent.", was one of the Papist Forfeiting Proprietors under Cromwell. He was of the Barony of Courcey, in Cork.

<sup>24</sup> Also rendered Donogh and Donough.

<sup>25</sup> A Charles MacCarthy appears in the "Inrolments of the Decrees of Innocents" under the Commonwealth rule in Ireland. There were several MacCarthys in the Irish parliament of James II. They included MacCarthy, (Earl Clancarty,) and MacCarthy, (Viscount Mountcashel,) in the Lords; and Charles, Justin, Florence, Owen and Daniel Fion MacCarthy

one to whom he refers in his will as having written from Kinsale. Did we have access to that letter which Charles of Rhode Island received the desired knowledge would, no doubt, be obtained. But at this distance of time, all efforts to locate the letter have failed.

It seems reasonable to conclude that the brother of the Rhode Island pioneer was a man of some prominence—possibly of much prominence. It has been suggested that he was Donoch, Earl Clancarty, just mentioned, but this could hardly have been so, as the Earl died in 1665 and Charles of Rhode Island, when he made his will in 1682, speaks of his brother as still living.

There was another Donoch MacCarthy, descendant of the first named, who was privately married when but sixteen years of age to Lady Elizabeth Spencer, daughter of Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland. It may be recalled, purely as a coincidence, that Charles MacCarthy of East Greenwich, R. I., was an intimate friend of the Spencers of that town and made one of them his heir. On the arrival of James II. in Ireland (1688), this second Donoch MacCarthy was one of the Irish officers who received him at Kinsale. At the fall of Cork in 1690, MacCarthy was captured and imprisoned in the Tower of London. He had succeeded to the title of Earl Clancarty and was a man of immense estate, his resources being equivalent at this day, it is stated, to £200,000 per annum. All this was forfeited owing to his adhesion to the cause of James II. In 1694, he escaped from the Tower and fled to France. Upon rashly going back to England, in 1698, he was rearrested and exiled. He died in 1704 at a locality in Hamburg. If Charles MacCarthy of Rhode Island was "forced from home" at the same time as his brother, it would be interesting to know why one went to Spain and the other to the island of St. Christopher. The whole matter, however, is wrapped in mystery. Charles tells us that his brother "returned from Spaine," which statement reminds us of a prominent fact. King Charles II. in a famous declaration mentions a large number of of Irish "restorees," who were to be given back their former estates in Ireland for having "Continued with Us or served faithfully under Our ensignes beyond the Seas."<sup>26</sup> Among these Irish restorees is mentioned Col. Charles MacCarthy of Kilbretan,

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in the Commons. Many of the MacCarthys, described as "Papists," were included in the list of "Forfeiting Proprietors" under the Cromwellian regime in Ireland.

<sup>26</sup> This Declaration was issued by the King, Nov. 30, 1660. The restorees were to be in possession of their estates by May 2, 1661.

county Cork, and Capt. Charles MacCarthy, also of Cork. In another place Charles II. mentions Charles James MacCarthy, Viscount Muskerry.

A fourth Charles MacCarthy is mentioned during the Cromwellian settlement as a "Papist," whose property was to be confiscated. These four Charles MacCarthys were all Irish officers or leading gentlemen, and I am inclined to think the Rhode Island settler was one of them.

Yet another point: Charles of Rhode Island tells us that his brother, who was again in Ireland, had written from Kinsale asking him to return. Why? May it not be that Charles and his brother were both "restorees," as defined in the King's Declaration above mentioned?

At what period Charles MacCarthy left Ireland and located in St. Christopher, or St. Kitts, is problematical. If we knew the time of his coming to New England we might be able to approximate the St. Kitts date. It is assumed, however, that he was in St. Kitts as early as 1650. In an old French atlas by Sanson, published that year, Montserrat is described as having been settled by Irish. Rev. Andrew White, S. J., who accompanied the first colonists to Maryland, in 1634, makes a like statement. He adds that these Irish Catholics had gone first to Virginia, but being refused permission to land had taken possession of Montserrat. Large numbers of Irish are heard from in St. Kitts in 1650. They were visited by Father John Destriche, also written De Stritch,(27), disguised as a

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27 He is believed to have been a Limerick priest named Hartegan who assumed the above name in order to attract less attention from hostile sources in endeavoring to minister to his flock. In the Cromwellian era scores of Irish priests were seized in Ireland and shipped, per force, to the West Indies where, doubtless, they were cruelly treated.

In 1638-40, and soon after, hosts of Irish settled in the West Indies. As early as the first named year several Irish names appear in Barbadoes, borne by men each owning at least ten acres of land there. But even in the West Indies, the curse of English persecution followed them. An Irish writer of the period says that the enemy "seeing that the Irish were prospering in the Island of St. Kitts, seized in one night and bound with chains three hundred of the principal of them, and carried them off to a desert island, that they might perish there of cold and hunger. This was, alas! too sadly realized in all except two, who, through despair, cast themselves into the sea, resolved to risk their lives on the waves rather than on the barren rocks. One of them soon perished, the other reached the mainland, bearing the sad news of the dreadful fate of his companions."

About 1640, a party of refugees from the West Indies landed at what is now New Haven, Ct., where they soon after dispersed "and some

trader to protect him from persecution, or even death, at the hands of the English officials who had no love for an Irish priest of the Church of Rome.

In time he collected on that and the neighboring islands a flock of 3,000 (28) Catholics for whom he conducted religious services in the depths of the forest. Persecution at the hands of the English, however, soon broke up this condition of affairs and dispersed the Irish to New England and other parts along the coast. Were these the "troubles in Cristifars" that obliged Charles MacCarthy to leave that place? It is quite possible. Be that as it may, his coming was of benefit to Rhode Island, it being at a time when stout hearts, strong arms and vigorous characters were especially desired in the colony.

Since Charles MacCarthy's day, the old clan has been well represented in Rhode Island. Hundreds of MacCarthys have settled, or been born, in the state and have splendidly contributed to its upbuilding. A John McCarthy served in Col. Elliott's regiment which was raised, early in the Revolution, in accordance with a recommendation of the "Committee of the New England States" for the defense of Rhode Island. An Ensign, De Maccarty, came with our French allies to Newport, R. I., during the Revolution and was attached to the line-of-battleship *Le Conquerant*, a 74. He was, no doubt, a scion of the Irish MacCarthys who had settled in France. Col. Justus I. McCarty organized and commanded the Fourth Rhode Island regiment in 1861. He was an experienced soldier. Patrick J. McCarthy, a native of Ireland, has been a well-known lawyer in Providence, R. I., for many years past. He was at one time a member of the General Assembly of Rhode Island, the same legislative body, it will be noted, that over 200 years ago

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returned to Ireland." (See Felt's *Ecclesiastical History of New England*, Boston, 1855); Edward Larkin, a Rhode Island settler, is heard from at Newport as early as 1655. His name appears in the "Roule of ye Freemen of ye colonie of everie Towne." Larkin, or O'Larkin, is a well-known Irish name. The Clan's territory in Ireland was known as "the O'Larkins Country."

28 During the Cromwellian era many thousands of Irish were swept from the Old Land, "the design being the utter extirpation of the Irish nation." Condon declares, (*The Irish Race in America*), that the number of Irish transported from their native land to the British colonies in America, from 1651 to 1660, exceeded the total number of the latter's inhabitants at that period, "a fact which ought not to be lost sight of by those who undertake to estimate the strength of the Celtic [Irish] element in this nation."

mentioned Charles MacCarthy as one of the incorporators of East Greenwich.

Since writing the foregoing, I have received the following valuable communication from Mr. Lyman P. Spencer, who is descended from the Spencers of East Greenwich, R. I., mentioned by Charles MacCarthy. It will be noted that Mr. Spencer uses the form "Macarty." The change from Spenser to Spencer in his own family name will also be marked.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 9, 1901.

Mr. Thos. Hamilton Murray, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your letter of the 7th, making inquiries about Charles Macarty of East Greenwich, R. I., 1677-82.

Mr. Arnold published, in the Narragansett Historical Register, the entire will of Mr. Macarty as given in the East Greenwich town records. I sent it to him as being the oldest will on those records, but did not, I think, make much, if any, comment upon it.

Mr. John Spenser, to whose family Macarty left much of his estate, was the town clerk, and copied the will upon the records. As the executor he would have retained the will; but I have never been able to learn that a single scrap of Mr. Spenser's papers has been preserved. \* \* \* The records show that he [Macarty] was one of the original grantees of the East Greenwich tract; that he drew town lot, (ten acres), No. 22, in first division, and farm No. 20, in first division, (90 acres).

The laying out of his farm is given on the records and I have a copy of it which, since getting your letter I have tried, without success, to lay my hands on. I may find it later and will send a copy, in that case, if you desire. John Spenser, Jr., to whom Mr. Macarty gave his farm, I think made it his homestead. If I located it correctly, it is situated about in the southeasterly angle made by the crossing of the Mascochaug Creek with the road crossing that creek at Payne's Mills, and Mr. Macarty would have been a near neighbor of the Spencers. [Mr. Spenser has since written that it was Charles' ten-acre lot that was thus situated and not his farm of 90 acres.]

I rather infer from the will that Mr. Macarty was from Kinsale, Ireland, and that in the course of his wanderings he had passed some time in St. Christophers, West Indies. It may be that he and John Spenser, Sr., were related, or had been comrades in arms, or in adventure, in the West Indies; or there may have been a kinship

through Mrs. Spenser, who is, however, said to have been a Griffin.

There is a tradition amongst some of the Spencers that their ancestors came from England, (one tradition says from Scotland), by way of Ireland, and Charles Macarty's will could, no doubt, be cited as a pointer in that direction.

If you could go to Greenwich and examine the records, which are well preserved, you could gather, I think, quite a little collection of items along the line of your inquiry. Mr. Spenser's writing, in which those first years are recorded, is somewhat difficult to decipher—to most people—and it might require a day or so of study to enable you to get hold of it, so as to make out what he says.

Should you find evidence of relationship between Mr. Macarty and the Spencers, I should be glad to know. \* \* \*

Yours very truly,

LYMAN P. SPENCER.

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NOTE:—The Spencer name is found in Ireland for many generations, and appears under both spellings. Bearers of the name were among the "Forfeiting Proprietors" and other Irish who, during the Cromwellian regime, were ordered to migrate "To Hell or Connaught."

Edmund Spenser, the poet, who resided in Ireland for a period, is generally believed to have married an Irish woman. His grandson William was, in Cromwell's time, ordered to transplant himself into Connaught as an Irishman, and his estates were declared forfeited. He appealed to Cromwell to use his influence to have the edict set aside, citing the services of his grandfather, the poet. Some authorities assert that Cromwell interceded successfully; others, that he failed.

Great numbers of descendants of English settlers in Ireland became thoroughly Irish, many dropped their English surnames and assumed Irish ones, wedded Irish wives, were rated as "Papists," and dressed "after ye Irishe fashion." In "A List of Papist Proprietors" in Ireland, at the period of Cromwell's operations, we find such names as: Chamberlain, Chapman, Clarke, Ellis, Eustace, Field, Foster, Grant, Gould, Haile, Hamlin, Holden, Hood, Humphrey, Kent, Preston, Russell, Talbot, Usher, Warren, and Weston. Some of these Irish were, no doubt, at least paternally, of English ancestry but, in some cases, several generations removed. The foregoing are also marked as "Forfeiting Proprietors."

Four Spencers are mentioned among the "Forty-Nine" officers who served the cause of Charles I, or Charles II, in Ireland. It is quite possible that John Spenser, the Rhode Island settler, and intimate friend of Charles MacCarthy, was an Irish officer who, like many other chivalrous spirits of his time, was obliged by the fortunes of war to leave Ireland and reside in other parts.

T. H. M.

## THE TRAGEDY OF A VOICE.

JOHN A. FOOTE.



HE city was wrapped in a dense, January fog. A chilling, misty rain was falling, and the asphalt was treacherously slippery with half-melted sleet. From the North and East rivers came the hoarse whistles of the belated ferry-boats, and mingled with the rush of the elevated railroad trains and the whirl of the cable cars. Twilight was falling, and the tall buildings, frowning down on the City Hall, with their thousands of windowed eyes, were steadily feeding the restless stream of humanity that surged around and across lower Broadway. Prosperous looking men from the office buildings, workmen with lunch pails, well dressed clerks, pretty girls from the large stores, gaudily attired women with painted cheeks, faded creatures from the factories—all of these types and many more were there, and they pushed and jostled one another in the rush and hurry of the evening hour, forgetful of all save their own particular aim or destination. The day's work was finished and they were going to their homes. All day their thoughts had been given to the care of business or work; now each one thought only of himself.

A sleety snow mingled with the rain, and the gas lamps shone with a murky halo around them. The weather was growing colder. Scarcely any one noticed a pathetic little figure that stood near the corner of Chambers street, gazing at the hurrying crowd with amazed eyes—an emigrant lad, with a dark, Italian face, and clustering curls, that hung over his large brown eyes in a picturesque tangle. He was clad in one of the odd-looking, braided, velvet suits that are worn by Italian emigrants, and close to his side he clutched a small guitar wrapped in a faded cover.

The noise, the throngs of people, the fearful streets where one dared not to cross, the cold breezes, the strange language and the strange, selfish people—all so different from his mountain home in Italy, made him tremble with fright and timidity. He knew not where to go, for really Francesco who induced him to come to America, had deserted him, taking his little store of money. He

had eaten nothing since morning; he was weak from want of food, and he feared that his guitar, that he loved so dearly, would be injured by the rain. Every once in a while he clasped it closed to his side to shield it, and glanced around, apprehensively, for he knew that if one of those great, blue-coated men should see him standing, they would push him out into the crowd that hurried along without cessation.

He crouched in a niche in one of the massive buildings, watching apprehensively for the policeman, his teeth chattering with cold and fright.

"Santa Maria, help me!" he prayed over and over again. And then the tears stole down his cheeks and he began to sob hysterically. Even the holy Virgin could not hear his prayer in that awful noise; the city was a wicked place.

Night had fallen, and the traffic on the street gradually lessened. He stretched his cramped limbs and started to walk again, past the huge buildings that now shone resplendent in the glare of thousands of lights. For a while his mind was diverted by the scene, and he paused with an ejaculation of pleased surprise before a window filled with beautiful cut flowers. Then there were large dining rooms where white-coated waiters were serving food to throngs of people. He could smell the appetizing odors, and they served to remind him of his own gnawing hunger all the more forcibly.

Soon the streets were filled with carriages. Men wearing tall hats and beautiful ladies with furs and diamonds passed by and thronged the entrances of the theatres. At one large building stood hundreds of coaches, and he was fascinated with the beauty of the scene in the lobby. There were some Italian words on the billboard and he knew that the building was a great opera house. Some of his countrymen were in there, for the bills said Signor, and was not that Italian? There was a fascination for him in those few words of his native tongue, and he waited near the theatre until the throng again filled the streets and the last carriage had been driven away.

Weary and heartsick he crossed the street and tottered along until he came to a stairway leading down underneath a building to a restaurant. He felt that, come what might, he could not go any farther, and so he curled himself up in a corner of the stairway and, clutching his guitar to his breast, closed his eyes.

It seemed only a second later when he awoke with a start, and found a dary-eyed, kindly-faced man, in evening dress, leaning over him. And oh! happiness, he was speaking Italian:



"What is the matter little one?" he asked.

Angelo poured out his troubles in a torrent of language and with a wealth of expressive shrugs and gestures.

"And you have had nothing to eat?" interrupted the newcomer. "Well! well! I must attend to that. I must not let my little countryman starve. Come with me."

He assisted the boy to his feet, and taking his hand, led him down the steps to the underground cafe, which was largely frequented by musicians and painters. There were a number of foreign looking men in the place and a veritable confusion of tongues prevailed, for some of the men spoke in Italian while others conversed in French, German or English. When Angelo's protector entered the room, leading the boy by the hand, he was immediately recognized by a merry group seated at a table near the door.

"Ho there! Carlucci," shouted one of them, "come over here and give us an account of your doings. What is that boy; a cupid in disguise, or a valkyrie, sent by Odin to help you in your arguments against our intemperance? You know," said the speaker, laughingly turning to his companions, "Carlucci is always making wonderful finds. Come, now, Carlucci, tell us the romance of this street beggar."

Angelo's protector took the badinage with an air of quiet seriousness. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is a little countryman of mine whom I found starving at the door of this cafe. He is not a beggar; he is a Southern Italian like myself. Adversity can teach us how to starve, but it will never force us to beg."

"Bravo! bravo!" laughed the first speaker. "You are ever the same, Carlucci, pride and sentiment, turtle dove and peacock—a true Italian." Carlucci smiled with the others at this sally, and moved to an unoccupied table, where he seated the child and called for a waiter.

Food such as he had never even dreamed of eating was set before the famished boy and he was given a draught of wine from his native land that brought the color back to his cheeks. Now that the worried expression was gone from his face, he looked a handsome youth of fifteen, or thereabout. His features were decidedly Italian, and there was not a little resemblance between the boy and his protector, who was the leading tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

"Never had there been such a tenor as Carlucci," said the critics. "He was a wonder, a phenomenon."

Carlucci, to whom praise was as food to other people, was supremely happy in his prosperity and popularity. The sight of the little homeless waif, from his native mountains, so like himself a few years past, awakened strange memories in the singer, and when the boy had finished eating, he commenced to ply him with questions.

"Of course you sing," he said.

"Only a very little, Signor," answered the lad, bashfully.

"But I am sure you can sing me one of the old songs—the songs the village lads sing under the chestnut trees on moonlight evenings. It has been many years since I heard them."

There was a gentle appeal in his tone, and the boy bashfully unwrapped his guitar and after tuning it, began to sing in a beautiful tenor voice one of the sweet old folk-songs of Italy. At first he sang low and with hesitation, but gradually as he forgot his surroundings, his voice grew stronger and the few occupants of the other tables turned away from their food and drink and faced the singer.

The Southern temperament, so impulsive, and so susceptible to influence, was strongly developed in Carlucci, and he was deeply moved by the song. He leaned forward in his chair, his eyes fixed on the youth and his whole nature drinking in the old familiar melody of his native land that floated in exquisite cadence from the lips of the waif. The air, the sky, the beauty of Italy sounded in this voice so crude and so free from all art. It was perfection, it was heaven itself—that song—and when the boy, having finished, gazed apologetically at Carlucci, he jumped from his chair and clasped the urchin in his arms.

"Is he not a wonder?" he cried out, enthusiastically, to the others who had crowded up at the conclusion of the song. "Such a voice! And I found him starving; yes, starving in the streets. But now he shall want for nothing; he will be to me as my own son, and I will train his voice myself. Some of you have been kind enough to say that Carlucci will never have a successor. Perhaps I shall not; but in this boy I will have a continuation. What is your name, my lad?"

"Angelo Pietro," answered the boy.

"Waiter, some wine! Now gentlemen, we will drink to the future of the great tenor that I will make—to the health of Angelo Pietro."

"To his health and yours," they responded, and the glasses clinked a chime of welcome to the new singer, who sat with down-cast head abashed at the furore that he had created.

\* \* \* \* \*

Five years had passed since the night when Carlucci found the little boy and took him under his protection. In that period the child had grown into a man, tall and graceful, with Greek features and Italian eyes. His voice, too, had grown under Carlucci's careful training until even his teacher was surprised at its wonderful range and purity of tone. No other person had ever heard him sing, for Carlucci had forbidden that, and the boy, remembering his obligation, had never disobeyed the injunction. So it was that Angelo had no knowledge of the wonderful latent power of his voice, and he continued to regard Carlucci as the greatest artist in the world. He hoped some day to be able to sing nearly as well as his teacher, but he dreamed of this achievement as something entirely objective—something that he might obtain through Carlucci's training and influence.

But from the very beginning, the tenor realized that his pupil, with youth and beauty to assist his marvellous voice, would set the musical world in a furore, and that even his own achievements would pale into insignificance before the new star. So he determined to hold his own prestige in the kingdom of song as long as his voice would permit. There would be plenty of time for Angelo after that, he told himself.

Despite this apparent selfishness of Carlucci's a wonderful friendship existed between the two men, but praise had become to the tenor almost as dear as life itself, and though he loved Angelo with an affection that was almost paternal, his vanity would not allow him to sacrifice fame on the altar of friendship.

Carlucci was now forty-five years old, and for the past three years he had watched with a morbid fear for any sign of weakness in his voice. He knew that he could not preserve the youthful vigor of his tones for many more years, and he wished to be able to notice before critics should, the signs of deterioration. Now, he told himself, the time had come for his retirement. Apparently in the prime of his career, he would make way for Angelo's appearance, and thus reap the benefit of praise for his seemingly magnanimous act. He was flattered by the storm of protest that the announcement of his intention created. The critics bewailed that the stage was to lose "the greatest tenor of the age," and stoutly asserted that no novice

could take Carlucci's place to their satisfaction. The public wrote letters of indignant protest to the newspapers and said that, no matter how well Carlucci's pupil might sing, he could not act his roles like the great tenor. The manager, fearing a lack of patronage, besought Carlucci to reconsider his determination, but the tenor remained obdurate.

"You may say for me," he said to the reporters who interviewed him "that my successor has a remarkable voice, and that I have taken great care in its training. That a fair test of his ability may be made, I agree to make my last appearance in a magnificent performance of 'Romeo and Juliet,' the character of Romeo being considered my best role, and my pupil will play the same character on the following evening."

Angelo attended rehearsals, and anticipated with almost a childish pleasure, the time when he might don the tinselled and bejewelled garments of Shakespeare's greatest lover. At last came the night of Carlucci's farewell to the stage. The Grand Opera House was crowded to the doors and never before had it contained such a representative audience. Shortly before the overture was begun, Angelo entered a box, and few who noticed him knew that he was the much-talked-of successor to Carlucci. He viewed the splendid audience with mingled feelings of sorrow and delight—sorrow, that his benefactor was to sacrifice himself in retiring from the stage—delight that such an audience had assembled to honor his retirement.

When the opera began and the tenor came upon the stage there was a demonstration that interrupted the performance for many minutes. Again and again Carlucci bowed his acknowledgements, but there was no quieting them until their enthusiasm was spent. He was apparently in splendid form, and he sang his role with a vigor and, at times, a tenderness that evoked long continued plaudits. Nevertheless, all during the first act Angelo felt a vague presentiment that something would occur to mar the success of the night. At the close of one of the scenes he visited Carlucci in his dressing room and inquired if he felt well.

"Ah! Angelo," the tenor answered, with an air of gaiety that was foreign to his usual placid manner, "who could feel otherwise than well with such a reception. Do I not sing well? It is the effort of my life. To-night I will surpass myself, and to-morrow,"—his face clouded unconsciously—"to-morrow I will hand my laurel wreath to you, my young friend. Why should I not be happy?"

But now you must leave me for I must prepare for the balcony scene."

Angelo returned to his box with his forebodings strengthened, rather than dispelled, by the interview. When Carlucci sang his opening notes in the next scene, Angelo saw that he was forcing himself. It seemed an effort for him to sing; and then an unprecedented thing occurred—Carlucci, the irreproachable, got out of tune. The conductor made frantic efforts to lead him back to the proper pitch, but he continued to sing farther and farther away from the key, until at last, after a ludicrous squawk, he stopped short with a gesture of pitiable despair and signalled the stage manager to lower the curtain. He was trembling with agitation when Angelo met him in the wings.

"I do not know what happened," he said, his dark face working with repressed emotion. "I felt a terrible pain in my throat, and I determined to continue singing at all hazards. Then, in an instant, I realized that my power was gone, that I could sing no longer. Oh! the horror of that moment!"

He placed his hands to his face and the tears trickled through his fingers that were covered with the jewels of Romeo. After a little while he turned to the manager with an imploring gesture: "Tell them that I could not help it," he said.

"I will do better than that," said the manager. "If your pupil will consent, I will announce that on account of your sudden illness he has consented to finish your part. Then the audience will not be obliged to go away disappointed."

Carlucci turned impulsively toward Angelo.

"Say that you consent," he said.

"I am willing to do it if you wish it," answered Angelo.

The announcement was made, and after a short delay, the curtain arose showing Angelo as Romeo. A subdued murmur ran through the audience and it was evident that his beauty had created a most favorable impression.

"Very fine stage presence," said the critics to one another. "We wonder if he can sing?"

As if in answer to the intangible challenge, his clear, young voice rang out in the love scene and thrilled the vast audience, until, at the last note, they burst forth into a tumult of applause that far exceeded in enthusiasm the reception accorded to Carlucci. Both voice and singer seemed divine; never before had they observed such a combination of physical and vocal beauty.

Carlucci sat in the back of Angelo's box noting, with a strange feeling of pain, the ovation that his pupil was receiving. His variable temperament had thrown him into the farthest depths of despondency, and, now occupied solely with his own gloomy thoughts, he sat and brooded in silence.

"Now," he muttered, "I will be forgotten, or at the best, remembered only for the purpose of detrimental comparison. The fickle public had found a new favorite; they will not remember that it was I who discovered and introduced their new idol; they will only say: 'Carlucci has broken down and can no longer sing, and we are glad, for his pupil excels him.'"

He was almost mad with vexation and wounded vanity. He thought of what the critics would say the following day. He wished that he might die rather than read their bitter writings about his failure.

"Die!" The thought became even pleasing to him now. Might he not better die; for life now would be nothing to him. He knew that his voice would never return, for he could scarcely talk. Romeo died when he lost his love, and since he had lost the art for which he lived, was it not as well that he too should die? The hereafter? "Bah! Let the hereafter take care of itself!"

Muttering this to himself, in a frenzy of despair, he strode to his dressing room, and selecting a sharp, two-edged dagger, placed it in his waistcoat, and waited the coming of Angelo.

He could hear the applause from the auditorium as the door opened, and the young tenor entered, smiling and flushed with triumph. He rushed forward and seized Carlucci's hands in his.

"Listen!" he said, turning toward the door as the sound of the applause continued. "And I owe it all to you, dear friend!" He glanced at Carlucci and noticed his despondent air. A faint inkling of the cause of his friend's moodiness came to him, and he continued: "Come, you are tired, you are not well; you need not try to hide it from me. This last night has proven too much for you, dear Carlucci, and you have overworked. I will not keep you waiting long, for I will be dressed in a few minutes, and we will have that little supper we agreed to have."

A half hour later they crossed the street to the cafe, which had played such an important part in Angelo's history, and sat at one of the tables. They found several of their friends there, and the waiters were moving busily through the blue haze of cigarette smoke. Carlucci had evidently forgotten his gloominess, for he

invited several of his friends to join in the supper which he ordered, and he was the gayest of the party.

At the close of the meal, when the others were chatting and smoking over their coffee, Carlucci drew his chair away from the table and rose to his feet. He commenced to talk in a low though perfectly audible tone of voice, and the hum of conversation died away, while those seated at the tables turned toward him, smiling in expectation of a good story or a clever toast.

"My friends," said he, "such of you as happened to be in this room on a certain memorable night, about five years ago, will remember that I found a little boy starving on the staircase outside; some of you will, perhaps, recognize the same little boy in my friend Angelo, who so bravely took my place to-night when my voice failed me. The manager told you that I was ill but that is not true, gentlemen. I am worse than ill—my voice has deserted me. It has gone from me as the soul flees from the human body. I know that it will never return."

He paused for an instant, and Angelo attempted to speak, but the singer commanded silence with an imperious gesture, and then went on:

"But I have left a worthy successor. All that art could do has been done for the voice of Angelo, and you, who heard him sing to-night know what his future will be. I, who know him better than any of you, tell you that he will go into history as the greatest singer of all time. I do not beg for praise, my friends; but when this thing that I have predicted shall have come to pass, I demand in justice that it shall also be written: 'Carlucci made him what he is.'"

He said this with a proud ring in his husky voice, and stood for a moment, with his head erect, as if he dared a contradiction. Little recking what was forthcoming, the party listened to his words with grave interest, and toyed with their wine glasses, while he went on with a mournful pathos in his voice:

"We have loved each other dearly, this boy and I, since the beginning of our friendship. Do I not speak the truth Angelo? No son and father ever shared more affection than we gave each other. But now I know full well that when Angelo grows famous Carlucci will be forgotten, and then I will grow to hate him. You are horrified, but I cannot help it; it is my cursed vanity and my cowardice that drives me to this evil remedy. Do not molest me; I am determined!"

A cry of horror arose when they saw him draw the gleaming dagger, but Angelo, who had anticipated this sequel from Carlucci's words, was upon him with an agile leap before he could harm himself. Grasping the hand that held the weapon, he forced it back until the handle of the dagger rested against Carlucci's breast. For an instant the two men swayed in a desperate embrace. Then Carlucci, in a sudden effort to free himself, stumbled over the leg of the table, and both men fell heavily to the floor.

A terrible groan came from Angelo; his body quivered for an instant, and the two forms lay strangely still, while a tiny stream of blood trickled out and stained the light tiling of the floor.

Carlucci's friends knew that a catastrophe had occurred, but they did not realize its extent until Angelo had been lifted up, with the blood gushing in a torrent from a jagged wound in his breast above his heart. Evidently he had fallen upon the dagger which he had tried to wrest from the crazed Carlucci, and before they could remove his garments preparatory to bandaging the wound, he expired.

A physician who happened to be in the restaurant, examined Carlucci, who was unconscious, and found to be suffering from a depression in the back of the skull, which he received when his head struck against the marble coping of the wall. He was taken to a hospital, and the remains of Angelo were taken in charge by his friends and quietly interred, after the customary investigation had been made by the authorities.

For weeks Carlucci's life hung in the balance. Then, after an operation of great delicacy, he recovered his health, disappeared from his old haunts and was forgotten.

In a cloistered religious community, in Italy, whose rigid discipline is famous for its severity, there is a tall, white-haired man, noted for his excessive zeal in performing penance. In the community he is known as Brother Antonio, and few who see him know that he was once the famous tenor, Carlucci, or suspect the tragedy that is hidden beneath his humble garb.





## THE LAST DAYS OF LOUIS XIII., KING OF FRANCE.

Translated from the "Legendes de Saint Germain, etc."

A SISTER OF THE VISITATION.

## I.



N eventful day for France and a memorable one for the Court of Saint Germain was the 3d of May, 1643.

The Dauphin of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria, was solemnly baptized in the little chapel of St. Louis, with all the liturgical pomp and religious ceremonies of the holy Roman Catholic Church. Nothing of worldly grandeur or that art and science could bring, was spared in beautifying the edifice and rendering the scene one of unequalled magnificence. The King was too ill to be present, but the Queen and entire Court, with dozens of the nobility, were there to give honor to their future sovereign.

From early morning, the court-yards and grounds of the chateau were crowded with anxious lookers-on, all clamoring for a sight of the Dauphin. When his toilette was duly arranged, he was conducted to the balcony and shown to the people below, who hailed him as the future King of the French. The natural beauty of the royal child was enhanced by gorgeous dress and a brilliant display of glittering gems; but little else showed appreciation of the great solemnity that would soon render the Dauphin an heir to the Kingdom of Heaven.

Richelieu was no more and the sceptre was about to fall from the hands of Louis XIII. The stately Queen understood from the acclamations of the populace and hints of flattering courtiers, that she would soon play the role of power, and she seemed not to shrink from it.

Isabella de Belin, who had for years been an inmate of the royal apartments, and whose sprightly witticisms formed the principal amusement and recreation of the invalid King, vouchsafed to remain with him during the solemn service in the chapel. She knew his sorrows too well not to feel them deeply. Seated on a cushion at the feet of Louis, she sang, played upon her lute, read,

talked or kept silence according to his caprice, and he appreciated her goodness. His physician and a few domestics remained at the lower end of the apartment and regarded the monarch in silence. At length he asked to have his chair rolled to the window, that he might look out upon the gardens. The delightful air of springtime, laden with the aroma of roses and lilies, fanned his pale forehead and played with the curly tresses of his long brown hair, now beginning to be flecked, prematurely, with the silvered traces of care.

"Isabella," said the King to his little nurse, "do you not go sometimes to the Nuns of the Visitation?"

"Oh, yes, Sire; the Queen takes me with her every now and then, as a penance for my sins."

"A penance for your sins, my 'petite!' what does that mean?"

"Alas, Sire," replied the young girl, "the religious of Saint Mary are very lovely and charming, I must own; but, indeed, their music almost kills me; it is too sad and plaintive for my humor."

"Let me hear you sing like them," said the King.

Isabella intoned the *Gloria Patri* in the solemn chant of the nuns, and although she endeavored to give it a mimicking drag, it was sweet and very devotional. The King was amused and expressed his satisfaction by exclaiming: "How heavenly! how beautiful! Isabella," he continued, "you will not always be as joyful as you are now; when you will have had a few trials and a little suffering, you will relish the dove-like notes of the Visitandines."

"Perhaps so, Sire," replied Isabella, "but, while waiting such a change I will sing my own way;" and she began to hum a lively air the King himself had composed. Louis listened with a sad smile and after some moments, said: "I well remember how the grand Constable Luynes used to trill that air to the hawk upon his hand, while riding his fine black charger through the forests of Versailles. Versailles! Chaillot! I will never again behold you!"

"Oh! don't say that," exclaimed Isabella; "you are to be cured by the feast of St. Louis; I have made a bargain with our Blessed Mother to that effect and promised her a vow if you are restored."

"You must not make indiscreet vows," said the King; "you are but a child."

"Oh, indeed, I am not a child; I am over twenty. Your majesty thinks of me as when I first came to Court, a little girl of thirteen. It seems like a long time ago, but I have not found it tiresome here."

"Not even with me," said Louis.

"Poor Isabella! the room of a sick man is not a pleasant sojourn for a lively young lady like you; you ought now to be at the baptism, enjoying yourself with the others of the world."

"I preferred to be with your majesty," answered Isabella. "I knew you would be lonesome without some one to speak to, and now I am going to give you a song."

Her sweet beautiful voice rang out with:

"Vive le Roi! Le Roi c'est notre pere,  
L'Elu du ciel, le maitre de mon coeur;  
Servir le Roi, la France notre mere,  
C'est tout un; c'est tout mon bonheur."

"Little fool!" exclaimed Louis; "will you never learn to be wise? Do you not know that such songs are no longer for me—that they are in the past—that I am not to listen to them again?"

Louis XIII. was sorrowful; he felt that the world was fast receding from him—that the glory and honors so long his own, were but phantoms that left in their wake nothing but the good or bad use he had made of them—that his works would soon be cast in the balance and weighed with justice; which scale would preponderate, was a sealed mystery, to be solved only when and where there could be no repeal and no appeal! What reflections for a dying ruler of a mighty nation! Taking up a small note book, he handed it to Isabella, saying:

"Sing what I have written."

Isabella cast her eyes upon a "De profundis" the King had set to music. She shook her head while saying: "Oh, Sire, I cannot sing this; it is too low for my voice, and besides it would make me weep. Command something else of me."

"Do you understand Latin, my 'petite'?"

"Just enough, Sire, for Church purposes."

"Then psalmodize these verses for me in the chant of the Visitandines."

He handed her a chapter of Ecclesiastes, and pointed to the verses beginning with: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth and before the time of affliction will come upon thee, etc."

When she had sung: "Vanity of vanities and all is vanity," the King mournfully said: "Close the book! I hear them coming."

There was a gentle rap at the door; a page answered the call. "The Queen, your majesty! Can she enter?"

The King bowed assent. The grand folding doors flew back as by magic; the Queen, attired in her costliest court-robe and

adorned with pearls and other gems, appeared, holding the young princes by the hands and followed by her brilliant suite of ladies. She advanced toward his majesty and with the two children knelt before him; a few cold and ceremonious words were exchanged between them and the King extended his hand to his sons. The Dauphin kissed the hand respectfully and fondly, but the younger, duke of Anjou, frightened at the extreme paleness of his father, ran to hide himself among the folds of the elegant garment of his governess. The King loved the little duke far more than the Dauphin, and was pained at the child's conduct. In a low voice he uttered these words: "My little Anjou also forgets me; he no longer loves his father;" then lifting his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed: "My mother, you are at last revenged." (It is well known that Louis XIII. and his mother, Mary de Medicis, were not always on amicable terms.)

Turning to Dauphin he said: "Did you behave well, my son, and act wisely at your baptism?"

"I always do that," replied the boy of five years.

"What name did they give you, my son?"

"I called myself Louis XIV.," said the Dauphin, with a rather haughty tone.

"O, not yet, my son,—not yet—but soon.—Go.—I am fatigued.—I will try to sleep," and tears rolled down the emaciated cheeks of the poor King. The Queen and suite withdrew and Louis closed his eyes with a deep sigh; his heart was broken by the last acts of indifference. Isabella took up her lute to soothe her dear invalid, but he slept not for long hours, and spoke but seldom. The following days were passed in suffering, mental and physical, and all could see the end was drawing nigh.

## II.

THE KING IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE KING!!

Such was the announcement made to the French people in the clear loud voice of the Captain of the Guards, on the morning of May 14, 1643.

After a long and painful agony, the King passed away during the previous night. His last moments were soothed by the Rev. Fr. Vincent de Paul (now St. Vincent), who had been asked for by the King to administer the last sacraments and to give all the blessings appointed by holy Church for her dying children. Being called to

another in the last extremity, the good priest withdrew from the royal mourners as quietly as possible. He left the Queen kneeling where she had for long hours watched and prayed by her dying consort; her sorrow was great according to her own words: "When I beheld Louis breathing his last, my heart seemed to break asunder and my entire being trembled with the deepest emotions of grief and sorrow."

Yet she lost no time in being at the side of the Dauphin to salute him as her sovereign and her son. She was, from the moment, hailed as Queen Regent, and at once assumed the right of governing the kingdom.

The whole chateau was in commotion, preparing for the departure of the royal family to the Louvre. Couriers were expedited in every direction and subjects, far and near, were notified to be in readiness for homage to the new King and Regent.

Isabella de Belin was the only one to think of the deceased monarch; as soon as she could escape from the notice of the Queen, she went to the mortuary chamber and the scene that met her eyes there, chilled her to the very depths of the heart.

Louis XIII. was alone in death, absolutely abandoned. A few wax candles, placed in haste, burned near the royal couch and no one watched by the remains. Isabella fell upon her knees at the entrance of the room; it was the first time she had ever looked upon death. She prayed, hoping some one would come to be with her, but the whole place seemed to be deserted. The rosy dawn was breaking and the robins were chirping their morning song; through the open windows, the breezes of May extinguished several candles. Isabella rose and re-lighted them; summoning up her courage, she looked upon the face of the dead and shuddered.

The peace of death had effaced every trace of suffering; the untimely wrinkles that a short time before made him appear an aged man, were now gone, and his countenance was placid and serene. He seemed to have been transformed into a marble statue ready to be deposited in the crypt of St. Denis. He held a crucifix, the true sceptre of death that is placed in the hands of every deceased Christian, whether prince or mendicant.

Of all the Court and courtiers that had surrounded the departed monarch, Isabella was the only one that prayed by his bier. Her lips softly and fervently murmured the "*De profundis*" which Louis had requested her to chant eight days previously, and the verses of Ecclesiastes returned incessantly to her memory. She seemed to

see them everywhere; upon the royal bed and bier, on the furniture and all that had belonged to, or had been used by the late occupant of the deserted chamber. She remained one hour alone in the lonely room of the dead, and much she prayed for one she loved as a father; that one hour taught her more of the nothingness of earth and earthly things, than a half age spent in worldly pleasures; nothing so enlightens the soul as solitary converse with God.

But a short period previously, the mother of Isabella had written to a Rev. brother, the Canon de Cambrai, expressing uneasiness at her daughter's long stay at Court amid its frivolous and dangerous pleasures, complaining too, of her obstinacy in refusing brilliant offers of establishment in the world.

The Canon replied to her as follows: "Be not uneasy, dear sister, about your eldest daughter; it is all right with her. In a short time she will enter a Convent and become a fervent religious." His prediction was verified sooner than he expected.

On the afternoon of May 14, 1643, Isabella solicited permission from the Queen to withdraw to a Convent, and pass there six weeks of Court mourning. The morning's reflections at the bier of the King had established her in the belief that all is vanity here below. She entered the second Monastery of the Visitation of Paris and in the following year, pronounced the solemn vows, as a choir nun, with the name of Sister Mary Alexius.

### III.

#### DUST RETURNS TO DUST.

One fair morning a wagon from Saint Germain halted before the second Monastery of the Visitation in Paris. The porter lifted out a large package and ringing the bell of the Convent accosted the Sister Portress with: "I have a package for you from the Queen-Regent; please take it in."

"Certainly," replied the Portress; "put it in the turn and I will attend to it." The messenger soon knew by the jingling of the keys where to deposit his burden. Turning to her assistant she said: "Just to think of the Queen sending us a present! She is too good. I do wonder what she has sent. I hope it is something nice for our dear sick Sisters." Dismissing the messenger with thanks, the portress set about examining the package. The box, containing the gift, was very carelessly closed and but a fragment of the

address could be found. The astonished eye of the Sister rested upon a picture with its glass shattered into splinters, though the handsome frame was intact. She hastened to the Mother Superior and exclaimed in her excitement: "Oh, Mother! the Queen has sent us a very queer present; I do not know what it means."

"What is it, my Sister?" inquired the Superior.

"Why, nothing but an old picture with its glass all broken, and good for nothing, unless we go to the expense of having another glass put over it; but the frame is very beautiful and perhaps we can put another picture in it. And besides, Mother," continued the portress, "it is not even a pious thing; it is a little girl with a pigeon in her hand, and what good will that be to us, I wonder?"

"Never mind," said the Mother, "we will see what it is," and both started off hurriedly to the turn-room. The Mother Superior soon found sufficient of the address to make out the words, "de Belin" and "novice." Turning to the portress she directed her to take it to the novitiate, as Sister de Belin would be sure to know something about it.

The good old Mistress of Novices raised her glasses to scrutinize the better, a present sent to her young disciple; then calling Sister Mary Alexius she said: "What is this, my dear? Whom does it represent?"

Sister Mary Alexius grew pale and began to weep in exclaiming: "Oh, dear Sister, it is my likeness—the one the King painted when I was a child. Oh, what joyous days those were! I shall never forget them."

"This picture then recalls to your mind the vanities of the world you left behind you, and to which I fear you still cling," said the Mistress.

"Oh, no," replied the novice, still weeping. "I cling but to God, my dear Sister, and all I find in His service."

"Well, we shall see," continued the Mistress. "Do you remember what our dear Sister de Montmorency did with the likeness of her deceased husband?"

"Yes," answered the novice; "I heard she cast it into the flames because she feared distractions would arise from her seeing it so constantly, and she found it hard not to look at it often; but our dear holy Mother regretted exceedingly that great sacrifice. Believe me, dear Sister, I am willing to throw my likeness in the fire at any moment; I will not show more attachment to it than Sister Montmorency showed to that of her husband."

"We will not burn it, my dear; we will only disfigure it a little bit;" then taking a pen the Mistress drew a line entirely across the face of the portrait. Turning to her novice she said: "Perhaps you would rather do this yourself; come, take the pen and make a grand sacrifice to our Lord, for I am sure that after giving yourself to Him you will not refuse to give Him your likeness."

Poor Sister Mary Alexius trembled in every limb while she generously said: "I am ready, dear Sister," and making the sign of the cross upon her breast, she took up a well-filled pen, uttered a few words to God in secret and commenced the work of destruction.

Just then the Mother Superior entered; raising her eyes and arms she cried out: "Oh, my God! what are you doing, my Sisters? This portrait was painted by the deceased King and her majesty sent it to our Sister Mary Alexius that she might present it to her mother, Madame de Belin. The Duchess of Vendome is here to give us the true history of the painting and behold it ruined, almost destroyed! Alas! nothing remains of it but the outlines and the canvass. Can it possibly be repaired, do you think, my Sister Mary Alexius?"

"Oh, no, my Mother; it is absolutely unfit for anything but the flames," said the weeping novice.

'Tis true; nothing was left of the once beautiful work of art but the discolored linen on which it had been painted; all the rest had disappeared as the glory, joys and beauty of this perishable earth, when dust is called upon to return unto dust.

Sister Jerome, the good old Mistress of Novices, proclaimed her fault in full Chapter and received a suitable penance for destroying what did not belong to her, but neither penances nor regrets could bring back the masterpiece of the departed Louis XIII. Dust had returned to dust and nothing remained of the "Pastel of the King," but vague and sad recollections.





## AMONG THE POOR OF THE WEST SIDE, NEW YORK.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.



NE day, way back in 1891, a Dominican tertiary, calling in THE ROSARY office, told me of the work being done among the poor and sick in the Paulist parish by two members of the Third Order. Alert always for anything and everything bearing upon the Order I resolved to visit them.

Not sure of the address I applied to the Paulist Fathers. It was Father Martin Casserly I met, a young priest whom at a word one could but decide to be full of zeal in the Master's service. He was one of the called and chosen who lived a long life in a short span.

I recall vividly his words in reply to my inquiry concerning the two tertiaries: "Yes, indeed, I know them, Sister Mary and Sister Dominic. They have taken upon themselves the care of three little orphan children, and it is to be regretted that now they cannot do as much as in the days past among our poor, for they support themselves and the children by doing laundry work. But the amount of good those two women accomplished for years among the poor of our parish can never be told."

Following Father Casserly's directions I found them without difficulty; and from then till now I am happy to feel that in the humble little abode dwell those whom I may call friends and sisters.

During those years when the care of the orphans lessened, in a measure, their outer work, there came at intervals to New York, from Europe, the Sisters of Bon Secours, the Little Sisters of the Assumption and the Helpers of the Holy Souls; while later still there arose in the city two bands of noble women devoted especially to the cancer stricken,—all to do the blessed work among the poor and suffering that Sister Mary and Sister Dominic would fain be doing.

The remark may be here made fittingly that members of the Third Order of St. Dominic receive a religious name; also, that instinctively, the poor address as Sister those going about among them, who, they are quick to see, are doing it not as a profession but as a work of devotion. It was so in this case. It was from the lips of the grateful poor the two women first heard the title that was



**REV. A. R. NEVINS. C. S. P.**

theirs by their tertiary profession; and that soon in the parish became general with both priests and people. The coming of other nursing sisterhoods was a joy always to the two tertiary sisters. "Perhaps there will be some little field left for us to work in when our hands are free again. If not, it will be a proof that God does not will that we should follow our aspirations except in this hidden way. That is all, and His will is best." How often has the writer heard them give voice to this thought!

By and by two others took up the life of prayer, hard work, and hope deferred that was lived daily in the little flat on Columbus Avenue. One was a stranger, Sister Mary Joseph; the other, one of the orphan children to girlhood grown, Sister Mary Teresa. Others came, too, but departed in more or less time. The life called for heroism in its humble labor, its sacrifice, and patient waiting.

In 1895, Father Nevins, the spiritual guide of the two tertiary sisters, had been himself received into the Third Order by Very Rev. Dr. Higgins, O. P., then Provincial of the Eastern American Province, and had received from him all necessary Dominican faculties. "Did you know that I, too, am a Dominican?" he asked the writer with reverent joy in voice and features.

It was the day he had professed Sister Joseph, in the little oratory of their home. Though a Paulist to the heart's core, yet his membership in the old Order was always something dear to him.

But the hope deferred that made up so goodly a share of their life was only as far as any development into a public, organized work of charity and religion was concerned. All the while in quiet hidden ways deeds of charity were being done. Living in the midst of the people, employing poor women in their laundry day after day, there was little danger of deception being practiced upon them; little need of "investigating cases" by round-about inquiries. Such workers among the poor form the safest channels for the dispensing of charity.

Two of the four tertiaries fell at the post of labor: Sister Dominic in 1897, Sister Joseph in 1898, and their holy deaths were a powerful prayer in behalf of the suffering and dying poor. Later on, Father Nevins, their ever faithful director, was called to eternal rest; even in his last illness he bade the two remaining workers persevere in prayer and hope. The spiritual guidance of the lovely work, so full of noble possibilities, fell into other hands, and in an hour that would naturally have seemed fatal to any such enterprise, when sickness was laying both the remaining tertiaries low, friends began to rally around with words of cheer and material aid, and an

impetus not known for many years was given to the work among the sick poor. Of late several ladies, well known in Catholic social and charitable life, held a musicale in the San Reno Hotel for "the aid of the sick poor of the west side." The returns they kindly made payable to Sister Mary.

The headquarters of the work now are at No. 502 West Fifty-seventh Street, where the confines of the Paulist and St. Ambrose's parishes meet. This is in the midst of one of the most thickly populated districts of the West Side; and, by those who listen therefor, the call from the poor sufferers is heard oftentimes beyond resistance. Sister Mary is now able to give a fair portion of each week to the sick poor of the district; while, in the quiet way true charity prefers, the generous hearted visit the little home with further alms for the good cause, or to become regular patrons by a stipulated donation, monthly or yearly.

The history of the Third Order of St. Dominic, through the centuries of its existence, is one of active, prayerful service of the suffering poor, as well as of valiant labor in defending and propagating the faith, and in the work of education. A Dominican tertiary, in taking up such a work, is really inaugurating nothing new; she is but following in the straight and narrow path in which St. Catherine of Siena, St. Rose of Lima, Amelia Lautard of saintly memory, and countless others have followed the Divine Master.

In her young womanhood Sister Mary took up her life work for God and souls, and she has never faltered during now twenty-two years. The work of herself and her companions has been varied as the needs that presented themselves: nursing the sick poor; making and buying for them nourishment and delicacies; giving or loaning bed linen and many a sick-room accessory; securing medical and priestly attendance; preparing their souls and cleaning their abodes for the coming of the priest with the Holy Viaticum and for the last anointing; kneeling by them with consoling prayer and strengthening counsel in their dying hour, when oftentimes their own are powerless to give any spiritual help; preparing the poor dead body for the grave; oftentimes hunting about from one undertaker to another to obtain for it charitable burial. Again it is the quest they have been on when dispossession stared the poor in the face; or when the young or the old or the middle aged were not sick save in heart, out of work, scantily clothed, and hungry.

Now it is a journey they take to the bakery or the market from which a supply of bread or meat charitably donated, they do not disdain to bear home in a great basket, their reward the generous pot of soup that will go out to many a poor pensioner at the door.



**SISTER MARY DOMINIC, IN THE ORDINARY HOUSE DRESS.**

Giving Catholic papers, loaning good books to the poor shut-in-ones, or reading to them a half hour or some; even calling just for a cheery word or an inquiry, how often by these little deeds of mercy have they kept the patient ones ever submissive to God's will and won the irritable and rebellious to patience and submission. Now and then to the little home a non-Catholic has come, sent by some priest, to receive week after week the religious instruction necessary for baptism and the other sacraments of the Church. Oftentimes the work has been that of winning back to the confessional some soul long away; or leading to God's altar for Christian marriage some couple that till nigh death had been united but in sin; or parting those who were not free to marry; or carrying to baptism little babes of neglected parents. Oh! the possibilities of good to be accomplished by generous souls who will give themselves to missionary work in the populous tenement districts of our land! And all the while the tireless tertiaries, two or more, as might be, were toiling hard for their livelihood; when financial help came, now and then, from outside sources it was usually when they made themselves beggars—not for themselves, or their little household, but for the poor of Christ to whom they loved to minister.

Within the present year, when kindly helpers began to gather around with welcome offerings, these daughters of St. Dominic felt that the hour had come for casting their own care in greater measure upon God's providence in order to spend, if possible, their remaining strength upon His poor. Going about now more as in the earlier days Sister Mary finds the need of workers as great as in those days ago. Her note book of the past few months holds striking cases of destitution and suffering but above them all stands forth one case met with as late as April of the present year.

A request came one day, from a priest, that Sister Mary would go in advance of him and prepare a poor woman for the reception of the last Sacraments. She was living all alone and was to be taken to the hospital that day. The call had been sent to the church by a neighbor. To give a clear statement of the poor creature's state would be to depict a scene that one would scarce believe could be real in any Christian locality to-day, especially as she did not by any means seem to belong to the degraded poor. Distorted by rheumatic suffering, she was lying unwashed, uncombed, upon a heap of rags of all descriptions,—no bed at all in the miserable dark rooms of the big tenement house, no sign of food around except a few half-eaten potatoes. The stench, the vermin, made the work of preparing the poor old creature and her abode a task truly heroic. It was the work of hours that Sister Mary began as soon as she



SISTER MARY JOSEPH, IN THE DOMINICAN HABIT, WORN AT RECEPTION,  
PROFESSION AND IN DEATH.

entered the room. When the priest arrived there was naught he could do but to bear away the Blessed Sacrament till some little spot was prepared for its reception. When the rags, outspread and heaped up, were removed the cause of the worst of the stench was revealed—rats, dead for days, were lying beneath them; while in washing the patient herself and putting clean clothing upon her, horrible to relate! one poor foot was found in such a state as to convince the beholders that rats had attacked even the living flesh. Once they saw kindly hands at work the neighbors vied with one another in sending necessary things; and when Emmanuel, “God with us,” in the Sacrament of Love was borne there once again by His minister, the poor distorted one was resting in a rocking chair, clean and comfortable, and mentally too, was at rest. After the Sacraments were administered the devoted tertiary still remained, helping her in her thanksgiving. By and by the ambulance arrived and she was taken to the almshouse hospital where in a day or two she died.

Oh! the pity of it that such cases of wretched destitution, lone-



liness and suffering, can exist in our midst! Oh! the greater pity, that, when there are those who are willing, day after day, if need be, to seek out such suffering ones and minister to them, their hands are not free and full for the blessed work that Christ looks upon as done unto Himself! And again the pity of it, that, while the Master, in the person of His poor, awaits such service, and promises such glorious reward for the doing of it, those who are laboring in the cause are well nigh single-handed and must needs endure the sorrow of seeing work about them that they are powerless to do.

It is true that the poor are kindly neighbors oftentimes, but too often they have little spare time to devote to another, and their hands are unskilled in nursing, and their lips untrained in giving spiritual help. Then too, there are instances, now and then, like the foregoing, where a poor creature, who "has seen better days," strives in her wretchedness to "keep to herself," as the poor say, and the neighbors cannot be as kindly as they would. Rarely, however, will such resent the ministration of those who have consecrated themselves to the service of the poor and suffering for the love of God.



THE THREE LITTLE ORPHANS.



## VERY GOOD COMRADES.

MARY E. MANNIX.

## VI.

## A CRIME AVERTED.



GABRIEL did not improve rapidly, and was still obliged to keep his room. His uncle asked him one morning if he would not like to have his friends visit him. Gabriel replied that he would, and Mr. Foxon at once sent the servant over to beg that they might come for the afternoon. The little girls received the proposal with joy, and went at once to collect a variety of games with which to amuse their friend. Andrew chose to consider it some deeply laid scheme of the tyrant. However, he did not refuse to accompany them, and the four children were soon enjoying themselves.

Mr. Foxon sat in the library reading the paper. From time to time peals of joyous laughter reached his ears, but they did not have a cheerful effect on his mind. Leaning his head upon his hand he gave way to the bitter thoughts which possessed him.

"Those children! those children!" he murmured. "How strong, and beautiful and healthy they are, and how happy. Healthy and happy—all but poor Gabriel. And even he, of late, seems better and more cheerful than he used. Oh! my boy, my brave, bright boy!"

It was not of Gabriel he was thinking when he made this last ejaculation, but of his own son, whom he had lost by a sad accident. Once, while sojourning at the sea-shore with his wife and boy and his nephew—already an orphan, a boat in which he had gone out with the two children, upset. He succeeded in getting his arms about them, but while Gabriel held fast to him, his own boy suddenly lost his hold, was swept under a huge wave, and drowned, a few yards from land. His wife died shortly after, and he was left alone with the delicate boy, against whom he had always cherished a feeling of bitterness which, it must be confessed, he never tried to repress. To-day, for the first time, the voices of the happy children sent a remorseful pang to his heart. Suddenly he rang the bell. The colored man appeared.

"Have you given Master Gabriel his medicine?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," replied the negro.

"Very well," replied Mr. Foxon. "That is all."

In his pre-occupation he had not observed the peculiar appearance of the man, who had undoubtedly been drinking. He had not given Gabriel his medicine, but, fearing the displeasure of his master, he had told a falsehood. As soon as he left the room he went directly to the shelf where the medicine was kept, and prepared to pour it out. Half filling a glass with water, he opened a small vial and began to drop a few drops of the liquid it contained into the glass. But owing to his condition his hand shook, and he began to wonder whether he had not poured out too much.

"Pshaw—it makes no difference," he said to himself. "If a little is good surely a good deal is better." Having satisfied his conscience he went to Gabriel's room.

"Here is something your uncle sent you," he said, as he stumbled over the threshold.

"What is it for?" inquired Gabriel.

"For you to drink, of course," replied the man.

"But why?" asked the boy. "I am not thirsty. Is it medicine?"

"I don't know what it is," said the negro.

"Is it good or bad?" inquired little Martha, peeping into the glass which he had placed on the table where they were playing loto. He did not answer her, but went stumbling out of the room as he had entered it.

"How funny he is," said the little girl, watching him. "Does he ever get drunk, Gabriel?"

"I am afraid he does, sometimes," replied the boy. "But it is usually at night."

"He seems to have been drinking," said Andrew, gravely. "I think it very strange that your uncle should have such an attendant for you?"

Gabriel sighed. "He is good enough in his way," he said.

"May I taste this?" asked Martha. "I feel so thirsty."

"You may drink it all, if you wish," said Gabriel. "I don't want any of it." The child emptied the glass at a single draught. The game was now resumed, but after a few moments Martha seemed to lose interest. Finally Andrew said:

"Martha, you are not playing well any more."

"Take me home. I am tired," said the child. "I feel so ill, Andrew."

"What is the matter with you?" he asked. "A little while ago you were as lively as you could be."

"I will tell you," cried Pauline. "She was so hungry at luncheon that she ate just like—just like—a mouse."

It was a look from Gabriel which had altered the conclusion of the sentence. But Martha was not paying any attention.

"Oh! take me home," she pleaded, her head nodding from side to side.

The children now became alarmed. Andrew took her in his arms. As he turned to go he caught sight of the glass on the table.

"Pauline," he said imperatively, "fetch that glass with you and do not spill a drop of it."

"There is not much more than a drop in it," said Pauline.

"So much the more reason that you must not spill it. Fetch it along."

"Oh, Andrew, I do not want it," wailed the poor little girl. "It was that drink that made me sick."

But Pauline obeyed her brother. Gabriel did not know what to think, neither did he for one moment suspect Andrew's motive in taking the glass away. The children hurried home and found their grandmother was not there. Andrew, with great presence of mind, ran for some olive oil, of which he gave Martha a large dose. It relieved her at once, and in half an hour she was perfectly well. Her grandmother soon returned, and, when he saw her approaching he bade the children not to mention the occurrence, for a particular reason of his own. They promised to do as he requested, and ran out into the garden. Pauline had forgotten all about the glass, which she had left on the mantle-piece. Andrew took it up carefully, and carried it to his own room. Here are his impressions on this latest incident:

"Doubt is no longer possible. I have unearthed what would have been a terrible crime, if Providence had not permitted me to frustrate the designs of that monster. Under heaven I have been the means of preventing the death of my little aunt, and if not she, it might have been Gabriel; it certainly would have been that unfortunate boy. Martha was poisoned in his place, but my coolness and intelligence have put her out of danger. That miserable man! Shall I or shall I not denounce him to the authorities? If I do the consequences will be fearful; if I do not, poor Gabriel will be found some morning murdered in his bed. If my father were here he could advise me, but he has gone to the city. My grandmother will not believe me if I tell her what I have discovered. Women are so simple, so innocent. What shall I do? Shall I write a letter to the



tion. So she hastened to tell Martha, but found her asleep on the couch in their room. She was feeling a little weak from the adventure of the afternoon. Then she ran to the servants' sitting-room, hoping that the sewing woman and the chambermaid might be ready to listen to her tale. As soon as she opened the door Troucine said: "What is it Pauline?"

"I wanted to tell you something," answered the child, opening the door still wider. But perceiving that Troucine and Marie had a couple of friends with them she drew back.

"That is right," said Troucine. "Run away, you can tell us another time."

A little discomfited she wended her way to the kitchen, but Nora was not there. From the kitchen she hastened to the laundry, where she found her helping Mrs. Dineen to sprinkle the clothes.

"Hello, Miss Pauline!" cried the laundress as soon as she made her appearance. "Is Gabriel sick again?"

"A little," was the reply. "Why do you ask, Mrs. Dineen?" answered Pauline, wondering if it were possible she had already heard something of the terrible story she was about to reveal.

"Nothing, only I saw the three of ye goin' over, yere arms piled with books and games, and ye came back in a short time. I was thinkin' maybe the poor little boy was worse."

"No, not sick. Still it is a miracle he is not dead."

"What's that?" inquired Nora, turning sharply around. Pauline never did anything in a roundabout way. She blurted out:

"What do you think! That villain Foxon, tried to poison his nephew."

"Merciful heavens, what ails the child?" cried Nora, while Mrs. Dineen stood open-mouthed and speechless beside her.

"Nothing ails me," said Pauline, stoutly. "It is true. Ask Andrew, and you will see whether I am mistaken or not."

"And is he dead?" cried Mrs. Dineen, leaning over the table till her head was almost on a level with that of the child.

"Is who dead?"

"Why, Gabriel, of course."

"No, he didn't take the poison."

"How did you find this out?" inquired Nora, horror stricken.

"Because Martha drank it by mistake. It made her sick, but now she is better. Andrew gave her nearly half a bottle of olive oil and it made her well."

Oh, that's what he wanted it for," said the cook. "But, my

dear child, how did you find this out. I can't think you're telling it right."

"Well, well!" cried Mrs. Dineen. "Don't you know well the child isn't telling lies. Did any one ever find her in a lie?"

"Who is talking of lies?" queried Nora. "But 'tis a dreadful thing to say, so it is, without good proofs. I'm only asking her how she knew it."

"Andrew knows all about it," said Pauline. "He has written it down."

"I wonder what will they do to him," asked Mrs. Dineen, resuming her sprinkling.

"They will punish him, won't they, Nora?" asked Pauline.

"Sure, if he be guilty," was the reply. "But I hope and pray none of ye children will get mixed up in it. The master would be in a terrible way if ye did."

"That would be no reason for letting the bad man go without punishment," said Pauline.

"Have no fear," said Mrs. Dineen. "Them things always come out. But I'd like to hear the particulars. Is that all you know, darlin'?"

"Yes, that is all I know," said Pauline, who having told her news began to lose interest in it, and presently ran away leaving the two women to discuss the subject on all sides. Some time after the children had returned home, Mr. Foxon entered his nephew's sitting-room.

"What? Gone already?" he exclaimed. "I thought they had come to spend the afternoon with you."

"They did intend to," said Gabriel, "but Martha got sick and Andrew took her home. And of course then Pauline went also."

Mr. Foxon passed into the ante-room but presently returned, carrying an open vial in his hand. At this moment the colored man made his appearance.

"Bamboulo," said his master, "what has become of the bella-donna that was in this bottle?"

The man, who was by this time nearly sobered, looked embarrassed as he replied:

"I—I put it in the glass, sir."

"All in one dose?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what became of it?"

"Little Martha drank it, uncle," said Gabriel.

"What, all of it?"

"Oh no, but the largest part. A little was spilled—and the rest—"

"That is what made the child ill," interrupted Mr. Foxon, in alarm. "I am going over there at once."

"I saw her playing in the garden a few moments ago," said Gabriel. "She is not ill now, I think."

His uncle looked relieved. "At any rate I shall go over and see. As for you, Bamboulo," he continued, turning to the negro, "I have a mind to discharge you. The very next time I see that you have been drinking, I will."

The negro shrank away. Mr. Foxon turned to go, but suddenly recollecting himself he put his hand in his pocket. "By the way, I have something in my pocket for you, Gabriel," he said. "It is a note from Andrew. Are you in the habit of corresponding with him?"

"No sir, I have never corresponded with him."

"You are too young to write or receive letters indiscriminately," Mr. Foxon continued. "Therefore I shall take the liberty of opening and reading this."

"Certainly, read it, sir," said Gabriel.

Mr. Foxon glanced over the note; he read: "Do not despair, have confidence in us—especially me—I will take care of you."

"He is very kind," he said. "Does he always assume this protecting tone, and what does he mean?"

"I do not know, uncle," was the reply.

"And why should you despair?"

"Oh! uncle, Andrew is so odd, I suppose he means because I am alone, and not always well."

"The first time you are attacked, break a window pane, and call for help," continued his uncle.

"Ah! I comprehend," murmured the reader, with a smile. "You have been playing robbers, I suppose."

"No, uncle," answered Gabriel, vaguely disquieted. "We have never played robbers."

Mr. Foxon continued. "Do not eat or drink anything that your uncle offers or sends you."

"This phrase I do not understand at all." Then he went on, reading to himself, till he came to the last sentence, which he read aloud. "To-morrow we shall devise some means for your rescue."

Slowly folding the letter he replaced it in his pocket, looking fixedly at Gabriel, as he said: "What does all this stuff mean, boy; tell me."

"Indeed, I do not know, uncle. Perhaps it means something about—I can't tell you what it means, uncle."

"Very well," rejoined his uncle. I am going to Mr. Ostrander's at once. I want to see about the little girl—and perhaps I shall also have an interview with your friend Andrew, as well."

"Oh uncle! do not say anything to Andrew," pleaded the boy. "He has a kind heart. He is always imagining that he is going to do heroic deeds, but that is no harm. He is—"

"A ridiculous, self-conceited fellow. Quite a prig, I should say," replied his uncle, sarcastically. "I do not believe his influence is good."

"Oh, he is good, he is good," said the boy, fearful lest his uncle might forbid him to have Andrew for a friend any longer. "And the little girls are so sweet and bright, uncle. The better one knows them the better one likes them—"

"I have nothing to say against them," replied Mr. Foxon, "though I think it is rather babyish for a great boy like you to fancy girls for playmates."

"But I have no others, uncle, and you know that boys are generally too rough for a person like me."

"I like rough, playful boys, provided they are not bad," said his uncle, with a glance at his nephew which he did not wholly conceal. It was involuntary, but the boy noticed it, and his pale cheek flushed slightly.

"If I were strong I would love to run and jump," he murmured, "but sickly boys cannot get about like others."

"No," said his uncle, absently walking away.

When he had gone Gabriel leaned his head, slightly aching now, upon his thin, white hand.

"Poor uncle!" he thought, "he does not like me, yet he can not help it. He feels that I am in the place of his own strong, healthy boy. I ought not to mind anything he says or does. It is only natural that he should feel so. How gladly would I not change places with my cousin. He is in Heaven with his dear mother, where I would gladly be with mine. But she was my uncle's sister. I wish he could love me a little for her sake. I hope he will not say anything to Andrew, who is not one bit afraid of him." And so he went on soliloquizing till the gathering darkness brought Bamboulo with lights and supper. Andrew would have been disgusted with him, and considered all his watchfulness vain, if he had seen how freely he partook of the delicate cream-toast and sliced peaches which were set before him.

(To be continued.)

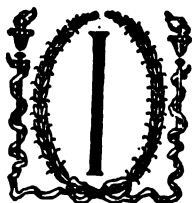




VERY REV. MICHAEL D. LILLY, O. P.

## VERY REV. MICHAEL D. LILLY, O. P.

G. F.



ON the death of Father Lilly, St. Joseph's Province of the Dominican Order lost one of its ablest and most energetic members. Until last summer he had enjoyed excellent health, was hale and hearty notwithstanding the fact that for the last four years of his life he had suffered from that most terrible of temporal afflictions—total blindness. About the first of July he began to feel the effects of the extreme heat and two weeks later was confined to his bed. He rallied and was able to celebrate Mass for the last time on St. Dominic's day. Owing to his advanced age, three score years and ten, and the lack of vital force that had been expended in the active ministry of almost half a century, he succumbed to heat prostration. The end came about noon on August 20. That morning he had been fortified by the last rites of the Church; his immediate relatives were called to his bedside and whilst his religious brethren recited the customary prayers he passed away. His death, like his life, was calm, peaceful and edifying.

Father Lilly was born in County Fermanagh, Ireland, in 1831. He had already received a liberal education when he resolved to come to America. Shortly after his arrival he heard the voice of God calling him to labor in the promising vineyard of the young Church in America. He entered the Dominican novitiate and after the usual course of theological studies was ordained priest by Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati on St. Dominic's day, 1855. It is a singular coincidence that his last Mass was celebrated on the anniversary of his ordination. His superiors resolved to make good use of the brilliant talents of the newly ordained priest and appointed him to a professorship in the college they formerly conducted near Somerset, Ohio. A few years later he was named president of that institution. His superior administrative abilities commended him to his religious brethren as one worthy of the highest positions of trust and responsibility within the Order. He was soon elected Prior of St. Joseph's Priory, and on the resignation of the Provincial, Father Raymond Young, he was appointed Vicar-Provincial of the province. At the expiration of the term of office he was made pastor of St. Peter's in Memphis, Tenn. Thence he went to New

York to take charge of the newly established parish of St. Vincent Ferrer. For many years he labored in the spiritual and material building up of this great parish. About this time he had executed the beautiful frescoes that adorn the walls of St. Vincent's and make this church one of the most devotional houses of prayer in our land. They are a lasting monument to the genius of the artist and the superb taste of the Prior.

Incessant, unremitting toil had impaired the health of Father Lilly. When his bosom friend, Father Thomas Burke had completed his great work in America and was about to return to Ireland, he insisted upon Father Lilly going with him. His sojourn in his native land recuperated his strength and he returned to America in renewed health and vigor. Some years later at the Provincial Chapter presided over by the Most Reverend Father Larocca, Master General of the Dominicans who then happened to be visiting America, Father Lilly was elected Provincial. At the expiration of this term, he was again elected to the priorship of St. Vincent's. He lived almost uninterruptedly at this convent until his death.

The administration of Father Lilly both as Provincial and Prior was characterized by strict sense of and attention to duty, by justice and paternal solicitude for his subordinates, by order and system in all business affairs.

That Father Lilly possessed in a marked degree that rare combination of superior qualities so necessary to every superior of religious communities is abundantly manifest from the fact that he had been so repeatedly chosen by his brethren to rule over them. In a religious order where all the posts of honor and trust are elective, it is certainly a magnificent compliment to any one's ability and fitness to be frequently elected to such posts.

But all those honors, all that activity were but one view of this noble priest. They were mere exterior manifestations, the reflex of that nobler, higher, interior religious life that animated his great soul. His parishioners and friends knew well his zeal for their spiritual welfare and his exact and generous performance of pastoral duties. They knew and admired the cultured gentleman and the ripe scholar. Only those who have had the good fortune to have lived with him for years in the privacy of convent life know the fervent religious, the aspirations of the devout soul, the unceasing effort to attain the Dominican ideal—union of the active and contemplative life. The exactitude with which he performed his religious duties, and his strict observance of his rule were perpetual sources of edification to his brethren.

Zeal for souls was the keynote of this devoted priest's life. He knew that from the pulpit and through the confessional sinners can be reached. With rare industry did he prepare himself for the preaching of those impressive sermons that touched the hearts of the most hardened culprits and coaxed them to the tribunal of Penance. The fruit of his zealous ministrations in the confessional is known to God alone. Countless bleeding hearts have been soothed and healed by his kindly words and wise direction; numberless wayward souls were led back gently to the path of virtue and many devout souls safely guided and directed in their efforts to attain Christian perfection.

If the good effect that sermons have on souls be a criterion of eloquence, then may we say that Father Lilly was truly eloquent. Though not an impassioned orator he was most impressive. His language was simple but clear, correct and forcible; his delivery was modest and natural; nothing dramatic about it, no straining after effect. But from earnest zeal and true piety, from a sympathetic heart sprung the burning words that pierced the hearts of his auditors.

Father Lilly's whole life was virtuous; in the closing years it was heroic. Four years ago he was stricken with total blindness. How great was this affliction to one so studious, so devoted to serious reading we can scarcely imagine. Yet no word of complaint, no murmur ever escaped his lips. With resignation, with fortitude, even with contentment he bore this heavy cross. His only regret was that he could not work for the good of souls as in former years. But he was not inactive; he could still perform the trying but congenial labor to every devout priest,—hear confessions. His greatest consolation was that during this prolonged dark night of his declining years he could celebrate Mass every day. He received from the Holy Father permission to celebrate provided that he memorized a Mass. He committed to memory a Mass of the Blessed Virgin and offered up the Holy Sacrifice daily in the convent chapel. During the years of his blindness his devoted sister, a Dominican nun, was kindly stationed at a house of her Order near St. Vincent's and her free time was spent ministering to her beloved brother.

Father Lilly's soul has passed to the eternal reward of a life spent in promoting the glory of God and securing the salvation of souls; his brethren deplore his death, his friends mourn for him. But memory of his noble work, his sanctity and good example still live.

*A NOVEMBER DIRGE.*

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

*There's a minor note of sorrow  
 In the sighing of the trees;  
 There's a knell of piercing sadness  
 In the blowing of the breeze.  
 There's a shadow in the heavens,  
 There's a Rachel-cry of pain  
 For the loved ones, gone before us,  
 Who will ne'er come back again.*

*O November! Thou art weeping,  
 For thy song-birds all have fled;  
 A lone widow, thou art kneeling  
 At the dear graves of the dead.  
 Earthly hearts with love are breaking,  
 Tender eyes are filled with tears,  
 While they sleep, the dear departed,  
 Through the silence of the years.*

*O, life-wand' rer, in the darkness,  
 Hark, they turn their voice to thee;  
 Those poor souls are sadly calling:  
 "O have pity! Set us free!  
 We are pris'ners of the Christ King,  
 Lol we thirst for visions bright,  
 And your prayers will be the angels  
 That will lead us into light."*

*O, sweet love, then come and, kneeling  
 At dear mem'ry's sacred bier,  
 Let us ransom those poor creatures  
 With our Ave's, full of cheer!  
 They will soothe our tender heart breaks,  
 Still this world's deep crying pain,  
 For in Heaven, sweet, eternal,  
 Lol the dead will live again.*

*O we love thee, dear November,  
 For thy gentle breath of peace,  
 For thy winds that softly call us  
 To some poor soul's glad release;  
 Love thee for the latent sadness  
 That sweet lingers 'round the trees,  
 For the death-knell of a loved one  
 That comes floating on the breeze.*

## THOUGHTS ON TIMELY TOPICS.

THE MALIGN INFLUENCE OF THE LONDON "DRAWING-ROOM" ATMOSPHERE AS IT AFFECTS CATHOLICS.

WILLIAM ELLISON.

**O**NE can hardly imagine a sorrier spectacle than to see a Catholic, especially an Irish Catholic, trying to ingratiate himself into the favors of aristocratic London society. The attempt has been often made, but hardly ever with success because there are no points of cohesion between the diverse elements which are totally opposed to each other.

The aristocratic function known as the London "drawing-room" breathes an anti-Catholic spirit. Not necessarily of downright hatred or persecution as in the penal days of old, but of absolute devotion to the maxims and empty pleasures of the world, in which sensual aim there is not an iota of the true spirit of Catholicism.

The devotees of the brilliant and alluring English "drawing-rooms" are generally drawn from the rich and powerful social circles of the land—men and women who have too much time and money at their command, and who hardly know what to do with themselves and their superfluous wealth—they are counted the fortunate ones of creation as the world reckons, but that is not always a valid system of computation. On the contrary, its judgments are erroneous, misleading and seductive as regards the conception of moral and virtuous living and the true Christian principles that constitute a well-ordered life.

As far as the poor and virtuous toilers are concerned, those favored ones of earth might well be left to themselves to work out their salvation as best they could, for they have no affinity with their humbler fellowmen who are doomed to hard labor and the earning of their bread in the sweat of their brow. It is, however, when the so-called leaders of idle society exert their high influence to seduce the unwary from their high plane of moral rectitude to a lower standard, in a word, to beguile them into the "go-as-you-please swim" with themselves, that the well-conducted members of society

must call a halt. It has been philosophically said that a good man is the "conscience" of the community in which he resides. And upon Divine authority the Apostles were named the "salt of the earth;" therefore, all good men, who are thoroughly grounded in the principles of morality, are in duty bound to rebuke and resist profligacy and licentiousness no matter how privileged may be the classes from which the evil proceeds.

In this paper we intended to give some specific examples of the ill effects wrought in some prominent Irish Catholics, who fell too easily into "line" with the ways and doings that prevail in the gorgeous "salons and drawing-rooms" of the social world in London. One of the most conspicuous in late years, perhaps, was Lord O'Hagan, son of the late Irish Lord Chancellor O'Hagan, who was a distinguished and very devoted member of the Catholic Church. Such a father and such a noble mother as the young man had duly instilled the highest Catholic principles in the mind of their son, who no doubt inherited much of his parents' ability and nobility of character. As much by his own personal qualities as because he was his father's son, he gained popularity and access to the best society in Dublin, and he gravitated to London in due course, where all aristocratic "drawing-rooms" were open to him.

To an attractive and ambitious young nobleman of the Catholic faith, London society is bewildering and dangerous. As above remarked, it is pervaded by an atmosphere from which every flavor of Catholicism is sifted or expelled. If the new devotee is not remarkably staunch in his faith he is liable to become assimilated, and, in the face of that transformation, he unconsciously bids good bye to his Catholic teachings, even the dearest imparted to him in Ireland. Such at least seems to have been what happened to young Lord O'Hagan, the youthful guardsman who died lately in South Africa of enteric fever. He had evidently become enamored of the glitter and splendor of English aristocratic life, and, being unable to reconcile the fascinating worldly spirit with the Catholic and spiritual ideals, he fell away from the faith of his fathers and espoused the cause of the foolish world and its allurements. Happily, however, a month before his death he fell into the hands of a Rev. and zealous Benedictine Chaplain on the field of strife, Father Bernard Rawlinson, O. S. B. Under the ministrations of that Apostolic priest the erring young man repented of his social and spiritual errors and died a fervent penitent in the Catholic

faith. Unless their cup of iniquities is very full it rarely happens that a well-instructed Catholic dies out of his own fold. In death there are hardly any unbelievers, for in that awful hour truth revives and things are seen in their clearest light.

Another very sad example of the evil effects of London society upon Catholic intellect, is furnished in the case of Dr. Conan Doyle, the distinguished novelist and writer, who seems to have surrendered his faith and his principles of Catholicity to the blandishments of high social patronage and aristocratic favor. He, no doubt, like others strove to keep alive his faith while hearkening to the bewitching voice of popularity and worldly gain; but he could not patch up a truce between interests so opposite in their nature. There can be no basis of coalition or agreement between "light and darkness," between "God and mammon." The experiment has been often tried for the sake of material interests and personal comforts, but success has ever been denied the unworthy effort. Philosophers may argue as they please, but there never can be a shadow of agreement between purity and corruption—truth and error—and the Catholic man or woman who is born to the precious inheritance of the true faith, and who deliberately gives up one jot or tittle of it for the sake of securing some imaginary worldly gain, is on the "down grade" and has made the first step in his or her fatal career.

The only true safeguard against lapse from a life of virtue to a life of infidelity and worldly compromise, is an unflinching loyalty to the principles of our holy faith no matter what may betide. In this sense let us take the example of the great English statesman, Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor of England, and favorite of Henry VIII. previous to the outbreak of the scourge of the so-called Reformation. Sir Thomas was offered every honor the apostate King could bestow if only he would conform to the new mode of the false man-made religion, but such a proposition was an utter impossibility to the devout Chancellor, who valued his immortal salvation above all things else and could not imperil it by the acceptance of any titles or favors the monarch had to bestow. Inducements of a kindred nature were offered, under like circumstances, to Father John Ogilvie, S. J., but, like his illustrious companion in the Catholic faith, he spurned them all, and died a martyr like Sir Thomas More. This was the fate of hundreds of heroic men and women the fidelity of whose faith was so severely tested in those dreadful times when Catholics were reduced to the alterna-



tive of making choice between the faith of their fathers and the newly devised substitute originated by Luther, and propagated in Great Britain and Ireland, by the lustful Henry VIII. for his own personal convenience and the gratification of his rebellious passions.

It was in those times of penal laws and cruel religious persecutions that Ireland proved herself worthy of the title of the "Isle of Saints and Scholars." In that land, blessed by St. Patrick, the new-made religion found no acceptance at all. To that virtuous Catholic peasantry it was a spiritual outrage that called to heaven for vengeance, and, as such, was condemned and rejected. In England and Scotland it had, however, gained a foothold among the aristocrats, who were wont to eschew sacrifices and penance, and the government determined by force of arms to force it upon the unwilling Catholics of Erin.

The only adherents the mock religion gained were recruited from the upper classes, who had pro-British instincts and wanted to lead easy and luxurious lives. The faithful peasantry fled to the caves and remote glens to escape persecution and slaughter, and in their temporary shelters they were visited by their devoted priests, who offered up the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and so kept the flame of Catholicism alive amidst the most infamous religious persecution of any age except that of the early Christians, who suffered under the pagan Roman emperors. Thousands of the believers were, of course, ensnared by the brutal soldiery and were "hanged, drawn, and quartered," as history testifies, in defense of their faith. The inhuman butcheries then inflicted by England upon the virtuous Catholics of Ireland form the darkest blot upon British history; and will be spoken of in future ages as the most infamous tyranny ever imposed by a ruling nation upon a weak dependency for conscience' sake. Nor is the spirit of that persecuting period yet dead in Great Britain and her colonies, for Protestant ascendancy would yet fain justify itself by propagating the dangerous doctrines of Luther and Henry VIII. The "Blue Laws" introduced into America are products of this spirit of persecution and proselytism, which still exist although in moderate form in this age of enlightened tolerance. England, happily, is coming back to Catholicism, but it is hard to persuade men to give up an indulgent belief for one of austerity if the fatal opinion prevails that one religion is as good as another. A great infusion of grace is needed to awaken men from their errors and to convince their understanding that true faith and good works are the only safe road that leads to heaven.

## THE ANGELIC WARFARE.

BLESSINGS ATTACHED TO IT.

D. O. FRANCIS.

**T**HE short sketch of St. Thomas and the Angelic Warfare that appeared in *THE ROSARY MAGAZINE* for the month of March has suggested these further words on the blessings attached to this beautiful devotion.

Holy mother Church looks not to man's material progress, or his accumulation of goods of an earthly nature. She cares little for the things of this world, except in so far as they are useful and necessary for the proper sustenance and solemnity of religion, or as a means of charity for alleviating and soothing the sufferings and hardships of her poor and destitute children. She looks beyond the grave, outside this mundane life, within the threshold of eternity itself, for her treasures, rewards and happiness. She is in this world, but not of it. It is not her end or destiny.

As it is with the Church, so is it with all the societies to be found within her bosom. They are nurtured and sustained by the flow of supernal graces from her spiritual treasures. They, as she, look above the earth, aloft, and strive heavenwards. Their aim and purpose is to lead man to a life of greater perfection; to induce him to follow more closely in the footprints the Divine Model has left him "in the sands of time." The religious societies and bodies of the Church, then, are but so many ways and means by which men bind themselves together for promoting the honor and glory of God, and for working out their own salvation more securely and easily. The Church seeing the efficacy of such organizations, the great spiritual good wrought through them, always favors and assists them by opening to them the doors of her storehouses of grace and benedictions. The Angelic Warfare has been highly favored by her, and stands out conspicuously as one of her most

There are three sources whence this charming devotion is enriched with spiritual benefits.

The first fountain of its graces is the merits and good deeds of the association. Each sodalist participates in the merits, prayers and good works of all the members of the sodality throughout the

world. More than that; each one may be said to enjoy in an especial manner the love and protection of all those holy souls who have ever belonged to the society from its very beginning, some six centuries ago, down to the present day, and are now enjoying the beatific vision of God in heaven. It is impossible to compute the number of pure and saintly persons who have belonged to the Angelic Warfare during that long lapse of time, or to give even the faintest idea of the many and varied spiritual gifts and blessings accruing to its devout and practical members from that source. God alone knows the number of saints now canonized and honored on His altars and the many more not yet so honored by the Church, who, though in heaven, are still united with their brethren on earth by ties of special affection and brotherhood. We might mention the names of many, but for the sake of brevity we suggest only that of St. Thomas, the spiritual head and father of the confraternity. The Holy Scriptures tell us that great before God are those who teach and instil into others the truths of salvation. Great indeed, then, must be the merit and influence of St. Thomas in heaven, than whom no other was ever more assiduous, zealous and successful in inculcating these divine truths both by word and example. In him virtue and learning were so happily and perfectly blended and exalted to such an eminent degree, that the great Cardinal Bessarion calls him: "the most learned of the saints, and the most saintly of the learned." Indeed, who can tell the power of St. Thomas in heaven for procuring for his faithful and devout clients the inestimable boon of a life of perfect purity.

The second source of blessings for the members of the Angelic Warfare is a full and complete participation in all the spiritual works of the Dominican Order. To form anything like a just appreciation of the advantages the members derive from the sodality under this heading, we must consider that the Order is divided into three great branches which are scattered over the wide world. These branches are known as the First, Second and Third Orders. The First Order is composed solely of men who consecrate themselves to the service of God and religion by solemn vows, and lead common lives in communities. They are either priests, clerical students preparing for the holy and sacred office of the priesthood, or lay brothers who, entering the religious life with the purpose of serving God and sanctifying their souls through the humbler and menial occupations of the community are never to become priests, except by special papal dispensation.

The Second Order is intended for nuns exclusively. They live in cloistered convents, and made the solemn vows of religion, like the First Order until the abrogation of these, for women, by Pius IX.

The Third Order is wide in its scope and flexible in its character. It is adapted to every state and condition of life. To it belong bishops and priests; nuns living a community life under some modified rule of St. Dominic, and having simple vows of chastity, poverty and obedience; men and women living in the world, of every walk of life, and occupied in every avocation. To this branch of the Order there is no bar. Sex or age, the married or celibate state of life form no obstacle to its membership.

Now, all those who belong to the Angelic Warfare participate in all the prayers, good works, penances and mortifications of the numerous members of these three Orders throughout the world. Great and innumerable are the benefits the associates of the confraternity reap from this fountain of graces divine. The Order was founded more than six hundred years ago by a great saint. During all those centuries it has never ceased to water the Church with its sweat and blood. It has raised up apostles to God all over the world. It has ever been, and is to-day, a school of martyrs and doctors, confessors and virginal spouses of Christ.

"The communion of saints," says the illustrious and sainted Lacordaire, "is a gift of God to all Christians; but the communion of a religious Order with the saints of its own family is necessarily something more special and intimate, surer and a source of great consolation." Such is the communion of all the members, living and dead, of the three great branches of the Dominican Order and the three great confraternities originating in the Order and affiliated with it—the Rosary Confraternity, the Holy Name Society, and the Angelic Warfare. Let us bear in mind, too, that the saints now honoring God in heaven, who on earth belonged to one or the other of these Orders of St. Dominic, are many. More than two hundred of their members have been canonized or beatified, and are honored and venerated on the altars of sacrifice. And these do not include the vast numbers of holy and saintly persons, members of the Order, who have honored and sanctified the Church by their heroic virtues and mortified lives; nor the thousands upon thousands of Dominican martyrs who have watered and fructified the Lord's vineyard with their heart's precious blood and laid down their lives in defense of the true faith, from the beginning of the

Order down to the present day. Suffice it to state that in the thirteenth century it gave heaven and the Church thirteen thousand three hundred and seventy martyrs, in the the sixteenth six and twenty thousand.

This communion with the saints of the Order and participation in the prayers, merits, penances, good works, etc., of its members certainly form a fountain of graces from which the faithful and devout client of the Angelic Warfare may confidently hope for and expect many divine favors and much protection from on high against the efforts and artifices of the evil one to rob him of the virtue of holy purity, than which no virtue is dearer to the Sacred Heart; than which no more fragrant or beautiful flower grows in the garden of the soul.

The third source whence the Angelic Warfare receives many precious graces and blessings is the Church.

When we wish to know the true and solid worth of a devotion we instinctively turn to the Church to see how she values and esteems it; what she has done for it; what efforts she has made to spread and propagate it, and to induce the faithful to cultivate it; how she has favored and enriched it with liberal donations from her spiritual treasures. The Church, under God, is the one source of the life and fruitfulness of all such devotions and societies. She is their one supreme visible head, and without her and the life-nourishment they receive through their union with her, they are no more than dead members that should be severed from their parent trunk.

Turning our mind's gaze back over the many centuries during which the Angelic Warfare has existed and flourished we find that time out of number has holy Mother Church lifted up her voice in praise of this beautiful and lovely devotion, and to recommend it to the Christian people throughout the world. Pope after Pope has stamped it with his seal of approbation, and lent his efforts to spread and diffuse its love and practice among the faithful. It is impossible here, through lack of time and space, to enumerate the long line of Sovereign Pontiffs who have cherished and exalted it and sought to propagate it. They were not content merely with lavishing eulogiums on it, but gave it the most substantial support that lies in the power of the Church, conferring upon it privileges and indulgences with a bounteous hand. The subjoined list of indulgences, both plenary and partial, granted by different men holding the highest ecclesiastical power on earth will stand as an indisputable proof and sign of the great favor with which the Con-

fraternity of the Angelic Warfare has ever been regarded by those who should be our guide and support in the spiritual life. This esteem, in our opinion, is the surest and strongest recommendation of a truly beautiful devotion and one which appeals keenly to our hearts by reason of its noble and sublime end, its many fruits, and the easy conditions of membership.

PLENARY INDULGENCES.

I. On the day of reception. Conditions: worthy confession and communion.

II. On January 28, the feast of the Translation of the Relics of St. Thomas, the principal feast of the confraternity. Conditions: worthy confession and communion, visit to the church of the confraternity and prayer in same for the intention of the Holy Father.

III. On March 7, feast of the Saint. Conditions same as in No. 2. If, however, one cannot visit the church of the confraternity it suffices to visit the parish church. It may be well to remark that the indulgence to be gained on this day is applicable to the souls in purgatory.

IV. Once a month, the day to be chosen by the member, provided that the prayer of St. Thomas, "My Dear Jesus," for the preservation of chastity, has been said daily, and that on the day chosen the sacraments of confession and communion are worthily received and some prayers for the Pope's intentions said in any church.

V. Once a month for the daily recitation of the prayer "Chosen Lily."

VI. At the hour of death, after a contrite confession and communion; or, should this be impossible, if with contrition the Holy Name of Jesus is invoked vocally or mentally.

VII. On each Sunday either immediately preceding or following the feast of St. Thomas, to all members who receive worthily the sacraments of confession and communion and say certain prayers or perform some religious exercises in honor of St. Thomas on each of those Sundays. These indulgences are the same as those granted for the six Sundays in honor of St. Aloysius.

PARTIAL INDULGENCES.

I. Seven years and seven quarentines for those members who, after having received the sacraments, visit a church of the confraternity on the following days: Christmas, Easter, Pente-

cost, Conversion of St. Paul, (Jan. 25); St. Gregory the Great, (March 12); St. Ambrose, (April 4); St. Vincent Ferrer, (April 5); St. Peter, Martyr, (April 29); St. Mary Magdalen, (July 22); St. Dominic, (Aug. 4); Assumption of our Blessed Lady, (Aug. 15); Nativity of our Lady, (Sept. 8); Exaltation of the Cross, (Sept. 14); All Saints, (Nov. 1); during the octave of All Saints; Presentation of our Blessed Lady, (Nov. 21).

II. One hundred days for every recitation of the prayer, "Chosen Lily." Same indulgence once a day for recitation of the prayer, "My Dear Jesus."

III. Sixty days as often as members accompany the Holy Viaticum, or say an Our Father and Hail Mary for the sick; or an Our Father and Hail Mary for deceased members; as often as they restore peace between enemies, or perform any work of mercy; as often as they exercise any act of piety, or assist at Mass or any other Christian assembly for the honor of God; and, lastly, as often as they say fifteen Hail Marys corresponding to the fifteen knots of the girdle of St. Thomas, in order to obtain for themselves and all the members of the confraternity the grace of purity of heart.

The conditions of membership are few and simple.

I. It is necessary to have one's name inscribed in the register of the confraternity by a Dominican priest, or one duly authorized by the General of the Dominican Order.

II. The members should wear around their waist day and night the cord of St. Thomas,—a white linen cord with fifteen knots—blessed by a Dominican priest, or one duly authorized which is a facsimile of the one with which the angels girded St. Thomas after his memorable victory over the demon of the flesh. They should also cultivate a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin and St. Thomas. All this, however, does not bind under any sin.

III. They should strive to conquer and banish as quickly as possible all temptations of the evil one and all unwholesome emotions; they should refrain from all use of improper words, or words of double meaning; from obscene literature, and plays and spectacles of doubtful morality. In a word, they ought to shun everything that might in the least endanger the tender virtue, a love of which it is the prime aim and object of the Angelic Militia to inculcate.

## The Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.



**D**IRECTOR OF ROSARY CONFRATERNITY :

Some time ago I was asked to purchase a Rosary that had been blessed by one of the Dominican Fathers. Being an old Rosarian, and as a Dominican seldom visits these parts, I bought the beads that I might gain the Dominican indulgences. Since then I have been told that the beads lost their blessing when sold. Kindly inform me if this is correct.

S. E. H.

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Rosary beads may not be sold after they have been blessed. When sold they lose their blessing. It is forbidden also to exchange them for money on the plea of alms. (S. C. I. July 12, 1847, and July 16, 1867). The Dominican Fathers are always ready and eager to impart the Rosary indulgence to beads; those who are unable to see a Dominican personally should send their Rosaries to any Dominican convent, or to THE ROSARY office and the beads will be blessed.

A phase of the Rosary which is seldom considered is the community of intention which it engenders. That is the end of the Rosary Confraternity. Leo XIII. has said: "The purpose of the Confraternity is, that many being banded in fraternal charity by that most devotional form of prayer, from which the association takes its name, may be drawn to praise and honor the Blessed Virgin, and by unanimous supplication secure her patronage." Each one contributes a small trifle to the general fund and all share in a bountiful treasure. Each Rosarian fulfilling his obligation of reciting the Rosary, includes in his intention all members of the Confraternity; they in turn render him the same service multiplied.

It is sad to think how many Catholics there are who are not members of the Rosary Confraternity; how many there are who will not share in its wonderful benefits. Any one who stops to consider



the millions who are members of this Confraternity, will realize what its membership means. It entails no obligation other than the weekly recitation of the Rosary and this does not bind under sin. There is ever ascending to the throne of God the prayer of innumerable, devout Rosarians. Each member shares in this; he shares also in all the good works, the Masses, the teaching, and the preaching of the Dominican Order. From what other source can one derive such benefits?

#### INDULGENCES.

1. The feast of All Saints; a plenary indulgence may be gained by visiting a Rosary chapel. Conditions, confession and communion and prayers for the Holy Father. For a second visit there is granted an indulgence of seven years and 280 days. For the recitation of five mysteries of the Rosary on this day the same indulgence is granted.

2. On any day within the Octave of All Souls a plenary indulgence may be gained by visiting a Rosary chapel and praying for the Pope's intention. Confession and communion are also necessary.

3. The usual indulgences for the first Sunday of the month.

4. Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, Nov. 21, a plenary indulgence may be gained by complying with the conditions mentioned above.

All these indulgences may be applied to the suffering souls. Let Rosarians use this means of partially satisfying the debt, whether of duty or of mere charity, which they owe to the departed. Memory for the dead is sweetened by the thought that prayer will help them.

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*The Rosary Magazine requests all pastors of churches in which the Rosary Confraternity is canonically established to send the name of Church, and of the director, also the date of diploma. It will register these and publish a list of the same.*

*It offers its services in obtaining diplomas for all who wish the Confraternity established, also in forwarding applications to the Master General of the Friars Preachers, for priests who desire the personal faculties of giving the Dominican blessing to Rosaries.*

# Hail Mary.

*Andante.*

Music by J. N. M. Dybowski.

The piano introduction is in G major and 6/8 time. It consists of four measures. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, starting on G4 and ascending to D5. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The first measure is marked *pp* (pianissimo).

The vocal entry begins with the lyrics "Hail Ma...ry, full of grace, the Lord is with". The melody is in G major, 6/8 time, and is accompanied by the piano. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

The vocal entry continues with the lyrics "thee; bless...ed art thou,". The melody is in G major, 6/8 time, and is accompanied by the piano. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

The vocal entry concludes with the lyrics "bless'd among wo--men, and bless...ed is the". The melody is in G major, 6/8 time, and is accompanied by the piano. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

# Hail Mary.

fruit of thy womb, Je-----sus.

*ritenuto*

Ho----ly Ma----ry,

This system contains the first two systems of the handwritten musical score. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The first system includes the lyrics 'fruit of thy womb, Je-----sus.' with a *ritenuto* marking. The second system includes the lyrics 'Ho----ly Ma----ry,'.

Mo-----ther of God, pray for us sin-ners, now and

This system contains the third system of the handwritten musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment with the lyrics 'Mo-----ther of God, pray for us sin-ners, now and'.

in the hour of our death. A-----men.

*molto rallentando.*

*molto rallentando.*

This system contains the fourth system of the handwritten musical score. It concludes the piece with the lyrics 'in the hour of our death. A-----men.' and features *molto rallentando.* markings above and below the piano part.



## Editorial.



At this time there is a suggestion of death everywhere in nature—an apt reminder, indeed, that we should not forget the needs of those who have passed into the shadow of the valley of death. God have mercy on the poor, suffering souls! In the sobbing of the wind, in the rustle of the sear leaf of November, we hear the wail of their distress, and the pitiful appeals for help. Let us not turn a deaf ear to their cry but taking up our beads let us say them fervently for the release of these suffering members of the Church. All this will come back to us like “bread cast upon the waters” for while the poor souls can do nothing for themselves, they become the potent intercessors of their benefactors. We have it upon the testimony of many, that a cause in which the poor souls enlist themselves will rarely fail. They are most pleasing to God, for while they are tarnished and still bedraggled, they are free from the stain of mortal sin, which alone could keep them forever from the sight of God. They love God intensely, and as their stain becomes gradually washed away, so does their love increase. God reciprocates their affection and when they pray for those who are helping them on to that purity needed for admission into the heavenly courts, He is disposed to grant the petition asked. So that there are many reasons why we should pray for them, not the least of which, though it be not the noblest, is the fact that they can and do help immensely all

those who are mindful of their needs and prayerfully strive to alleviate them.

It is astonishing to find that even some of our librarians advocate the furnishing of yellow-back novels to those who want them, namely, the small boy, with his thirst for adventure all aquiver. The claim is made that any reading is better than no reading. A most absurd claim and one impossible of substantiation. A vitiated taste is the certain result of trashy reading and experience proves that it is not an easy matter to correct such a taste once formed. We concede that boys must have stories of adventure, for nothing else will interest the average boy of say twelve to fifteen years of age. But there are good, clean, wholesome stories of adventure and one need not open the noxious pools to slake the thirst of our mettlesome young Americans. Let us do all we can to foster a taste for reading in the young and let us even make reasonable concessions, but God forbid that we should poison the very wells from which we hope to draw.

The American Federation of Catholic Societies is astir and is making its organization felt. On the 10th of December a National Convention will be held in Cincinnati and it is more than probable that excellent results will come from it. The idea of federation is one concerning which much has been said and written both for and against.

But as to this, all must be agreed, that considering the spirit which dominates the organization under consideration, no one who has Catholic interests at heart, can consistently withhold his indorsement. In a circular letter issued by Fathers Lavelle and Wall, we find enumerated the special benefits, which it is hoped will flow from the federation. We reprint them here, expressing at the same time the earnest wish that they may all be realized in the fullest way:

First.—The pleasure and the profit of knowing, understanding and sympathizing with one another.

Second.—The facility of meeting in Convention, where, by friction of brain and interchange of expression, we may improve our plans of organization and enlarge our power of good.

Third.—Greater strength and dignity for every individual organization as a result of its membership in the Federation. (The strongest State in the Union, standing by itself, is an insignificant power, but as an integral part of the great American Republic, it has a part in shaping the destinies of the world.)

Fourth.—Wide advertisement of our various societies and their objects, with the consequent large increase of membership for all of them. Some of our most useful societies are known only in particular sections of the country, or only in large cities.

Fifth.—Opportunity to discuss those needs of our Catholic people who are not yet joined by associations of piety, charity and benevolence.

Sixth.—Promotion of the growth and spread of Catholic literature.

Seventh.—Refutation that will reach the whole body of the people of misunderstandings and calumnies, dogmatic, historical and inferential, which are so often uttered against the Church.

Eighth.—The impregnation of Catholics with horror for the dreadful doctrines of anarchy, one of whose dire results is that a great President has fallen by the assassin's hand, and the whole of our beloved country is buried to-day in grief.

Ninth.—Intensification of the spirit of patriotism in the hearts of all our co-religionists.

Tenth.—The social, civic and intellectual improvement of the whole Catholic body through the benefits derived by union among ourselves.

Eleventh.—The practical demonstration on a large scale to our separated brethren of what the Catholic Church really is, and the elimination from their minds of the bugaboo which they have sometimes mistaken her for.

Twelfth.—The gradual eradication of all the old-time unreasonable prejudices against the Church as a body and against Catholics as individuals—prejudices once so strong, and yet not entirely dead, as to have sometimes made our otherwise fair-minded fellow-countrymen allow us to be repressed and even, at least indirectly, deprived of some of our Constitutional rights.

### MAGAZINES.

As is to be expected the American Monthly Review of Reviews devotes much space in the October number to the consideration of the two characters now most engaging the attention of the American people, namely, the late President McKinley and his successor President Roosevelt. Walter Wellman's account of the late President's visit to Buffalo, of the awful tragedy enacted there, and of the nation's subsequent mourning, sums up all that has taken the daily papers weeks to bring before the public eye.

The article is written in an interesting manner and copiously illustrated. Henry Macfarland, in a short character sketch, pays a glowing tribute to the Christian charity and unselfishness of Mr. McKinley, the love of whose heart as he says, "took in all men, even his enemies," and "who was always serving in the spirit of Him Who came, not to be ministered unto but to minister and to give His life for many." The late President's address at Buffalo, his valedictory, as it were, to the American people, will be found in this

number of the magazine. So much has been printed about Mr. Roosevelt, both before and since his elevation to the Presidency that little new has been left to the author of the character sketch in the Review. The writer epitomizes the President's character in three words—"He is genuine." "Crispi: Italy's foremost statesman," by Giovanni della Vecchia, is the title of a paper in which the writer traces the career of the late Italian premier, a man whom he characterizes as having suffered much because he loved much.

In the Century for October Henry E. Howland has a paper on "The Practice of Law in New York." He gives a summary account of a lawyer's professional duties, and explains, in brief, the different court systems. He has endeavored to instruct the layman, and has purposely avoided technicalities. "The Man of Japan," by Mary Gay Humphreys, contains several short character sketches of leading Japanese. Milton Harlow Northrup refers to the disputed Hayes-Tilden election as "A Grave Crisis in American History." He claims that civil war was imminent, and were it not for the peaceable settlement brought about by the "Electoral Commission," the threatened danger would certainly have resulted. The accompanying resolution and notes taken at the time throw accurate light on the subject. Other good papers are: "Madam President and her Constituents," by Helen Churchill Candee; "A French Government School from the Inside," by John Mead Howells; and "Watching for the Enemy in the Spanish War," by John Russell Bartlett.

"The Undoing of William McKinley," the opening article in the October number of the Catholic World, is a bitter and scathing arraignment of the present method of secular education. Father Doyle points out in a forcible manner the dangerous consequences that are sure to follow the so-called freedom of the press and liberty of conscience. The assassination of President McKinley is the object lesson of his remarks. Charles DeKay in his article on "Christian Art" deplors the fact that our churches "fall below the quality we have a right to expect in the present age." He suggests as

a remedy that there be an art class in all our seminaries. "George H. Miles: A Sketch," by Rev. Thomas E. Cox is a tribute to a comparatively unknown and unrecognized poetic genius. Two other very interesting articles of the number are: "Leo XIII.'s Busy Holiday," by A. Diarista, and "The Scale of Perfection," by Rev. Joseph McSorley, C. S. P.

Donohoe's October issue made its appearance very attractive by the very appropriate frontispiece "President McKinley." "The Prelates' Tribute to the Late President," shows the respect and honor the Catholic Church always pays to those who "hold their power from God," and consequently is ever obedient to such power—likewise the first fully to appreciate the good, the noble, the true; the foremost "to crush the serpent of anarchy," if necessary, and the only teaching body whose inherent principles and teachings can oppose and crush, if they be but obeyed, the evil influences which caused our present shame and disgrace. "The Queen of France," takes us back to earlier days when Jesus Christ preached "Blessed are the poor." "Lucina's Ascension Robe," "The Monasteries of Subiaco," "International Exhibition for Ireland," will suit a variety of readers. "Bossuet's Relation to Modern Thought" is briefly but well treated. "Literary Critics and Criticisms," is an article true to the letter and well worth remembering.

In the St. Anthony's Monthly for August, there is a contribution of uncommon cleverness. It is written by Miss Dora Nell Green, a girl of scarcely fifteen years of age. It is the story of a "Little Grain of Wheat," and may be said to be an expansion of the idea suggested in the well-known parable. The train of thought and the applications made are apt and striking and show the young authoress to be gifted in no mean way. The language is good, sinning only in the defects inseparable from youth. We trust that Miss Green will be encouraged to make further efforts in this direction. The cause of Catholic literature is a noble one and well worthy of the consecration of the noblest talents.

To the October Lippincott R. V. Risley contributes the complete novel, "The Anvil." Unique in its hero-philosopher—it abounds in the pithy thought and terse expression peculiar to philosophy. "Titled Author of the Thirteenth Century," by Austin Dobson is a taking subject written in a chatty style. Paul Laurence Dunbar

adds another story to his entertaining series of Ohio Pastorals. "Friendship," by Louis Zangwill, a frequent contributor to this periodical, portrays the affectionate relationship of two worthy men—a relationship often seen and admired. "Bulbs: How to Grow Them," "Petticoat Politics," and some good poetry complete this number.

### BOOKS.

"Spirago's Method of Christian Doctrine—A Manual for Priests, Teachers and Parents." Benziger Bros. \$1.50 net.

Father Spirago's name is too well known to require an introduction. His excellent work entitled "The Catechism Explained" is well and favorably known and has done much to instruct both teachers and students of religious truths. In the present work he devotes himself to an explanation of how religion should be taught. He knows whereof he speaks, for by experience and a careful study of the matter he has discovered the best method for the best results. The preface is by the editor, the Right Rev. S. G. Messmer, Bishop of Green Bay, Wisconsin, and his concluding words will bear repetition: "In sending forth this little volume our ardent desire is that it may be another help to priests and laymen engaged in the ministry of catechizing and that Spirago's Method may, by the blessing of God, do as much good for immortal souls as Spirago's Catechism has done and is still doing."

"First Confession," by Mother M. Loyola. Benziger Bros. 40 cents net.

Mother Loyola's name is becoming one that in itself is an endorsement of every book over which it appears. Not so long ago her delightful and unctious little volume on the Blessed Sacrament appeared and served to kindle in the hearts of many a greater love for the Emanuel, "the God with us." Now we have the booklet under present consideration, a thorough, systematic and clear explanation of what confession means and how the child should be prepared for its first appearance at the tribunal of penance. The importance of good instruction on this point can not be over-estimated. A careful use of Mother Loyola's work will be productive of the best results.

"Forgive us our Trespases," or "Talks Before Confession," by Mother M. Loyola. Benziger Bros. 55 cents net.

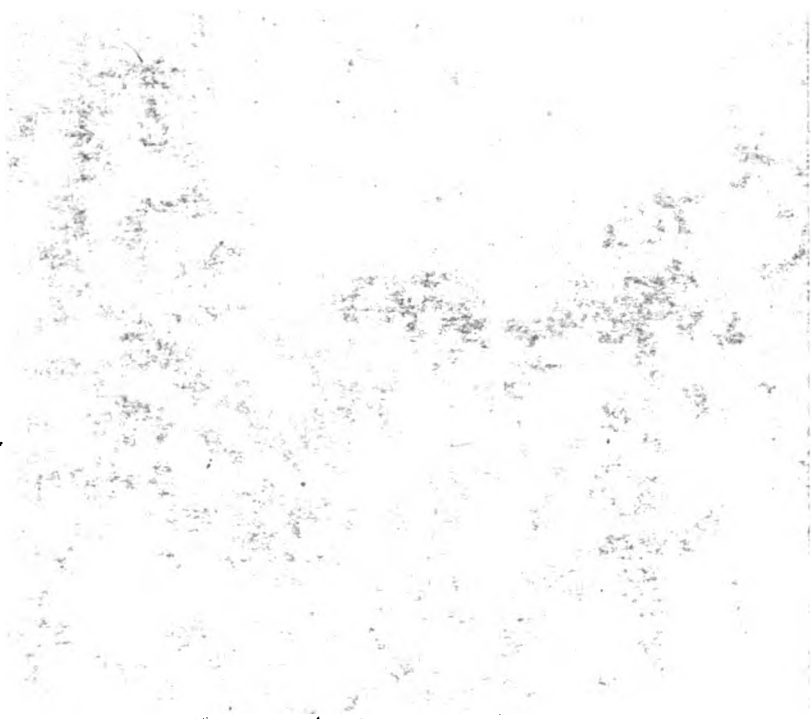
A supplementary work is this one, to the one above noted and its aim is to help children to fill their minds with thoughts conducive to the making of confession in the proper spirit and frame of mind. In clear, simple style are many Gospel stories, bearing on confession, expanded and expounded. While the book is intended for the little ones it need not be spurned by those of older years.

"St. Dominic's Hymn Book." R. & T. Washburn, London. Benziger Bros. American Agents.

An excellent collection of hymns is this, containing not only the hymns of St. Dominic and the other saints of his order, but as well those that are in common use in the Church. It will be found useful especially to members of parishes under the charge of the Dominican Fathers. As an addition there is given the office of Compline according to the Dominican Rite.

"Roads to Rome." Longmans, Green & Co., Agents.

This is a most interesting collection of the stories of the conversion of some sixty-five men and women, all of whom found the way to Rome from Protestantism. The story of each is succinctly told, and a comparison of how the light of faith broke upon them, to one in this fashion, and to another in another, is of surpassing interest. Nor is it without its instruction. It should have the effect of making Catholics appreciate more and more the worth of their heritage, and to those groping in doubt or vacillating from want of courage it will bring the needed light and courage. The book is introduced by His Eminence, Herbert, Cardinal Vaughan.

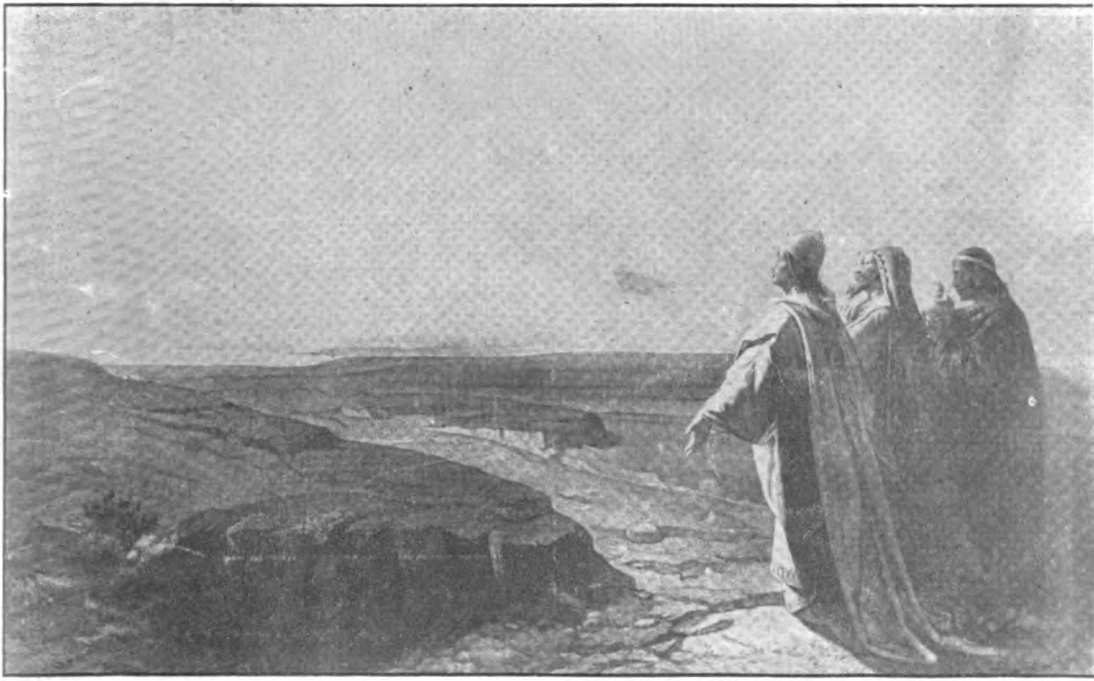






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# THE ROSARY MAGAZINE.



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# The Rosary Magazine

Vol. XIX.

DECEMBER, 1901.

No. 6

SNOW.

J. J. K.

H

AIL, Manna, hail! Food of other days:  
The desert earth's thy nursling now,  
Thy promised land of praise.

Faithful 'twill be in rain or shine,  
Nor murmur nor complain until  
Its fruits proclaim it's thine.

Israel! wert thou a child like this  
Each flake had been to thee a joy,  
A loving, holy kiss.

But thou didst pout and thou didst whine  
Till Nature's babe sent forth its sigh—  
"Sweet Food, henceforth be wine!"

## CHRISTMAS IN FRANCE.

A. B.

O nuit, heureuse nuit,  
Tant de fois desiree,  
Nuit où le soleil luit  
Plus clair qu'en la journée.

Blessed night, oh happy night,  
Night for which we oft did pray,  
Night on which the sun shone bright,  
Brighter than it shone by day.

—Old French Christmas rhyme.



HERE was a time, when, probably, in no country in the world, the bells of Christmas rang more joyously and announced more happiness than they did on the fertile plains of France, the kingdom of Clovis and of Saint Louis. For, of all the days in the year, Christmas day meant more to the French people than it did to any other nation. It was on Christmas day that the founder of the old French monarchy, Clovis the warlike Sicambrian, was baptized in the church of Rheims by St. Remi, and thus gave birth to the new Christian realm of the west which was to become famous as the eldest daughter of the Church and which its proud chevaliers often called the most beautiful kingdom after that of heaven. During the middle ages, the people generally celebrated Christmas day in this sentiment, as for them it represented both the birth of the Blessed Saviour and the foundation of their kingdom, in those days certainly the first, the noblest and the most chivalric Christian kingdom on earth.

In the middle ages, as may be seen from numberless curious documents, the celebration of Christmas centered around the religious ceremonies devised with such poetic tact by the Catholic Church, and the population of France streamed joyously to the parish churches, convent chapel or private sanctuary attached to the chateaux of the nobles. On that day the barons and vassals not

only worshipped side by side, but joined in a common feast of merriment. The vassals were allowed to enter the great festive halls of the nobles and there they amused themselves, the daughter of the crusader, duke or count, mingling freely with the simple miller's maid of the village. Good cheer was offered to all either of fine Burgundy wines, Norman cider or ale according to the region. For all the children of France, the day of the birth of the Divine Child was the day of the birth of Christianity and of France, a day of joy and consolation when the human family was again united, for from the fountains of Bethlehem flowed the waters of life which heal our wounds and alleviate our sufferings.

Among the most distinctive features of the celebration of Christmas in France, is the custom of singing certain rhymes which are called noels, or Christmas ditties. The origin of these popular songs or carols may be traced as far back as the tenth century, at a time when the people lost the use of Latin and the vulgar language began to hold sway. For this reason we find some of the old noels still half Latin and half French, as for example the following :

Celebrons la naissance  
Nostri Salvatoris  
Qui fait la complaisance  
Dei sui Patris.

The people relished this mixture of Latin and vulgar French to such an extent that many of the noels sung up to the time of Louis XIV. were of that description and were called noels farcis, or assorted Christmas carols. Most of these simple rhymes referred to the birth of Christ; it was either St. Joseph looking for a place of shelter for the Virgin and the Divine Child, going from door to door and getting a refusal everywhere, or else it was the Divine Child stretched on a handful of straw and receiving the homage of angels, kings, shepherds and animals.

Weeks, and even months before the great day, artisans, apprentices and the people generally prepared to brush up their acquaintances with these old songs and learned whatever new ones had been invented and popularized. Then on Christmas night they were sung in the house, or on the way to the church to midnight Mass. Apprentices and others who had no particular home would dress up in strange costumes and with baskets or bags, would make the round of the village or town and sing a number of verses before the houses of the more wealthy villagers. When they arrived in front of



THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. CLOUD.

It is the custom in many villages in the Vosges for children to distribute bread to the birds on Christmas morning.

a house selected by them on Christmas eve, they would first give three knocks to know if any one was there. The master of the house would give three knocks in response and then the singing of the noel by the young men outside would begin, either in unison or in different voices. The effect of these simple hymns in honor of the birth of Christ sung in the crisp midnight air under a clear sky of Normandy or Provence was poetic and charming and hard would be the heart that could hear them and not feel a vibration as of something supernatural and divine, which had come to bring peace and joy to men. When the visitors had finished their song the master of the house would open and invite them in to partake of as many good things as he could pile up on the large family table. The

young men whose task it was collect offerings either for themselves or the poor would then approach the mistress of the house and beg a gift "In the name of the Virgin," to which she would reply by throwing into their baskets nuts, grapes, apples, eggs and a good chicken or goose, accompanying her gift with the words: "Pour l' amour de Jesus," "for the love of Jesus."

In more modern times the Christmas canticles became a little more artistic, the dialogues more ingenious and vivid and some of the greatest composers of the Church invented the simple melodies which even at the present day are models of sweetness and sublimity. The most famous of the composers of noels was Saboly, who is called the king of noelists. Many of his verses are written in his native patois of the South and are extremely touching when sung by rude peasants and unsophisticated villagers. The latter find their greatest delight in the singing of the canticles on Christmas day and vie with each other in forming groups where those with the best voices distinguish themselves and are proud of the applause of their rustic audience. Christmas-tide in France lasts from the vigil of the feast to the Purification of the Virgin Mary on the 2d of February and during all that time the singing of the noels continued.

Another popular way of celebrating Christmas was that of singing pastorales which consisted of a set play in which young men and little girls sang and acted certain parts which were supposed to represent certain scenes connected with the birth of our Saviour. The crib invented by St. Francis of Assisi and which has become a world-wide mode of celebrating Christmas, also spread at an early date over France and it was generally before the crib that the most solemn pastorage was sung and acted. The young boys and maidens selected for that purpose and who had prepared their parts long beforehand would assemble in the village church before the crib on Christmas night. There in the presence of the cure and the whole village assembled in the church, the naive and touching dialogues would be recited or sung alternately by the boys and girls, the former dressed in their best clothes and the latter in spotless white. In the course of time many additions were made to these simple representations; sometimes grown-up men would represent the shepherds, dogs would be allowed to appear on the scene, and young lambs would also be led into the church or carried on the backs of the supposed or real shepherds. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when these pastorales were



at their height the people took an intense interest in them as they appealed to all their noblest sentiments. They embodied the most charming thoughts of religion, the most exquisite beauties of art and constituted the delight of the rustics and peasantry of France, a delight perhaps far more sincere than that enjoyed by the frequenters of the most elaborate modern theatre or opera ; young and old, rich and poor, the learned and the ignorant could all appreciate the artistic beauties of a *pastorale* represented in a simple village church and there was no need of any special education or refined culture in order to enable the spectator to appreciate them.

The play very often had an air of local realism that appealed to the hearts of the spectators more than if it had been crowded with historically true and learned things about antiquity and oriental scenery, as may be instanced in one of the most popular *pastorales* acted in the Dauphine. According to the songs and dialogues, night arrives ; the Virgin and her gentle husband are represented as going through the streets of Bethlehem as if it were a village in France. St. Joseph goes from inn to inn, and all of them have French names, such as the inn of the Grand-Dauphin, that of the Trois Couronnes, Table Ronde, La Montagne, etc., and at each inn the patron appears and in good patois tells St. Joseph that he has no place for him. At last St. Joseph, finding it difficult to go through the village without a light, approached the shop of an old woman who is a merchant of candles. She is represented as a good old French saleswoman of petty goods and declares that she only sells at a fixed price :

C' est un prix fait que six sols,  
Sans en abattre une obole etc.

(The price is fixed at but six sous  
Without a farthing less for you, etc.)

But St. Joseph explains his sad plight to her, and then the good old woman's heart softens, she is the only one in the village who has shown him any sympathy, and, though she declares that she cannot lodge Joseph, she informs him where he will find a comfortable grotto of shepherds under whose shelter he may spend the night. In addition she not only gives him a candle for nothing but also a few bits of wood with which to light a fire and to warm his fingers when he arrived at the grotto. She says :

De bon coeur je vous le donne ;  
Je vous donne aussi ce bois,  
Pour chauffer un peu vos doigts.

With all my heart I give you this ;  
I'll also give you wood besides  
To warm your fingers and your bride's.

At this scene of the compassionate old woman the whole rustic assemblage would break out into applause and it shows that they appreciated in the fulness of their hearts this lesson of human sympathy and charity. It is not therefore astonishing that the Christmas pastorate enacted in every burgh, village and town of France excited the enthusiasm of the masses, that they looked forward to these midnight spectacles with intense longing, and that all, without exception, the high and the low, saw in them the embodiment of the year's joys and hopes, the delight of the young and the comfort of the aged, and that all who could make their way to the church on Christmas and the following nights till the festival of the Three Kings made it a point to be present and to witness these charming pageants.

From the fourteenth century, when midnight Masses began to be generally in vogue till the end of the eighteenth century when



THE PARDON IN BRETAGNE ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

It was an old custom for the people on leaving the church on Christmas morning to salute those with whom they had disputes, and for families at enmity to become reconciled. In some places regular public meetings and processions have been established, called *processions du pardon*.

the French Revolution came to crush out of existence many of these delightful religious customs, the people spent almost the whole night without thinking of sleep. The midnight Mass was the central ceremony around which all the others were grouped. None would deprive themselves of being present at that Mass, when the organ would peal forth at its best, when the introits and offertories were made to alternate with charming snatches of popular noels and the *Adeste Fidelis*, sung according to a popular melody introduced from Portugal, was repeated again and again and filled the congregation with all that is most ethereal and holy in religious belief and in poetic sentiment. It was generally before the midnight Mass that the representation of the *pastorale* took place, but it continued often every night until the feast of the Three Kings, when these were added to the other personages of the drama.

After the French Revolution few of these *pastorales* survived. They continued to be represented in remote towns and villages far from the great popular centres, but at the present time it is rare to find them anywhere. The modern spirit of scepticism and indifference has penetrated the masses and even in Bretagne, the most famous Catholic province of France, few of these old customs remain. The Bretons, however, were noted for the innumerable fanciful tales and strange popular beliefs about Christmas. Even to this day one would be but little beholden to the old Breton matrons if he expressed the slightest doubt concerning some of their traditions. Christmas time is the time when they recount the most extravagant and blood-stirring tales about spirits, fairies, elves and other imaginary creations to the young generation. They firmly believe that when the midnight tolls on the 25th of December all the spirits of the departed return to earth, the good and the bad, coming alike to do homage to the new-born Saviour. Whilst they recite these old tales the doors and windows are securely fastened and the household gathers closely round the burning hearth. It is then that they say the old kings of *Korigan* return to their native woods of *Armorica* with their heavy battle axes and accompanied by their dragons which guard their hidden treasures. In the marshes and along the rivers the man-wolf, the skeleton horse and Jack, the big round-head, would be seen by anyone who would venture near those places. One might also be unexpectedly treated to a vision of the chariot of the black cat in the air, the damned would move their tombstones in the cemeteries and ask the prayers of the passer-by, the drowned would come out of the sea and wander lost along

the beach, and the old masters of witchcraft and witches would return to the woods to light their nocturnal fires and terrify the lag-gard who did not arrive at the church in time.

One of the customs which added greatly to the joy of this popular celebration in the north of France was the preparation of a certain cake called Christmas cake, or *coquille*. The *coquille* was intended specially for the children and the parents placed them secretly on or near the couches of the little ones early on Christmas morning and they were supposed to represent the Christmas gift of the Infant Jesus to all little children. Further South, in the Eure and Loire, the cakes took the form of different animals and horsemen and were called *coquelin*. In Lorraine the same cakes were distributed and traces of the custom may be found also in Normandy and in the Upper Alps. In the latter district, Christmas is the day of reunion for all the families and the different members often make long journeys in order to be with their own on that day. For centuries past it has been a time of extreme hospitality and a curse was supposed to fall on any one who would not shelter a traveller on his way to rejoin his family for the great celebration of Christmas day.

Among the old customs still surviving at the present day in that region is the practice of using only candles to light up the house. For this purpose every housewife goes to the candle-fair held on the day previous and buys the necessary candles for the Christmas feast. When Christmas comes all oil lamps are put out and the houses are illuminated only with candles in honor of the birth of Christ the Light of the world.

In the Upper Alps it is also the custom of eating a special Christmas supper after the midnight Mass, and it is preceded by a special soup called *des sazones*, or the soup of crackers. The head of the family takes a glass and fills it with wine and then tastes it to the health of every member of the household; after this the glass is handed round and each one present also tastes the wine. At the end of the repast the same ceremony is repeated and then all the absent or those who have passed to spend their Christmas in heaven are recalled. This ceremony gives occasion, sometimes, to very touching scenes when the bereaved husband and father recalls to the memory of his children the virtues of his beloved wife, their mother; and vice versa, the children recall the memory of their beloved parents, but all is mingled, transformed and ennobled by the joy of the great Christmas celebration and the birth of the Infant Jesus is recalled as the balm for all human sorrows.

In the South of France a similar family feast was observed from time immemorial on Christmas day. In the evening all the members assembled and it was obligatory on that evening to forget any quarrels or animosities of the year and it was by preeminence the day of reconciliation. It was thus often the occasion of agreeable surprises; brothers and sisters who may have had disputes with each other and lived apart for some time might suddenly be reunited and the reconciliation of the family would add to the general joy of Christmas day.

In the country near Marseilles, as well as in nearly all the South of France there was in olden times the custom of partaking of the Gros Souper, or fat supper after the midnight Mass, or sometimes before it. As it was still the vigil of Christmas, like good faithful children of the Church, the people abstained from eating meat, and instead of stuffed goose or turkey they prepared an appetizing dish of codfish with white sauce. On Christmas night a more solemn ceremony took place. Parents and grandparents would assemble their children and grandchildren around their board and before the fire-place where a great log of wood was burning, called *lou-cacho-fio*, they sang some noels or verses from the most popular pastorales. The head of the family would open a bottle of the best old wine and pour some of it over the burning log, pronouncing at the same time the following verses:

Adiou Eve, adiou Adam,  
Que Diou nous adigue un bouen an

Good-by Adam, good-by Eve,  
A happy year may God us give.

After this solemn ceremony all the family would partake of a glass of wine and drink to the health and prosperity of all its members in honor of the Infant Jesus, the Saviour of the world.

In Bourgoigne it has been the custom from time immemorial for minstrels to go through the villages at Christmas-tide singing old noels to the accompaniment of their violins in honor of the "Fi Dei," Son of God. The noels are all in the native patois and of a touching simplicity. In Normandy, during the hours before midnight, the poor have the right of besieging the chateaux and houses of the rich for *aguignettes* or Christmas gifts and sometimes they may be seen in troupes going from house to house and chanting pious couplets taken from old noels or pastorales. In the centre of France these groups have the habit of dressing themselves up in various



**A POPULAR PICTURE OF THE NATIVITY IN THE NORTH OF FRANCE.**

fanciful costumes and a set rhyme of twenty-six couplets is chanted by them as they go from village to village in the clear, brisk night air which adds not a little to the strangeness of this antique custom.

In modern times the celebration of Christmas has rather declined in large towns. The different parish priests, of course, have the midnight or early Mass but they are not so frequented as they were formerly and do not excite such emulation among the people. According as the old spirit of piety is replaced by modern indifference or scepticism the religious side of Christmas loses its attraction and the inhabitants of the large towns incline more and more to substituting worldly rejoicing and feasting to the old-fashioned religious customs. For some time in Paris and other large cities Christmas eve was the occasion of a great public and private celebration called *reveillon* and which consisted principally in partaking of a great banquet and promenading the streets afterwards to look at processions of men and women dressed in fanciful costumes, treating the public to various musical improvisations of the bacchanalian type. The petty venders obtained permission from the authorities to establish small barracks or kiosques in the boulevards of the great cities where among toys of all descriptions little figures of shepherds, saints and angels were sold. These figures are called *santous* and came originally from Marseilles where they had been introduced from Italy. In Paris it is still the custom for the best singers of the world-famous opera to treat the religious public to a hearing of their voices in the great central church of St. Pancrace during the midnight Mass. The church is then crowded not only by the public but also by all the high functionaries who are still so far imbued with religious sentiments as not to refuse to be present at a religious celebration when it is seasoned by the best musical talent that the great capital can furnish. It is needless to say that the boulevards of Paris present an animated sight on Christmas night; from the church of the Madeleine to the Bastille over a distance of more than three miles, the great thoroughfares of the French metropolis are lined by small Christmas huts in which venders of all the recent inventions in toys and other knick-knacks are installed and the population comes out in masses to promenade along the avenues and see the Christmas novelties. The boulevards then present a sight which is long remembered by the stranger who sees them for the first time. High and low, rich and poor elbow each other; thousands and tens of thousands of people crowd into the middle of the streets making it impossible for carriages to circulate; hautboys, flutes, fiddles, bagpipes, trombones and every

conceivable musical instrument of cheap construction is brought out and their sounds are mingled with strange songs and couplets, creating a din and uproar which resembles the hoyden festivities of carnival far more than the joyous celebration of Christmas.

How far more touching after all is the celebration of Christmas by the peasants of the centre and other provinces of France where the ancient pious fervor is not yet altogether extinct! What can be more charming in its rustic simplicity than the country people setting out half an hour before midnight to assist at the Mass celebrated in the village church! They often come from great distances, marching for leagues over the snow and ice, chanting snatches here and there of old Christmas rhymes forgotten by the people of the great towns. They come out of their poor, isolated farmhouses and unite in groups on the road, and as they go joyously along their numbers increase and from far they salute the merry bells of the village church, inviting them to hear the good message of glory to God and peace on earth to men of good will. On their return to their homes the family gathers round the hearth to eat a rustic supper and to prepare for the feast of the following day when all will have a joyous holiday, friends visiting friends, going about to comfort the sick and to reconcile families and sing the few popular Christmas hymns to which they still cling with fervor in spite of the changes brought on by wars and revolutions. Christmas with them is still the great feast of the Church and their purest joy is to visit the crib of the village church and to adore the Infant Jesus in their simple hearts, "in spirit and in truth."

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## THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

MARGARET E. JORDAN.

Oh! have you heard the legend sweet  
Of the meek and lowly fir tree,  
And how it was chosen beside the crib  
Of the blessed Christ-Child to be,  
The while the centuries come and go,  
In the land of sun and the land of snow?

'Tis in the earliest Christmas-tide  
The story sweet begins;  
When the Holy Babe is really on earth  
The tree its glory wins;  
Because it is meek and lowly like Him  
It gains the favor of seraphim.



Three trees stood on that Christmas night  
So near the stable bare,  
That they could look through the portal wide  
And see the Christ-Child there:  
A palm as stately as e'er could be,  
And a sweet, sweet smelling olive tree.

The third? 'Twas oh! such a little thing,—  
But a meek and lowly fir.  
Said the palm to the olive, without a glance  
Of friendliness at her,  
"Let us the new-born King adore  
And at His feet our gifts outpour."

"Let me join you," said the little fir;  
But they smiled in cold disdain;  
And their cruel words smote her tender heart  
With such a keen, deep pain:  
"What gift have you for the new-born King?"  
She wept sad tears,—poor lowly thing!

"You have nothing but prickly points,—  
Your tears, pray, what are they?  
Ill smelling drops of rosin! Fie!  
No gift have you to lay  
At the crib where the Holy Infant sleeps  
And Mary, with Joseph, fond vigil keeps."

Behold! An angel with glowing heart  
Guarding the Christ-Child there  
Heard, and saw what was passing near;  
And took beneath his care  
The poor little trembling, weeping fir,  
That yearned to the Babe to minister.

The stable grew sweet as the olive dropped  
Her fragrant ointment down;  
The palm outspread at the feet of the Babe  
The finest leaf of her crown;  
"In the summer heat a fan it will be,"  
She whispered, "Dear Child, to comfort Thee."

The poor little fir in her own sad heart  
Then breathed in accents mild:  
"They are right; and I am too poor to go  
Even near to the Holy Child."  
And, without a shadow of envy, she  
Just gazed on the Babe—how wistfully!

Then did the shining angel speak  
To the poor little humble tree:  
"Because of thy guileless modesty  
I will have pity on thee;  
Lo! I'll adorn thee till thou art far  
More beautiful than thy sisters are."

Then the pitying eyes of the angel turned  
To the star-gemmed midnight sky;  
And his holy hands made a beckoning sign  
To the golden lights on high;  
And the twinkling stars flocked down to earth  
That blessed night of the Saviour's birth.

And lo! as they came they rested all  
On the boughs of the lowly fir;  
And the Christ-Child woke, and He reached his arms  
Out lovingly towards her;  
But He cast no look on the leaf of palm;  
No thought on the olive's fragrant balm.

The fir tree in her golden sheen  
Took not a thought of pride,  
But strove to share her glorious light  
With her sisters by her side;  
The Christ-Child smiled on the happy fir,—  
His smile was light of heaven to her.

Then the angel spoke: "Because thy heart  
No rancor held to-night,  
Lo! men each passing year shall deck  
Thy boughs with golden light,  
And thou shalt have the power to make  
Hearts happy for the Christ-Child's sake."



ANDREA DELLA ROBBIÀ,  
MADONNA AND CHILD  
WITH SAINTS,  
CATHEDRAL OF PRATO.



LUCA DELLA ROBBIÀ,  
MADONNA AND CHILD  
WITH ANGELS, VIA  
DELL' AGNOLO,  
FLORENCE.

## CHRISTMAS IN A LIGHT-HOUSE.

From the French of Alphonse Daudet.

GRACE TAMAGNO.



AFTER an illness caused by overwork, some years ago, the doctors having prescribed complete rest for me, I bethought me of the warm sunshine and bright orange groves of Ajaccio.

Perchance they have changed their habits recently, but at the time of my visit to Corsica, the sole occupation of its inhabitants appeared to be gambling. The shepherd boys guarding their flocks on the neighboring hills would wager their pipe for a pen-knife—at the street corners, the cigarette girls wasted their short luncheon time playing cards. And in the natural order of things, we of the “intelligent class” betook ourselves to the numerous clubs and spent daylight and dark at roulette or baccarat.

One night, having been utterly deserted by the fickle goddess, I left the card-room and stood looking through a window which commanded a view of the ocean. And, full of remorse for the time I had been worse than wasting, I began speculating upon the uncertainties of the future which seemed to be as obscure as the billows which I could hear but not see, and as the abyss of heaven which was occasionally lighted by the rays of a light-house out toward sea.

Suddenly I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder, while a voice said laughingly:

“Well, gentleman from the main-land, what do you see through that window which so interests you?”

“I’m looking out toward the light-house and thinking that had I been spending my time there, I’d—”

“Have gotten your writing done, and not lost your money?”

“Yes.”

“Should you like to visit it?”

“Indeed I should!”

“Very well, then. The Sanguinaires light-house is in my Light-House Inspection district, and there’s a little room in the tower, kept

for my use when I go over on government duty. Consider it yours, for as long as you care to remain. By the way, the supply boat goes to-morrow; go over in it, and I will give you a letter to the keeper. In ten days the tender will return to the light-house, as it makes the trip three times a month. If you have had sufficient solitude, you can come back to us, otherwise stay as long as you like."

Early the following morning I embarked with my luggage upon the launch, which was the only means that they in the Sanguinaires had of communicating with the rest of the world. On the day of my arrival the weather was fair, but before the end of the week a strong tramontane wind set in, and kept the sea in such an uproar that the little tender could not make a landing, and so willy-nilly I was an inhabitant of the island for more than a month.

Though years have passed since my Corsican trip, I can still recall the group of red rocks, which from their vivid color had caused this reef to be named the Sanguinaires. On the highest of these was built the light-house, and as we approached in our little launch, I saw three moving objects—which I at first mistook for gulls, hopping from rock to rock, but which subsequently developed into three keepers of the light. I gave my letter to the chief keeper, a little black-bearded man whom my visit seemed to stupify. They at first were in dread of an inspection, but when they learned that the mysterious visitor intended to remain, and that it would be necessary to give him the chamber of honor, their uneasiness was increased.

For the first few days they regarded me with distrust. My meals were served in my room which was quite spacious and substantially furnished and had windows in three sides. But as the tramontane raged during my entire stay, the shutters of two of them had to be kept tight closed and so I depended upon one alone for my light and view. But these solitary meals were so very gloomy that I asked the keepers if I might dine with them. I had brought a good stock of provisions and they were supplied with dried beans, peas and fresh fish which Trophine, the Provençal, caught daily. So after our first meal together, the acquaintance was made.

Three distinct types of men, with a single trait in common; hatred. Strange that they should all three hate each other! Upon the day of my arrival I had brought some writing materials, and begun some verse which I left upon my table. That evening the chief keeper said to me: "Do not leave anything lying about, you cannot trust my comrades." Bertolo gave me the same advice, and

old Trophine, with a smile like Iago's cautioned me to carry the key of my room around my neck. Yet he it was who appeared the most rational of the three. He had bright but soft eyes like a lizard's and a little, pointed, white beard which went up and down as he sang his little Provencal ditties. Then, too, he was an excellent cook and had nets for fish, and snares for birds, and regularly made the circuit of the island, to see if the waves had cast up any treasure which might prove useful in his frugal "cuisine." There is a legend of a certain barrel of spirits—and Trophine was resolved to be the discoverer of the next one.

With the exception of their regular duties the other two had no occupations. They were gentlemen functionaries of the government, who considered it beneath their dignity to do any sort of work, except that for which they had been appointed. For a whole morning they sat playing "scopa," their particular form of card-fever. When not at play, they sat and ruminated over schemes to hurt their Provencal comrade. Their ardent, vindictive natures were developed, by this solitary life, into a sombreness of soul, remarkable, even for a Corsican, and goodness knows, there was no lack of time to work up their vendettas.

Dinelli, the chief, who had "once thought of becoming a priest," was the only one who could read. But the light-house library was not extensive, consisting of a volume of Plutarch's lives, which the poor man had read constantly for years, and whose heroes he pictured to himself as dressed in the style of the men of Alexander Dumas, with huge wigs and trailing rapiers. He always read at night when on duty in the tower, and the only subjects upon which I ever found him communicative were the deeds of Cato or Demetrius. His conversation was beyond my depth, so I preferred fishing with old Trophine, or exploring the rocks until I was summoned by the dinner-horn. Sometimes we heard the siren of a steamer on her way across the Atlantic, but, although our lamp caused us to be seen, we were too shut in by the mist to see anything passing. Our fresh supplies having given out, we were living on sea rations, of which there was a six months' supply. But the thing which was long since exhausted was a topic of interest. There was absolutely nothing to say to each other. I had told all that I had ever read of Cato and Demetrius. I knew by heart all the history of the bandits Quastana and Bellacoscia which Bartolo loved to recount. Quite animated at first, our meals had become silent, and gloomy as the weather. The hatreds of my companions were developing in

me. I could not endure one of these because he came to table with dirty hands, and another because his manner of eating reminded me of a goat browsing. So I, too, had become infected with the fever of hate that raged about me!

One day at dinner it was particularly lugubrious. We had not exchanged ten words, but what bitter regards! And it was the day before Christmas, the time of the gayest feast of the whole year. To say that I regretted even the Club of Ajaccio, would be but faintly to denote my loneliness. In my fit of melancholy I began to compose my epitaph, in case that the tramontane would survive my powers of endurance, and I should die a lingering death. Then I heard steps on the stairway outside my door, leading up to the light, and in a moment the Sanguinaires shot forth our sole Christmas illumination!

I opened my door to get my lamp which was always set on a stand which also held the "log-book" of the watchmen, and as I turned to re-enter, I heard, despite the lashing of the waves against the rocks, and the howling of the winds, a cheerful gavotte, and the words of an old Christmas song of my early Provencal days, beginning:

"And behold now the Moorish king,  
Trembling with all his might."

I crept quietly down stairs and noiselessly opened the door of the kitchen. It was large, with rough cement walls and a black and white stone floor like a checker-board, lighted by a single window toward the only protected quarter, the South. Sitting before the hearth, his two hands on his knees, his little goat beard held in his hands, sat Trophine.

"Well, sir," he said, somewhat shame-facedly at being discovered, "after all it is Christmas time. You come from Provence, so you know what a place this holds in our calendar. And when one's alone at such times one thinks of the wife and children."

"So, Trophine, you are a married man!"

This was all the old fellow needed to start him telling his history. He had been married for twenty-five years to a widow who had had a little boy by her first husband. For years he had been keeper of the Faraman light which was near his home of Saintes-Maries in Provence. They would have never left that beautiful country, but behold the little boy grown to be a man and married to a Corsican girl and settled at Ajaccio. So Trophine had himself



transferred to the Sanguinaires where his wife came with him, for at that time the keepers' families lived at the light-house.

"You must have been much happier then!" The old man was pacing up and down the kitchen excitedly.

"Happier! A terrible time, which only lasted two years, otherwise we would have gone crazy. You have seen for yourself, sir, that even honest men, living out on this island cannot get along together. Why is it? What evil spell lies in these rocks? But at least men can keep silent, so that they can do their work, but the women, nothing restrains them! So as not to interfere with the light-house duties, we had installed ours on the ground floor where they could be comfortable, and each one had a little garden space fenced in. But oh, the life that they led down there! My wife, the only Frenchwoman, had to hold her own against the other two Corsicans who hated her because she kept her house so tidy and her linens white, which she dried on cords stretched across our yard. The others were too lazy to do this, yet they could not look on with indifference at her neat ways. She also raised a few chickens, which the Corsican children stoned to death, until she gave them up. And yet we were good to the little ones, for we had no children of our own. When behold, after fifteen years, our little girl came, but neither of those two women would do anything to help my wife while she was ill, nor so much as looked at our baby. But fortunately He who was born in a stable on Christmas, looked out for us, and now our little girl is ten years old and brought up in good Provençal style. At this very minute, I suppose, she is getting ready in Ajaccio, for the midnight Mass, and then when they return they will light the Christmas-tree and sit down to a nice supper. It is of that I was thinking while I sat here alone."

Here the old keeper, who had not ceased pacing up and down, stopped suddenly, and gazed fixedly into the fire. He had quite forgotten me. He was at Ajaccio with his wife and child, while I was left to meditate upon the frenzy of hatred which overtook everybody on this island—for had I not fallen a victim to it, too? Eleven o'clock struck by the large clock in the tower, and there was a sound of heavy footsteps coming down the stairway and of sleepy ones going up. The watch was being relieved. The kitchen door opened and Bartolo entered on his way up to the light. He took a drink from the faucet and eyed us distrustfully. His eyes said plainly: "What are those two plotting, sitting there in the dark?" Then wiping his mouth on his sleeve, he picked up the lamp and his pipe,

which he laid upon the table, saying, "Good-night, Frenchmen," in a surly voice. Then Dinelli came in to sign his observations in the register, and left us without any greeting at all, and double-locked his door. Now that everything was quiet, Trophine came up to me with his finger upon his lips, and a gay twinkle in his old eyes, while his little goat beard shook with suppressed merriment.

"Now we shall light our Christmas branch, as they say in our country. He climbed out of the window, which on that floor was on a level with the outside rocks, and returned shortly with a branch of evergreen. Then he opened the cupboard and brought out three large candles, glasses, a bottle of wine, and a loaf of Christmas cake with aniseed, baked for the occasion. All the while he kept up his pantomime of mystery which amused me greatly.

By this time the loaf was cut and put upon a plate, the wine was in our glasses and sparkling in the candle-light.

"Wait a minute," said Seraphine, seizing my arm as I raised my glass to my lips. He took a sprig of evergreen which he had twisted to a shape slightly resembling a star. He threw it into the fire, repeating one of our Provencal couplets:

"Burn light, burn bright,  
May Our Saviour bless this night."

Then we could drink our wine.

"Now, sir, we must sing the song of the Three Kings," he said, as we emptied our glasses, and he began the song which my entrance into the kitchen had disturbed. It described the journey of the three Magi as it was understood by the simple peasants of Southern France. It told of their talk with Herod, their again finding the star, and then the visit to the Saviour, where "the Moorish king, trembling with all his might" proffers to the King his tribute of gold, which is followed by the others' gifts of frankincense and myrrh. Joseph bids them "enter without ceremony to see the Lord Who expects them, and this quaint old ditty ends with the telling how it was not the coldness of the weather, but the coldness of men's hearts, not His humble surroundings, but sin's universal empire, that so chilled the Infant Saviour. Then our glasses were filled and we sang another old folk-song of the arrival of the shepherds.

"They placed on the floor two or three good cheeses,

They placed on the floor a dozen eggs,

Joseph said to them, 'Your gift has pleased us,

'Tis hearts for which the Saviour begs,

Shepherds return in peace.'"

Our voices resounded in the vaulted ceiling of the kitchen and my whole being vibrates with the simple faith of the makers of those early ballads. I am no longer at the Sanguinaires light-house, but in a wide Provencal kitchen, with its rough-coated walls and paved floor. Outside I no longer hear the roar of the wind and the breaking of the waves, but through the clear winter's air, comes the sound of the church bell calling to midnight Mass. And the mist blown past our lighted window is no longer vapor, but the roofs of countless houses in which happy children were celebrating Christmas, and the cold winter's sky is bright with stars.

"Burn light, burn bright,  
May Our Saviour bless this night!"

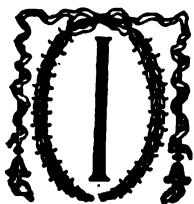
The songs were over, so Trophine walked over to the table and cut a huge slice of the Christmas cake, filled a glass with wine and put them on a plate, saying with his sly little smile:

"Dinelli sleeps too soundly to be awakened, but Bartolo sits up there in the tower without any Christmas cheer; poor fellow, he must be cold," and as stealthily as if he were committing a crime the old man crawled up to his surly comrade. And shortly there came sounds of friendly voices talking up by the lamp. The fire was glowing in the hearth and I repeated mentally, "Burn light, burn bright!" On the Sanguinaires rocks Christmas peace and good will had conquered hatred for one night, at least!



## CHRISTMAS IN IRELAND.

MARY E. L. BUTLER.



It is to the country, not to the city, that one turns always in Ireland when one wishes to seek for characteristic customs. The townspeople have, to a great extent lost their native characteristics; perhaps it would be more accurate to say that they were on the point of losing them and were becoming Anglicized, when the Irish Revival set in, for now, owing to the "sweetness and light" diffused by that thrice blessed Revival, all sections of the community are becoming gradually de-anglicized, and are regaining the olden nature, "kindly Irish of the Irish." In the movement for an Irish Ireland, the towns, led by the Capital are showing the way to the country, and in the days that are coming native ways and national thoughts shall make their existence felt in the streets of the city as well as on the rugged hill-sides. "Ta an la ag teacht," as the Gaelic Leaguers often confidently assure each other, but while awaiting the dawning of the day we turn from the fitful life of the foreign-toned city to the still calm of the country, there to read in the heart of nature eternal truths concerning her children.

The exile's thoughts turning home to Ireland, with the longing yearning felt by Columcille when he cried—"there is a grey eye which turns towards Erin," dwell on the changeless face of the country ever new, ever lovely, ever grand, rather than on the grey, sad life of the towns. At this festival time they love to picture Christmas on the hills and in the glens of Ireland, Christmas in the roadside church, Christmas by the Blessed Well, Christmas in farmstead and shieling, Christmas among the children of the soil, on the soil from which they sprung.

In what way is Christmas in Ireland celebrated distinctively as compared with the manner in which it is celebrated in other countries in Christendom? It must first be stated that there are practically no social observances of a distinctively Irish nature held in Ireland at Christmas-tide. The social observances in vogue are almost all borrowed from the English. A slavish spirit of imitation has, unfortunately, flourished in our midst for long, and we are only

now beginning to throw off this pernicious influence, to think for ourselves once more, and to originate our own ideas and customs. Whatever may have been the case in days gone by before any attempt had been made to merge our individuality in "the English name and nation," and whatever may be the case in days to come when we shall have succeeded once more in asserting our own individuality, it must be acknowledged that in recent times all social observances at Christmas-tide in Ireland were but the écho of similar observances in England and other English-speaking countries. We copied Christmas fare and Christmas decorations from the British, and were content to eat plum-pudding and mince pies and deck our houses with holly and ivy instead of evolving menus and decorative schemes of our own.

We did not adopt all the Saxon celebrations of the season. Neither the yule log nor the carol singers ever became established institutions with us. Imitations are seldom carried on in a whole-hearted or thoroughgoing manner, and as the social side of Christmas was not celebrated on native lines the result was that it was never *célébrated* in a very cordial and hearty manner, at least by the "grown ups." Of course children all the world over enjoy Christmas, and the children in Ireland explore the contents of their stockings, which they hung up the night before to be filled by Father Christmas, as excitedly as the little ones among our French friends examine their sabots for the same purpose. But while, among several Continental peoples, such customs as the Christmas tree are not regarded as the sole prerogative of the juveniles, but are kept up just as assiduously by the elders, we in Ireland who are, in reality, of a serious temperament, though we often prefer to show the lighter side to the world, give up these frolics and frivo'ities when we leave the nursery. It has often been remarked that anglicization seems to bring in its train a wave of depression. When we have succeeded in thoroughly de-anglicizing ourselves perhaps we may become more light-hearted, and while retaining a capacity to think seriously on serious subjects, we may be enabled at the same time to enter keenly into any enjoyments which come in our way, Christmas festivities included. One of the first fruits of the Irish Revival, one of those straws which show how the wind blows, has been the introduction of Christmas cards with greetings printed in the Irish language, into several Dublin shops. Last Christmas there was an enormous demand for these cards, so genuinely racy of the soil, and the supply was not equal to the demand. This season steps are

being taken to cater better to the taste evinced by the Irish public in this particular. Numerous designs, religious and secular, serious and comic, are in preparation, with suitable mottoes accompanying them. Nothing can be more beautiful than the Irish greeting, and the poetical manner in which good wishes are conveyed from friend to friend on all occasions in the Irish language, so it can be imagined that the Irish Christmas cards are more attractive and appealing than those of other countries.

In one of the publications of the Catholic Truth Society a unique custom is described as having been in vogue in an Irish Western district in days gone by, namely, the social celebration of Christmas on the eve of the festival instead of on the day itself. The writer of the publication referred to says: "The first great characteristic of Christmas in the Barony was that the chief festivity took place on Christmas eve, and not on the day itself. Fifty years ago the people, if happy enough, were still very poor. Their food was mainly the potato, with varying accompaniments, according to the means of the individual. Tea, now so common all over the country, was then a rare and highly-prized commodity, and in the consumption of it the festivity of the Barony found its fullest expression. Hence it came to pass that it was the Christmas cheer, and the equivalent of roast beef and plum-pudding over the water.

"But it was late on Christmas eve that the feast was spread. When night fell every member of the family gathered around the board. It was a time of reunion that admitted nobody's absence and the genial spirit of the time flowed over upon those poor waifs and strays of humanity,—the last sad survivals of families that had once spread feasts for themselves, and now had to look for the charity of others for their Christmas fare. The poor had always a seat and a hearty welcome at the festive table, the sincerity of which was beautifully symbolized by the open door.

"It was then that the 'piece de resistance'—the capacious teapot—was lifted from the hearth and placed upon the kitchen table, already strewn with the home-made bread, for the making of which the housewives of the Barony were justly famed. A blessing begged upon the good cheer with that piety which so permeated the people's life, caused a momentary hush, followed by the full bursting forth of the festive torrent. The lighthearted Barony folk, young and old, abandoned themselves unreservedly to the influence of the hour, and under the blackened rafters, and by the imperfect light of the little candle, a scene of simple enjoyment and content was often enacted which it would not be easy to parallel."

The spiritual side of Christmas has always appealed more to the Irish imagination than the social side. If there is any half-heartedness in the nature of the latter celebrations there is not in the former. The intensely religious bent of the Irish character is at no time more strikingly in evidence than at Christmas. In the cities the churches are thronged with crowds of devout worshippers from six o'clock in the morning, when first Mass is celebrated, and numbers make a point of attending three Masses and taking part in other devotional exercises. Of late years midnight Mass has not been celebrated often in the public churches, but only in convent chapels; however, whenever permission is accorded to the public to attend midnight Mass in any of the city churches the permission is availed of by as many as the sacred edifices can hold. When the Lord Mayor of Dublin is a Catholic, which is usually the case, he and the other Catholic members of the Corporation attend, in their robes of state the celebration of High Mass in the Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough Street; the Archbishop of Dublin is likewise present during these ceremonies.

Dublin has deservedly acquired the name of being the most charitable city in the world, and its claim to this title is never better exemplified than on Christmas day; when in every institution founded for the relief of the poor and suffering, especial efforts are made to alleviate the hard lot of the inmates. Hospitals and poor-house wards are made gay, for the time being, with decorations, and tempting fare is provided for the patients. The staffs, aided by kindly visitors, provide entertainments in the form of concerts, dramatic performances, etc., for the amusement of those who have been obliged by poverty or illness to throw themselves on the charity of the public. Everything is done which kindly thought and Christian charity can devise to make the most afflicted realize that the season is indeed one when "Peace on earth" and "Good Will to Men" prevail. Yet the staffs of these charitable institutions declare that every inmate who possesses the poorest of the poor homes and who has the strength to go there, makes an effort to leave the hospital ward if possible before Christmas, in order to go home, for after all, "there is no place like home."

In remote country parts the same facilities for holding religious ceremonies are not, of course, available, but the faith of the people is none the less intense, though the incentives to devotion are scantier.

For many a weary mile over rocky mountain and wet bog-

land, old and young will tramp to Mass and wait patiently often in damp and scanty clothes, the coming of the priest. Many of these country churches raised by the pence of the poor after the long night of the penal times are wretched buildings, a woeful contrast to the beautiful ruins of our old-time churches, now crumbling fast. Unpicturesque, bare, draughty and comfortless, as too many of our modern Irish churches are, they hold unquestionably the most reverent and deeply devout congregations in the world, as foreign visitors, both clerical and lay, often remark. The Holy Child in the Crib is never left alone, for many an Irish mother brings her child there to pray, and still through the ages, ascend to heaven from Ireland, the voices of little children, those same voices which Patrick heard crying to him in the long ages, calling him to return to Ireland to preach the coming of Christ.

The traditional white Christmas is not often with us in Ireland. We usually have mild weather, but sometimes storm and rain take the place of the frost and snow experienced in most Northern European countries. Last Christmas there were severe gales on the West coast of Ireland and the islands off the coast felt the full force of their fury.

This reminds me of a graphic description which was written to me in Irish last Christmas, by a friend who was stopping in Aran, of the manner in which he had spent Christmas there. My friend began his letter by saying: "This is a strange Christmas. I think that this poor island is the only place in the Catholic world where there is not Mass to-day. The priest has been unable to land here on account of the storm, and as we are without Mass or priest we assembled our family and friends here in our house and we have just stood up from our knees, having recited the Rosary. I hope God will hear our prayers since it was not His Will to send us to-day the priest to celebrate Mass." My friend then proceeded to give a graphic description of the storm raging on the cliffs of Aran, and told how the vessel by which he had arrived the previous week from Galway had nearly suffered shipwreck, and how several islanders on board had gathered together to prepare, as they thought, for death, and to pour forth prayers in Irish, the best language in the world for prayer. The description would be spoiled in the translation, so I will not quote it, but I can assure the reader that it was a very powerful and poetic piece of Irish writing, and the description of that strange, wild, desolate Christmas always stands out in my mind whenever I think of Christmas in Ireland. It should be



explained for the benefit of American readers unacquainted with the geography of our Western coast that there are three islands of Aran,—Arranmore, Inismeadhon, and Inislar, and that both the parish priest and curate reside in Arranmore. There is no priest resident on Inismeadhon or on Inislar, and the curate comes across, weather permitting, on Saturday night in a "curach" (canoe) to Inislar where he celebrates first Mass on Sunday morning, and then crosses over to Inismeadhon where he celebrates second Mass. During the winter, storms are frequent and weeks sometimes pass by without the priest being able to land either on South or Middle Island (Inismeadhon or Inislar). Unfortunately, it so happened, as above described, last Christmas, with regard to Inismeadhon, the priest having been able to effect a landing only at Inislar.

"Aran of the Saints" is so famous as having been the home of many Irish saints in days gone by, whose dust has mingled with the soil there, and of whose existence we are still reminded by the ruined remains of the churches which they built, that it is necessary to dwell on the claims which it has on the interests of all Irish people. The Araners of to-day retain many of the characteristics of those who once gave their home the name of "Ara na Naomh." They are deeply religious and in every way, physically, mentally and morally a very fine people. No more characteristic Irish people could be found than the Araners, and as in the course of several visits which I have paid to these islands I never heard the people describe any customs practised at Christmas peculiar to the place, one may conclude that there are no distinctively Irish social customs associated with Christmas in Ireland at the present day. As before stated the spiritual side of the festival is the one chiefly observed and this is certainly, most earnestly entered into.

I think no better impression could be given of the idealistic way in which Irish people regard the great festival of the Christian year than by bringing under the notice of readers of this paper, an exquisite poem by one of our Catholic and national poets, Lionel Johnson. The poem is entitled "Christmas and Ireland."

"The golden stars give warmthless fire,  
As weary Mary goes through night;  
Her feet are torn by stone and brier;  
She hath no rest, no strength, no light;  
O Mary, weary in the snow  
Remember Ireland's woe!

O Joseph sad for Mary's sake,  
Look on our earthly mother too;  
Let not the heart of Ireland break  
With agony the ages through;  
For Mary's love love also thou  
Ireland, and save her now!

Harsh were the folk, and bitter, stern,  
At Bethlehem, that night of nights.  
For you no cheering hearth shall burn;  
"We have no room here, you no rights."  
O Mary and Joseph! hath not she,  
Ireland, been even as ye?

The ancient David's royal house  
Was thine, Saint Joseph, wherefore she,  
Mary, thine ever Virgin Spouse,  
To thine own city went with thee.  
Behold! thy citizens disown  
The heir of David's throne!

Nay, more! The very King of Kings  
Was with you, coming to His own;  
They thrust Him forth to lowliest things;  
The poor meek beasts of toil, alone  
Stood by, when came the piteous birth—  
The God of all the earth.

And she, our mother Ireland, knows  
Insult, and infamies of wrong;  
Her innocent children clad with woes,  
Her weakness trampled by the strong;  
And still upon her Holy Land  
Her pitiless foemen stand.

From Manger unto Cross and Crown  
Went Christ; and Mother Mary passed  
Through Seven Sorrows, and sat down  
Upon the Angel Throne at last.  
Thence Mary! to thine own Child pray  
For Ireland's hope this day!

She wanders amid winter still,  
 The dew of tears is on her face;  
 Her wounded heart yet takes its fill  
 Of desolation and disgrace.  
 God still is God! And through God she  
 Foreknows her joy to be.  
 The snows shall perish at the Spring,  
 The flowers pour fragrance round her feet.  
 Ah Jesus! Mary! Joseph! bring  
 This Mercy from the Mercy Seat!  
 Send it, sweet King of Glory, born  
 Humbly on Christmas morn.

I feel that I cannot do better than take leave of the readers  
 of THE ROSARY MAGAZINE with these beautiful words of an Irish  
 poet, echoing in their ears. Our kinsfolk at home and abroad must  
 not cease to pray that a Christmas morning may yet dawn on an  
 Ireland happy and free.

"God still is God! And through God she  
 Foreknows her joy to be."

### THE ONE GIFT.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

**W**HAT shall I bring you, little Christ,  
 What shall I bring to you?  
 Shall it be frankincense and gold?  
 Oh, shall I come as those of old,  
 With myrrh and balm and spice, and lay  
 There at your feet this Christmas day?  
 What shall I bring you, little Christ,  
 What shall I bring to you?

Hush! I who lie within the stall,  
 I have no room, no room at all,  
 For all the gifts that you would bring,  
 And put before your little King.  
 But oh, I have a place apart  
 Where I would have you lay your heart!  
 Will you not bring this gift to me,  
 Will you not give your heart?



EXHIBIT OF EMIL FREI.

## THE ST. LOUIS ART EXHIBIT.

MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

**I**N connection with the Eucharistic Congress, that splendid outgrowth of one man's devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, there was held in St. Louis (Oct. 15-20) an exhibit of Catholic art alike creditable to the city and to the Church which gave it birth.

In the early centuries of the Church's history, pagan art had lost her beauty, which, obscured under the clouds of sensuality, faded away, the chaste Diana and her nymphs giving place to vine-crowned Bacchus, as the Spartan simplicity of early Greece waned and the Roman conquerors grew luxurious and licentious under a Nero, a Domitian, a Caligula. It was to the early Church that art owed her preservation, and o'er the dark horizon of dim medieval times, when the torch of Faith flickered and well nigh died out, the Church encouraged art and fostered in her bosom the genius which might have been crushed out by the jostling of warlike times.

In our own day, therefore, art which is Catholic, is interesting, both because of its intrinsic beauty, and because it is the outgrowth

of the ages of faith and devotion, when each man's soul was a temple and every stroke of pen or brush a prayer.

The exhibit in St. Louis, held in the gymnasium of the St. Louis University, comprised various branches of art, using the word not only in the sense of embodying beautiful ideals by the brush or chisel, but in its broadest sense to include the creation of beauty in any form, illuminating, frescoing, carving, moulding, and architectural designing. Exhibits were presented from various arts and crafts by architects, painters, sculptors, church decorators, glass painters, altar builders, carvers, organ makers and fine embroiderers. Everything wrought with hands and devised by an artistic brain decorated the booths and lent color and interest to the scene.

Among the most interesting exhibits was that of Mr. Emil Frei, whose exquisite stained glass was colored with a brilliancy yet a delicacy which reminded one of the famous windows in the wonderful St. Gudule in fair Brussels, where

"Through dim old painted windows  
The Hours look down and shed  
A blaze of sunshine and glory,  
Violet, purple and red."

Few artists can reproduce the softened splendor of the old glass, but the genius of this artist seems to have dowered with color as well as form for in both he excels. His designs are beautifully executed and in originality and devotion their conception is unusual.

From a memorial window looked down the lovely, high-bred face of St. Elizabeth, "By God's dear grace, the spouse of Louis of Thuringia." A noble Thuringian forest was in the background, and against it the stately form of the noble lady stood bathed in a golden glory of light.

"Her robe of silken sheen flowed o'er her feet,  
Sweeping the marble floor in waves of light;  
Clasped at her throat the yielding mantle sprung  
To flood her graceful shoulders with its folds."

Her draperies are caught in one hand, a loaf of bread in the other, for she was the sweet dispenser of charity to all the Thuringian poor. Graceful and beautiful as the picture was, it was perhaps not so really great as the design for the noble memorial window, made for



**BUST OF ARCHBISHOP KAIN, BY M. SCHNEIDERHAHN.**



ST. MARY'S CHURCH. ST. LOUIS, MO. ARCHITECT. WM. KLOER.

the Church of St. Boniface, at San Francisco. This represented the death of St. Francis and was peculiarly touching and artistic. With three of his brother workers the great Franciscan was ensconced upon the mountain overlooking his beloved city of Assisi, which lay brilliant in the plain below, where, glorious in the sunlight of a bright Italian day.

"It sparkled, glittered and enraptured  
Cast brilliant back to brilliant."

The form of the poor man of Assisi was stretched upon a litter beneath a spreading tree. The wasted hand of the holy man, marked with the stigmata was raised in blessing, the whole tone of the picture tender and touching in its devotion.

A superb painting of the Sacred Heart for a Cathedral window was radiant in scarlet and gold, and Mr. Frei also designed the beautiful invitation to the Eucharistic Congress, a work of art so exquisite as to be long treasured by those fortunate enough to receive a

copy. The King, kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, reminds one somewhat of Mr. Frei's superb window, St. Pascal's Vision, symbolic of the Eucharistic Congress, and one of the artist's most beautiful creations.

"Louis Wesbecher, Architect," was the sign upon some of the handsomest exhibits, and architectural poems seemed to fly heavenward on every side, as exquisite drawings showed that even in this age of scepticism, faith can raise altars heavenward. The designs for the Sacred Heart Church at Florissant, Missouri, gave a fine example of Gothic architecture of the twelfth century, and the interior of St. Augustine's Church showed a

\*\* \* \* vast cathedral  
Which holds the struggle and strife  
Of a grand and powerful city,  
As the heart holds the throb of a life."

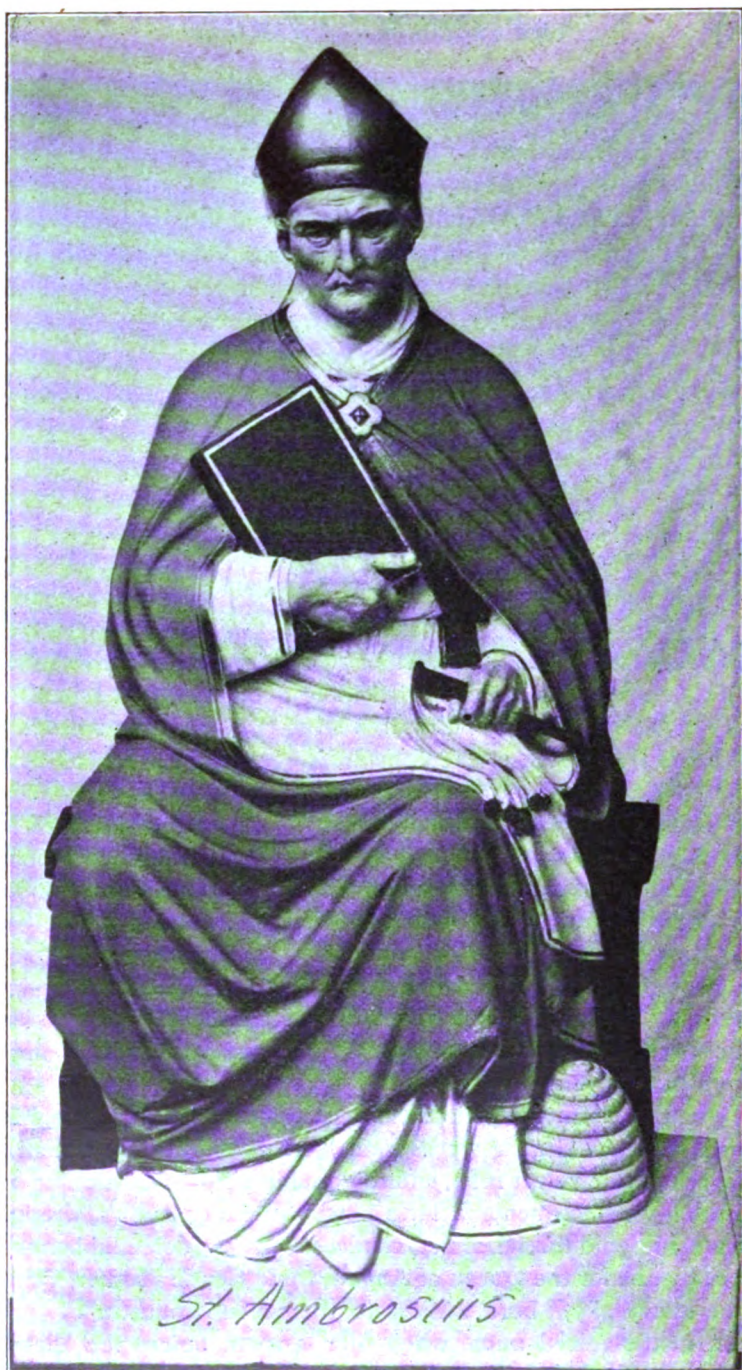
Beautiful, stately, severe almost in the simplicity of early Gothic, the design showed a clear understanding of architectural art and an ability to grasp the salient points and bring them to an artistic whole.

From the church to the altar dressings and priestly vestments is but a logical step, and the Sisters of the Precious Blood Convent, at O'Fallon, Mo., exhibited fine specimens of needle work. All the designing and coloring was entirely their own work and their handsomest exhibit was an antependium with the Holy Face wonderfully embroidered. This piece was formerly exhibited at the Chicago Exposition.

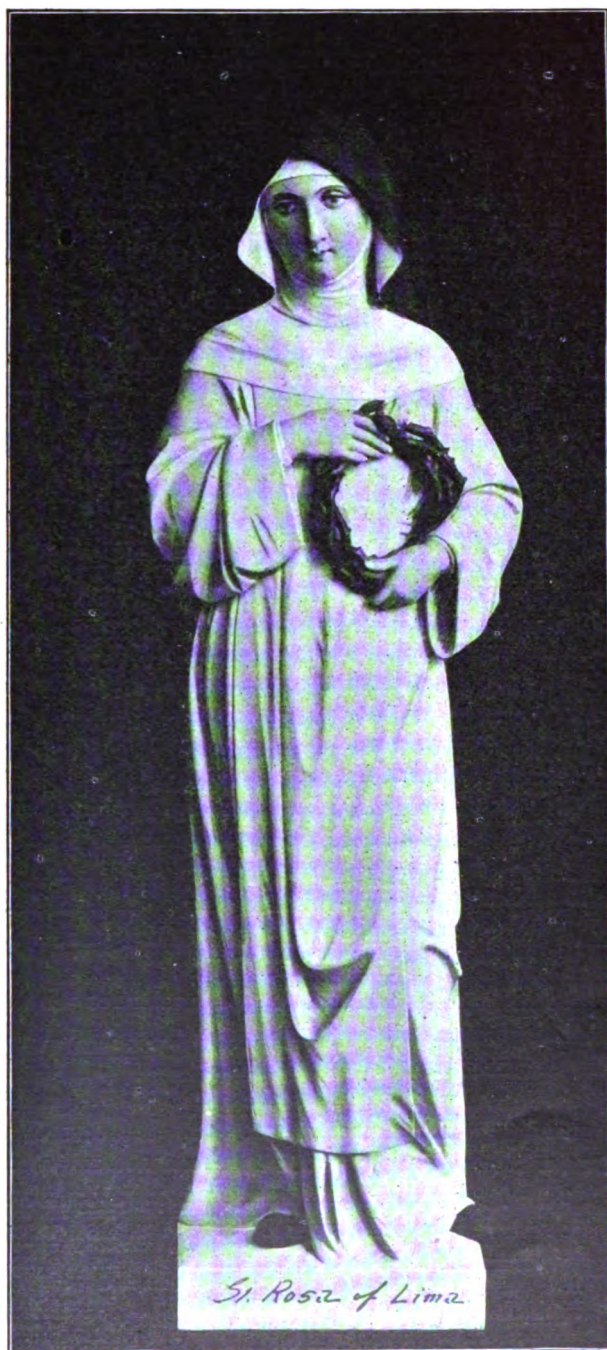
From the Ursuline Convent, St. Louis, came filmy laces, dainty as though fairies had spun them from cobweb, and passion-vine embroidered stoles and altar pieces, each as delicate as if angel fingers had woven it.

The Benedictine Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Mo., showed vestments, altar pieces, and banners exquisitely executed. A superb purple velvet robe, embroidered in gold, and a similar one in scarlet, were garments fit for a king. White chasubles, wrought delicately in gold thread, stoles, chalices, veils and splendid banners, especially one for the Queen of Angels, that "Gentle Mother, Queen of the starry sky," bore witness to the tireless industry of those sweet, gentle-voiced nuns, whose life is spent before the Blessed Sacrament which, on their altars, is never left alone.





ST. AMBROSE, BY M. SCHNEIDERHAHN.



**ORIGINAL STATUE IN GERMANTOWN, ILL. MADE BY M. SCHNEIDERHAHN.**

Andrew Kaletta's statuary was very good, the handsomest pieces being "Christ in the Garden," a "Pieta," "St. Anthony of Padua," and "Adoring Angels," lovely, graceful figures, part of that

"Bright angel band  
Who chant His praises ever,  
And in His presence stand."

The Biallas' Manufacturing Company exhibited fine carvings for altars and pulpits and so delicately wrought was the work that it reminded one of the lines,

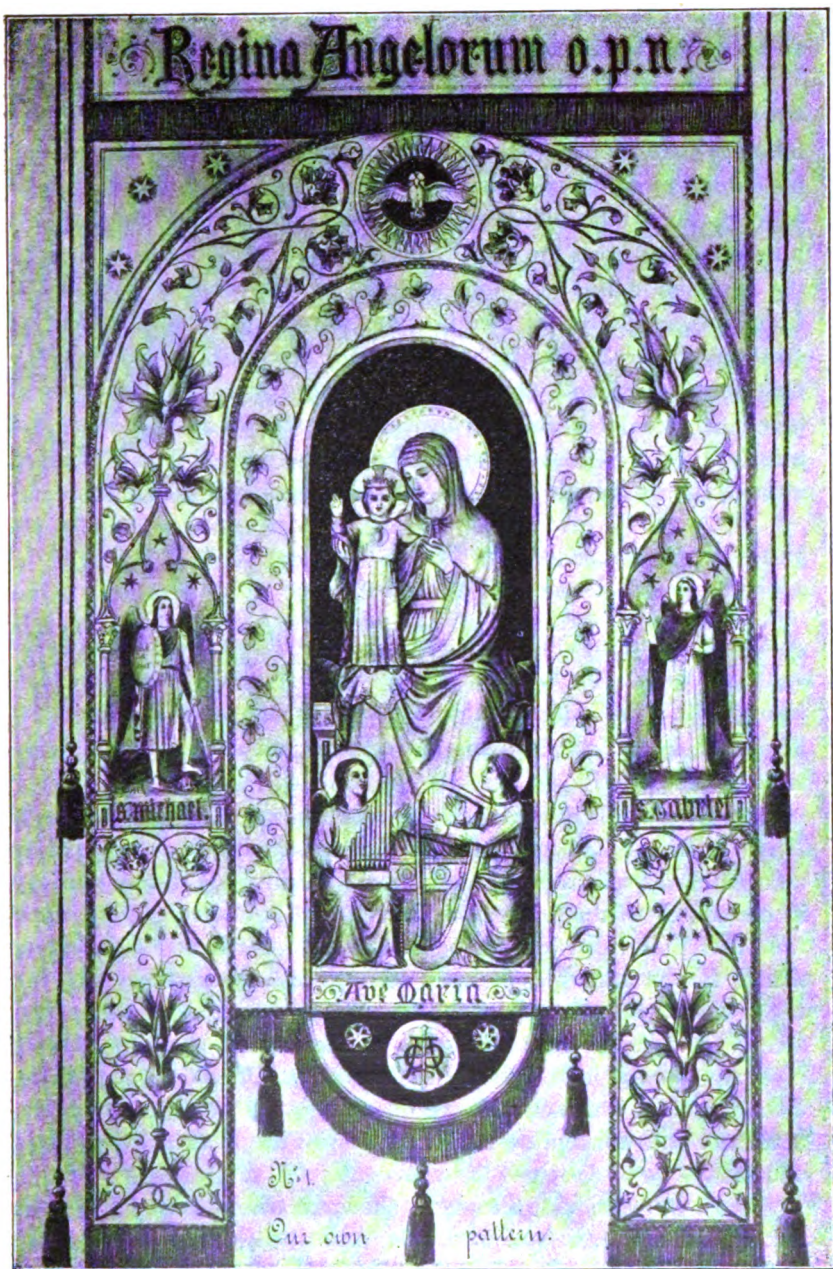
"Those quaint wood carvings that are left us,  
Have their power in this—the carver brought  
Earnest care and reverent patience only  
Worthily to clothe some noble thought.  
Shut tight in the petals of the flowers,  
Round the stem of all the lilies twine,  
Hid beneath each bird's or angel's pinion  
Some wise meaning or some thought divine."

William Kloer exhibited colored designs of church frescoes and decorations, stations of the cross, and altar pieces. Among the most beautiful of his designs were those for the decoration of the Church of St. Mary of Victories, St. Louis, where the soft hues and delicate traceries of the walls vie with the beauty of the statues. St. Anthony's Church also shows this designer's skill, and against its rich coloring, the carved altars rise in solemn grandeur midst a guard of carven saints, splendidly enshrined.

Many other exhibits were there, too numerous for details yet each interesting in its way. Joseph Conradi showed plans and designs for churches, houses and schools. Stauder and Sons also exhibited architectural designs, while T. G. Schrader presented designs and carvings for church altars. The Pollhaus Clock Company had an exhibit of Father Time's best servants, and clocks, large and small, ticked away the hours in solemn sequence, like the old clock on the stairs, saying "Forever, Never, Never, Forever."

Art glass from the firm of Others and Company gleamed in the sunshine, and "sweet music, St. Cecilia's child," was represented by organ designs by J. G. Pfeffer and Company, Organ Builders. This firm designed the superb organ for the Rock Church (St.





BANNER, QUEEN OF ANGELS. EXHIBIT OF THE BENEDICTINE SISTERS, CLYDE, MO.

Alphonsus) St. Louis, where its resonant notes through the still, solemn aisles bear witness of the mastery of this builder over sound.

Among all the exhibits none were more interesting than the works of Max Schneiderhahn, a sculptor known far beyond the limits of the city beside the Father of Waters. Very beautiful was his exhibit of carvings in marble, stone and wood. Statues, ecclesiastical groups, altar pieces, busts of great men,—these things crowd his studio, and upon the walls of his exhibit a large cenaculo showed the devotion of this St. Louis artist to be following in the wake of Leonardo, of Giotto, of Luini. Fine statues of St. Joseph and St. Anthony adorned the exhibit, a bust of Archbishop Kain, a very devotional pieta and photographs of large statues, among them lovely St. Rose of Lima, bearing her thorn-crown and her rose, and saintly Teresa of Jesus with her book, the Sacred Heart pressed close to her breast, her eyes raised heavenward as if she said

"In firmest hope  
I wait Thy will."


A stately, beautiful Our Lady was represented as crowned and holding the Baby, Our Lord, the little figure replete with grace and beauty while St. Augustine and St. Ambrose were designed for bas-reliefs in St. Joseph's church, St. Louis, were stern, wise figures, skilfully wrought.

Modestly hidden in one corner was a marvellous piece of work, "The Death of St. Joseph," by Mr. Schneiderhahn, Jr., a very young man who bids fair to excel his father in talent. St. Joseph reclined in the center of the group, Our Lady knelt at one side, while upon the other Our Lord leaned forward to hold the hand of the dying man. It was a simple, pathetic scene, yet full of pathos and the expressions of the faces are the work of genius. The color of the face of St. Joseph was marvellously well executed, showing the hue of death, ashen, livid, ghastly, a hue very difficult to reproduce. Even the lilies in his hand were drooping as if weighted by death, and the whole conception and execution of the work showed talent and study.

Such were some of the works shown at the Exhibit of Catholic Art by Catholic Artists of St. Louis, men who seem to have learned the true principles of art and felt that "Art is true art when art to God is true, and only then."

## LITTLE NORA'S CHRISTMAS.

SHIELA MAHON.



**S**HADOW and sunshine glinted on the old cabin in the bog; shadow within, sunshine without. Indoors on her straw palliasse old Mrs. M'Shane lay dying. The red wintry sun gleamed on her aged face, giving it a fictitious glow, that made the heart of her seven-year-old granddaughter glad with the thought that Granny was getting better. The cabin was desperately poor. A few bits of delph on an ancient dresser, a couple of chairs, and a weeny bit of turf fire constituted its chief comforts.

On the earthen floor a couple of hens were scraping the soil, while from a hole in the roof a straight line of sky was visible. On this bit of blue the old woman's eyes were fixed, not a nice-looking old woman by any means; real poverty seldom touches on the picturesque. Mrs. M'Shane's face was sallow and wrinkled, and her eyes sunken, but the look of patient endurance about her mouth gave a dignity to her sordid surroundings. Her cap was scrupulously clean, and the ancient red and black shawl that enveloped her shrunken figure had seen many washings. Her Rosary beads were slipping ceaselessly through her thin fingers, while her lips moved constantly in prayer.

"Granny, you're better," said the child, "your cheeks are red as an apple!"

Granny smiled sadly. "Nora, darlin', I'll never be better in this world. Please God and His Blessed Mother, my troubles will soon be over."

"An' am I to go to the Big House as soon as you are dead, Granny?" said the little girl, with the callousness of childhood that does not understand, therefore does not fear the dread mystery of death. "Could you not take me with you to heaven? Mother's there, and Teddy, and the baby. Shure an' I'll be very lonely all be myself. Why doesn't daddy come home from Ameriky?"

A groan burst from the old woman.

"Are you worse, Granny?"

"No, no, I was only thinking of your poor father. I'll never see him again, and it's hard when he comes home to find me gone, and you in the poorhouse. Ochone, ochone," and her body bent double with the sobs that could not be restrained.

"Don't cry, Granny," said the child. "Pray to Holy Mary, and she'll bring daddy home for Christmas, and we'll have a gran' time. Father said he would make plenty of money and bring you a splendid new cloak an' a prayer book. It only wants three days of Christmas now; that's not long to wait," said the child hopefully.

Tears streamed down Granny's face. "If I could only see him, alanna', before I go, I would die happy. "Mother of God," she cried out like one inspired, "let me see him once more! Let me put Nora into his arms before I die!"

There was silence for a moment in the little cabin, then the childish treble of her grandchild broke on the old woman's troubled prayer.

"Granny," solemnly said the child, "daddy will be home for Christmas; I feel it here," lifting her small hand to her breast.

The old woman looked at her in surprise. "Out of the mouth of babes cometh God's answer," she feebly murmured, and fell back exhausted.

Nora ran for water. Mrs. M'Shane drank some feebly, and revived.

"Nora, I think you're right about your father. Put on your cloak and go to His Reverence, Father Lynch, and tell him I want to see him in the morning if he is not too busy."

Nora obeyed with alacrity. She loved to call at the priest's house. The housekeeper, Mrs. M'Grath, was very good to her, and she seldom came away empty-handed. A loaf of white bread, a bowl of soup for granny, some sweets for the child's self, were some of the delicacies that were generally waiting for her. Then, oh, joy, if His Reverence appeared on the scene and patted her on the head and asked if she was a good girl, the child's happiness was complete. It was a cold wintry morning when she set out for the priest's house. As far as the eye could see there was nothing but a dreary waste of bog land. A more desolate scene could hardly be imagined, but the child's heart was light, and she walked as if on air. That mysterious something that made her answer her grandmother's prayer—call it Divine inspiration if you will, or presentiment—enveloped her like an angel's wing. She felt perfectly confident that her daddy was on his way home. She did not trouble herself why or where-

fore; she only knew that he was coming, and felt content. Already her childish mind was dwelling on the material difference his appearance would create. "We'll have a roast goose for dinner and a plum pudding. I'm sure daddy will bring them in his bag, and maybe a big wax doll for me like that in Mrs. Daly's window, with blue eyes and yellow hair." Lost in a perfect fairyland of fancy, she did not perceive a portly woman regarding her with a kindly stare.

"Musha, good morning to ye, where are ye going so early, Nora?"

"I'm going to call on Father Lynch; Granny wants to see him," answered the child. "Mrs. Daly, is that doll still in your window?" she asked earnestly.

"'Tis, Nora; why do you ask?" said kindly Mrs. Daly, pitifully regarding the poorly clad figure of the pretty child.

"Because I just wanted to know," said Nora, evasively.

"I wonder what's in the child's head," thought Mrs. Daly. Aloud she said, "Is your Granny worse?"

"No," said Nora, "Granny is better. Daddy's coming home from Ameriky and bringing her a gran' cloak and a prayer-book with a green velvet cover," her fairyland fancies still weaving through her childish brain.

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mrs. Daly. When had ye a letter telling ye the news?"

"We had no letter, but he's coming all the same. Granny says that he will come in answer to her prayers, and I'm just thinking, Mrs. Daly, that he will buy me that doll, so don't sell it to anyone else."

Mrs. Daly smiled pityingly, but did not attempt to destroy the childish faith by expressing any doubt on the subject. "The Lord between us and harm," she murmured. "The old woman is gone cracked," but all she said was "I'm glad to hear the news, Nora. If you call at my house you'll find a small parcel of tay and sugar and a morsel of white bread. Make your Granny a rousing cup of tay when you go home; that will keep up her spirits till your daddy comes home."

The child flashed a look of gratitude at the kindly woman, then flew like a lapwing on her way to the priest's house.

"God help the creature," thought Mrs. Daly, as she watched her disappear from sight. "I'm afraid it's a notion before death. It's too bad that a wee crature like that should be left alone with a



dying woman. Mary Doyle sat up last night, I heard, but Mary's not over strong herself; besides, she has her own family to mind. I must see can I get Peggy Rafferty to take a turn. I wonder would one of Minnie's dresses fit Nora. They're much of a height."

"Blessed are the charitable." Mrs. Daly was not much endowed with this world's wealth, yet she remembered the motherless child. "Of such are the kingdom of heaven."

In the meantime Nora reached Father Lynch's. The priest was out, but her friend, the housekeeper, met her with a beaming smile. "Well, Nora alanna, how is your Granny?"

"Poorly, ma'am," said Nora, bobbing a courtesy. "But daddy's coming home, and she will soon be better. And I am going to the Big House," she added, confidentially. "Granny talked about going to heaven soon, and she is waiting to see father, and in course he will make her well, and I'm thinking he'll buy me the big wax doll in Mrs. Daly's window."

The housekeeper's curiosity was aroused. "Had ye a letter?" she inquired.

"Sorra a wan," said little Nora in her quaint old-fashioned way, "but shure it doesn't require a letter to bring you from Ameriky. Granny prayed to the Blessed Mother of God to send daddy home, an' he is coming for Christmas. Isn't that better than any letter?"

Mrs. McGrath was silent; though a religious woman she had not that "faith that passeth understanding." "No letter," she murmured, "and he coming home. God bless my soul, I cannot understand," but like Mrs. Daly, with an innate delicacy she refrained from any expression of doubt and remained silent, busying herself by getting a few dainties for the sick woman, and a big apple for Nora that made the child's eyes glisten.

Nora hastened home with a light heart. On her way she called on Mrs. Daly, and found quite a large parcel awaiting here there, with a strict injunction that she was not to open it until she reached home. When she got the length of the cabin she was surprised to find her grandmother half sitting up in the bed looking better than usual. A chair stood near. On it was a cup of milk left by a kindly neighbor, which Granny could stretch forward to and take when she felt inclined.

"Well, Nora, allanna, did ye meet any wan?" Then Nora told how she had been talking to Mrs. Daly and Mrs. McGrath, and had told them about her father coming home, "an' they both axed me had we got a letter." "I toul't them," said seven-year-old Nora,

"that it didn't take a letter to bring him home from Ameriky. You and me knows daddy will be home at Christmas, and Mrs. Daly gave me this big parcel and toul't me to make ye a rousin' cup of tay to keep up your spirits."

"The heavens be her bed, I was just thinking long for a drop of tay. Make it strong, Nora; it will help to keep the life in me."

It seems just like a miracle the way old Mrs. M'Shane pulled herself together. With alert eyes she watched her grandchild put the kettle on the fire and get the cup and saucer off the dresser. "Nora, I'm thinking you will have to borrow another cup for your father. Them hens, bad scran to them, broke the blue bowl he was so fond of. He niver liked to take his tay out of anything else."

"I saw a nice blue bowl in Mrs. Daly's shop. I'm sure daddy will buy it," said Nora.

Thus the two, youth and age, beguiled the time and thanks to Mrs. Daly and Mrs. McGrath, partook of a hearty meal (?) and talked of the good things in store for them when the wanderer returned, and Nora dressed herself in Minnie Daly's frock, and felt as happy as a young princess coming into her kingdom.

\* \* \* \* \*

When these events were happening in the monotonous lives of the inmates of the little cabin in the bog a big steamer was ploughing its way from America, and was nearing the coast of Ireland. On the deck a stalwart-looking man was pacing to and fro, his eyes constantly scanning the horizon. It was little Nora's father. The child's Divine presentiment was coming true. If anyone had told Pat M'Shane a fortnight ago that in less than a week he would be home in the old country he would have laughed in their faces, so impossible it seemed then. Luck had been so completely against him to within that short time,—now he was going home with money galore—nearly a hundred gold guineas resting in his breast pocket, earned very simply. He had been walking through the streets of New York one night almost in despair, not a penny in his pocket, his clothes worn and ragged, his heart bitter with the thought of his poor old mother and little Nora starving at home. Up to this he had always been able to send them a few shillings. Now that consolation was gone, and no prospect of renewing it. It was near Christmas time, and the streets were gay with people, and the brightly-lighted shops seemed to mock him with their display of good things. He stood some time before a jeweller's window and thought bitterly that the price of one of those glittering baubles

would buy happiness, and his heart swelled within him, and a kind of fierce rage seized him, and he felt if he stayed any longer before the tempting window he would dash his hand through it and make himself a thief. "Mother of God," he muttered hoarsely, "preserve me from that," and some good angel whispered softly through his tortured brain the prayer of his childhood, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."

Turning down a side street, not well-lighted, he noticed a gentleman walking briskly before him, and, slinking behind, three men of hang-dog demeanor. Their purpose was obvious. The gentleman, all unconscious of his pursuers, was whistling gaily, "The Wearing of the Green." Pat's blood was roused by the sight. "The murderous villains," he ejaculated, as he came up just in time to see the gentleman stretched on the pavement, struggling violently;—one of his assailants clutching him with a deadly grip by the throat whilst the others were rifling his pockets. With a wild hurroo Pat dashed forward and, with a few well-directed blows, sent them flying, thinking the whole police force was after them. The gentleman turned out to be one of New York's richest citizens, an Irish-American, who showed the liveliest gratitude to Pat for his timely rescue, and presented him with a check for a hundred dollars. Poor Pat could not believe his eyes as he gazed on the piece of paper bearing the magic figures. It was wealth untold to him, who but a short time before was in despair. Moreover, Mr. O'Donnell, taken with Pat's honest face, inquired into his history, and promised to befriend him for the future. Next day, all New York was thrilling with the news of the gallant rescue of the American millionaire by a poor Irishman, and Pat found himself famous. Mr. O'Donnell advised him to go home to the old land to see his mother and little daughter, and bring them out to America. "I am afraid, sorr, me mother would not leave Ireland for all the goold of the Indies, but I'll spend Christmas with her and the colleen and come back again. It will do her ould eyes good to see me."

So this was how Pat M'Shane found himself so unexpectedly on board the big steamer. His eyes filled as he gazed on the green coast line of his native land. "Mick," said he to one of the seamen, "Is it long since you left the ould country?"

"Sivin years," said Mick briskly, "but I haven't been as lucky as you. I'm just working my passage home and sorra a bit have I made, but thin I have no one to welcome me, all are dead, the

wife and the childer and my ould mother, God rest her sowl, all died in the one year, and that's what drove me to America."

Mick furtively brushed away a solitary tear stealing down his rugged face. "I took a kind of hunger to see my old home. I couldn't sleep night or day, I was always thinking of the green hills of Donegal. I tell ye, Pat, home hunger is the worst of all hunger!"

"True for you, Mick, I know something of it myself, but my mother is still alive, and a slip of a girlieen, named Nora, after her mother. "I tell ye what, Mick," he said suddenly, "come on with me and spend Christmas with the ould woman." Mick threw out his brawny fist and the two men silently shook hands.

"You are a good man, Pat," said he humbly.

"There is plenty better," answered Pat.

Then Mick was called away to his duties as stoker, and Pat resumed his solitary walk.

"It's you, Nora, darlint, would be the proud woman if you were living to see me this day, but God's will be done. He knows best, but, alanna, you are better off," and his eyes wistfully followed a golden ball of sunlight and watched it disappear behind a silver cloud, like a soul entering into Paradise. "I hope I'll find them ail right at home," were Pat M'Shane's last thoughts that night as he lay on his narrow bunk.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Christmas morning outside the cabin in the bog; the hens were clucking loudly for their breakfast, scraping the snow that had fallen during the night, in the vain hope of finding something to appease their hunger. Little Nora's bright face appeared at the door, and the hens, with a loud clack of welcome, flew towards her. Inside, Granny's voice was heard calling "Nora, Nora, stir up the fire. It's a could welcome for your father. He must mend that hole in the roof, the snow is coming in," and Granny shivered on her poor palliasse.

The brightness faded a little out of the child's face.

"Granny, you're sure he'll come?" she asked anxiously, for the first time letting the awful thought of his non-appearance flash through her mind.

Granny looked at her strangely.

"Yes," she said slowly, "he'll come."

The child brightened immediately and stirred the fire, and gave the hens their breakfast.

"He'll soon be here now," said the old woman. "Put on your new frock, and we'll say the Rosary."

They were just at the "Hail, Holy Queen," when a shadow darkened the doorway. Granny looked up and screamed, "Pat! Pat!" and held out her aged arms. The next moment Nora felt herself lifted bodily off her feet, and clinging to her father's neck. Such a happy meeting. Mick, who was standing outside, too delicate to intrude, felt a moisture about his eyes, and busied himself opening an immense big box, very suggestive of good things, to prevent himself blubberin' aloud.

It would take me too long to tell all the beautiful presents that were in that box. Suffice it to say, the goose was there, and the plum pudding, and Granny's new cloak, not forgetting the prayer-book, and, oh joy! a big wax doll for Nora, far bigger than the one in Mrs. Daly's, and Granny welcomed poor Mick with a "Caed mile failte" and a happier Christmas was not spent in the grandest home throughout the world than in that poor little cabin in the lonely bog in Ireland.

### BOWED BIRCHES.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

**L**ONG after winter's icy mail  
Has melted from the forest deep,  
The snow-bent birches' tender limbs  
Across the woodland carpet sweep.

They bow like maidens slim and white,  
With foreheads bending toward the ground,  
And forward-falling veils of hair  
In their bright beauty all unbound.

So we, long after grief is spent,  
And sorrow's burden slips away,  
No more may burgeon tall and straight,  
To catch the morning light, than they.

Ah God! how griefs of long ago,  
Grown dim and shadowy to the mind,  
Still hold us down, like ghostly snow  
Long banished by the sun and wind!

## SOMETHING ABOUT THE VIOLIN.

W. S. MASON.



THE name viol or fiddle springs from the Latin term, *fides*—a string. The very great-great-great-grand parents of the fiddle or violin were the Greek lyre and the monochord, the latter existing in many early nations. The lyre is a well known instrument and needs no explanation. The monochord is a long tone box with one string stretched from end to end. It had a movable bridge which lengthened or shortened the string and in this way measured the pitch. From the monochord came the trumscheidt or marine trumpet, a similar long box with one string, which was stopped with the fingers and played with a bow. It is so called on account of its resemblance to the marine trumpet. In the later examples of this instrument, only the harmonics—tones formed by touching the finger lightly to the strings at the mathematical subdivisions—are sounded. Played by stopping in the ordinary way a well-known expert says it produces tones far less melodious than the bray of an ass. The length of the instrument is nearly six feet and it was until recently a favorite with the nuns of Germany and is also termed “Nonnen-Geige” on this account. The scale is from middle C to C in Alt. To this instrument were often added two, three and even four strings, and it undoubtedly was the father of the German Geige whence came the viols and rebecs, which were the immediate predecessors of the violin. From the lyre family,—lutes, guitars and plucked instruments—came the idea of more than one string. The form of the double-bass viol as we have it to-day is very much like that of the smaller viols and rebecs which finally developed the violin; as a matter of fact the bass viol or violin has been changed very little. It was the first of the family of strings to reach its present form. Then came the violoncello, diminutive bass, then viola and finally the violin.

Violins develop in the hearts of men four distinct devotions, and while many men attain two of these, rarely do we find one who looks at his violin with three, not to mention the fourth devotion.

First we have the love of the player for his fiddle; then the devotion of the listener, who tells you it is "his favorite instrument;" after this comes the fad of the collector, who loves to coddle his Stradivarius or his Guarnerius and to feast his eyes on the golden amber varnish and the graceful curves which are appreciated only by the connoisseur; finally we come to the enthusiastic and unselfish devotee and artist, the maker of fine violins. The player loves his violin for its soul—the tone; the collector looks first to the outward beauty of his instrument; it is the maker who demands beauty of both body and soul. How patiently will he work to solve only one of the endless questions involved in the making of a violin that is a work of art! Oh, if he could only live five hundred years, that he might have time for making and testing the endless number of experiments that come up in his mind, is the cry of the maker absorbed in his art. Once well into the intricacies of violin construction, it is as fascinating as the study of the potentialities of a drug, as engrossing, though not quite as ungrateful as the pursuit of perpetual motion. Workmanship can be acquired, but a man must have genius to determine intuitively and accurately the selection of wood and solve the numerous questions that arise from its peculiarities. A few examples will suffice to give the reader an idea of the countless problems that come up in the mind of the true craftsman. First comes the question of what woods will combine with best results? What thickness of top, back and sides are best for wood of a given density and weight? What weight of varnish will meet the demands of different woods? What model will best suit a given wood? This question of the variability of woods and their fitness is such a perplexing one, that the old Italian makers actually hoarded blocks of wood that had stood the test, and made many instruments from the same block, being more inclined as the wood grew scanty to insert a patch where needed than to give up their precious block which met their demands in density, peculiar vibrating power and other mysterious qualities known only to the craft.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes follows the fortunes of a Cremona in the following eloquent phrases:

"Violins, too—the sweet old Amati!—the divine Stradivarius! Played on by ancient maestros until the bow-hand lost its power and the flying fingers stiffened. Bequeathed to the passionate young enthusiast, who made it whisper his hidden love, and cry his inarticulate longings, scream his untold agonies, and wail his monotonous

despair. Passed from his hand to the cold virtuoso, who let it slumber in its case for a generation, till, when his hoard was broken up, it came forth once more and rode the stormy symphonies of royal orchestras, beneath the rushing bow of their lord and leader. Into lonely prisons with improvident artists; into convents from which arose, day and night, the holy hymns with which its tones were blended and back again to orgies in which it learned to howl and laugh as if a legion of devils were shut up in it; then again to the gentle dilettante who calmed it down with easy melodies until it answered him softly as in the days of the old maestros. And so given into our hands, its pores all full of music; stained like the meerschaum, through and through, with the concentrated hue and sweetness of all the harmonies which have kindled and faded on its strings."

When one hears the velvety tones of an old Cremona in the hands of a master, one can hardly help realizing what thought, skill and devotion went into the making of a tone that can carry us to heights far above the cares of the world and open for us the gates of song, hinting even at the harmonies of the spheres.

This zeal has been at the bottom of all artistic violin making from the days of the earliest masters to the present time.

It is interesting to find that the violin, as it now exists, owes its creation to that wonderful age of perfection in art, the Renaissance. Probably the first violin was fashioned in the latter half of the sixteenth century, when Italian art was culminating under the hand of Michelangelo, when medieval music reached a glorious climax in Palestrina. This may explain the fact that for three hundred years the "scolding fiddle"—as it was termed in the early days—has undergone no change while many of its more prized rivals have become obsolete. During Palestrina's time, when vocal music reigned, the stringed instruments were only used as a support for the voices but at the beginning of the seventeenth century, Montverde, the father of modern music, began to write independent parts for the violin and from this time on its fame grew until it came to be recognized by all composers as the chief of the orchestra. But it was a century later in the time of the great Italian violinist, Tartini, and of his successors that the violin took a leading position as a solo instrument. During this period—from the time it was given an independent part in the orchestra to its recognition as being, after the human voice, the instrument most capable of expressing in music the dreams, joys and sorrows of men,—the greatest violin makers lived.



The line started in Brescia with Gaspar Da Salo who lived from 1542 to 1610, and so far as Brescia is concerned, culminated directly in his great pupil Giovanni Paolo Maggini, whose violins are practically as we have them to-day. Ole Bull's favorite violin was a Gaspar Da Salo. Gaspar Da Salo's violas are more highly prized than his violins. They are large in size and their quality and depth of tone make them objects of eager search by string quartet and orchestra players.

Maggini's violins of his last period are finely finished and will stand with the best of the Cremona school. A deep, round, mellow and sympathetic tone, nearer the liquid, beautiful viola quality than the violins of almost any other maker, is characteristic of his best work. One of the best Maggini's—Deberiot's violin—is played by Henri Marteau. While Brescia is sponsor for the first great violin maker, the industry soon took root in Cremona, where Andrew Amati, a viol and rebec maker, began the construction of violins, probably to prevent his patrons going to Brescia and Gaspar Da Salo. This was the beginning of the two centuries of ardent toil by devoted craftsmen who handed down the results of their labor from one to another until the world received as final heritage the wonderful violins of Joseph Guarneri and Antonius Stradivari. Andrew Amati's instruments are not especially valuable though there are not many in existence. To his two sons, Anthony and Jerome Amati, is due the imparting of grace of outline and finish of workmanship. Their violins, especially Jerome's, are to-day admired for richness and purity of tone and beauty of outline.

We now come to one of the great names of Cremona, that of Nicolo Amati, son of Jerome, born 1596, died 1648. He is the creator of the celebrated violins known as the Grand Amatis, the instruments which Antony Stradivari used as models for his own great designs. Nicolo Amati was a real artist. He labored incessantly and made many experiments. His violins, in selection of wood, design and varnish, are among the handsomest productions of the Cremona school. Their tone is sweet, liquid, rich but not so brilliant or broad as the Strads or Guarnerius fiddles. This artist was also the master of Stradivari, Jacob Stainer, Heinrich Jacobs, Cappa, Paola Albani, Paolo Grancino, G. B. Rugeri, F. Rugeri, Andrea Guarnerius and Testore, all notable if not equally great names in the art of violin making. There are quite a number of Nicolo Amati's violins which are yet in good condition. Two of the finest are in the collection of D. J. Partello, U. S. Consul at Sonne-

berg, Germany; and I saw them at the World's Fair where Mr. Partello's collection was exhibited. The tradition was now handed to Stradivari, who was born in 1644 and died in 1737, at the ripe age of ninety-three. He was a very active and industrious man, with an eye to the "almighty dollar," but an artistic conscience, which never turned out an unfinished instrument. He remained at his workbench to the very last and his violins are legion. Being thrifty he married well and selling his instruments at four pounds sterling, which must have been a good price at the time, he became well-to-do and it is even said that the towns-people, when they wished to signify a man's wealth, did not compare him with Croesus, but said, "He's as rich as Stradivari." Stradivari's best instruments are valuable for the way in which they combine all the excellencies of tone, brilliancy, quality, breadth and depth. The limited scope of this paper will not permit of a description of his instruments. It suffices to say that in this day his best are considered unsurpassable and Joseph Joachim with the whole school of violinists founded by him, favor the Stradivari violins. Two of Stradivari's sons were violin makers and Francesco was a good workman, but is overshadowed by his father's fame. The real successor of Stradivari was Carlo Bergonzi, whose instruments are highly prized and growing constantly in the estimation of violinists. The Guadagnini family is also a prominent name, which traces its artistic descent from Stradivari. The Guarneri family, owing to Joseph del Jesu,—so-called because the labels of his fiddles always had a cross and the I. H. S., (Jesu Hominum Salvator)—is the other great family of Cremona. Joseph del Jesu Guarnerius was the nephew of Andrew who studied his craft, as has been mentioned, with Nicolo Amati. It is supposed that he was trained in the shop of his cousin Joseph, the son of Andrew, and that he also profited by the example of Stradivarius, as his work resembles that master's in many particulars. Paganini, Vieuxtemps, Leonard Wilhelmj, Ysaye, are among the artists who have favored Guarnerius fiddles. Ysaye's is a remarkable instrument. His great violins stand with the Strads in tone, and some artists maintain that they are even richer and more mellow in quality.

The other notable makers of Cremona are Gioffredo Cappa, Lorenzo Storioni, and the lesser lights of the Bergonzi, Guarneri, Guadagnini and Rugeri families. It has been a common error that the violins of Cremona were made by one or at the most a few men, whereas the facts are that there are at least fifty makers of distinction who worked in Cremona. It is interesting to find that the fam-

ilies of Stradivari, Rugeri, Guarneri and Bergonzi still exist in Cremona, but the Amatis have been wiped out. Besides this, Montagna and Santo Seraphino of the Venetian school; the Gagliani of Naples; the Grancini of Milan; Stainer, the head of the German school, and many other prominent makers through Italy were pupils of the masters of Cremona, so that with the exception of the workers of Brescia, all of Italy was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries producing violins made after the traditions of the Cremona schools and many instruments of high rank were fashioned in Naples, Milan, Venice, Florence, Modena and Mantua. Fine violins have been made outside of Italy. Jacobus Stainer, leader of the German school and Nicholas Lupot of the French, have made instruments which in some respects fairly rival those of Cremona. Artistic violins have been made in our day and the reason we find so few is not because violin making is a lost art, but more likely because we are in a material age and the machine is more highly valued than the hand of the true craftsman. Poets, painters, sculptors and creators of real calibre are few in the land and another Renaissance must come before the world will again see such work as was done by the great men of the Italian revival. Art for art's sake is what brought the perfection of the violin. Now cheap fiddles are in demand just as all cheap machine-made things are, and few men can earn a competence by violin making alone; they must be repairers, dealers, merchants and keen ones at that.

### THERE SHONE A STAR.

J. WILLIAM FISCHER.

**T**HERE shone a star in Bethl'hem's opal sky,  
 While shepherds old outstretched their hands in prayer  
 And whispered longingly into the air  
 Their heart's best wish, while Herod-winds did cry  
 For blood, in hatred—in their awful sigh  
 No tone of pity! Yet the world was fair  
 When that bright star welcomed the nation's heir  
 In a lone cave that midnight-winds passed by.  
 A candle flickered in an humble room,  
 Where a Babe, new-born, drew its first glad breath,  
 While angels sang through Heaven's gates a-far  
 The praises of Love's fairest Flower abloom—  
 The Child that was the Lord of life and death—  
 And now, o'er sins deep gloom, there shone a star.

## CHRISTMAS IN ITALY.

WILLIAM J. D. CROKE, LL. D.



HINKING of an Italian Christmas, one is at first blush puzzled to say if it have, and wherein lie its peculiar charm among the feasts of the year, and consequently its link of identity with Christmas elsewhere—for distinctives of its own the solemnity of the Saviour's birth in Italy certainly possesses. Then what? the foreign resident asks himself, shut off as he almost always is from the home life of the people. Merely its own sweet and strong meaning: the softest and softest-appealing aspect of Divine life on earth, one dearer and more human than the Resurrection, more intelligible and scarcely less tender or lovable in contemplation than the Passion? Or its embodiment in usage? Or the accompaniment of this in the weather?

When Dante is describing the punishment by cold in his "Inferno," he turns to the more northern countries for examples of this terror (Canto XXXII.) There usage and the weather have lent each other strength in fastening Christmas-tide upon the national life and the year's span as a central and supreme embellishment, so much so that, despite the force of habit and the survival of sentiment in the antipodes where people of English speech have retained every possible custom of the old country, Christmas is in many ways no longer Christmas. Usage has borrowed of, become the hopeless debtor of the accident of weather.

If one sift his remembrances of Christmas in Italy he will find a happy similarity.

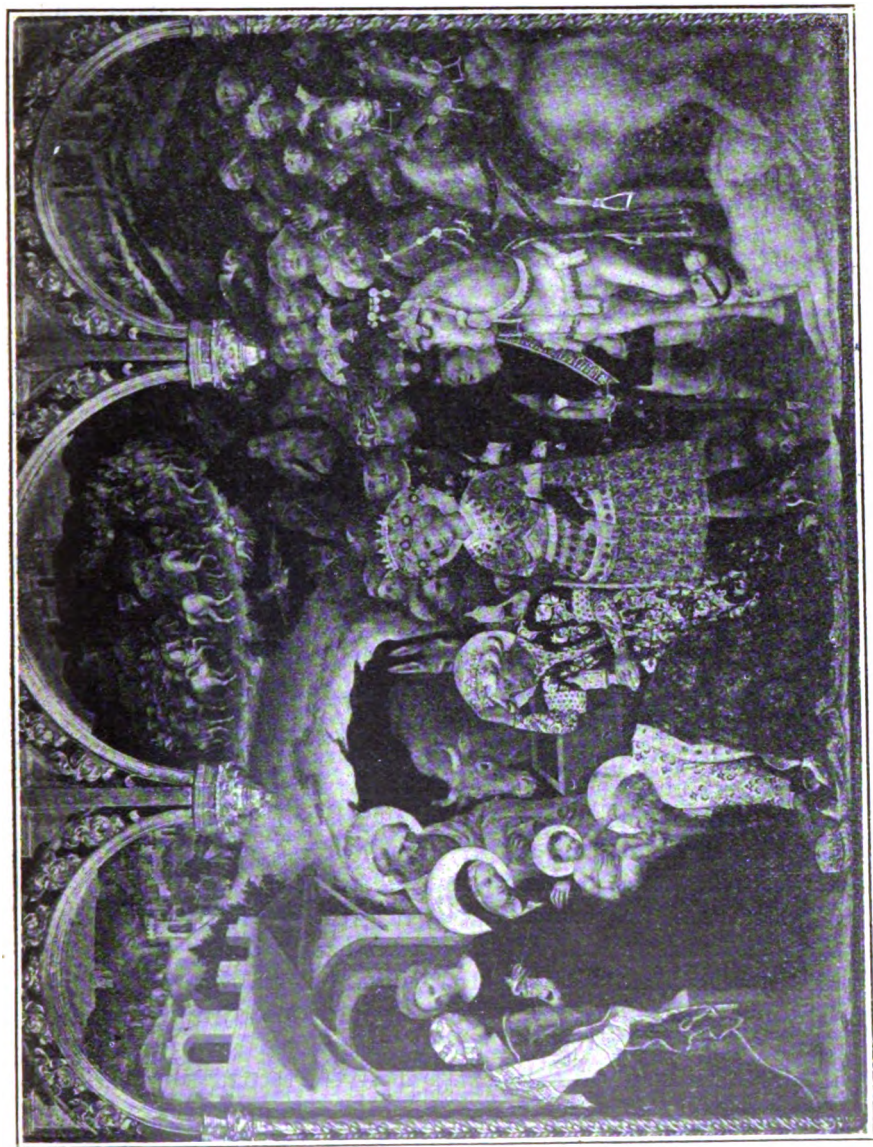
First, and fitly in a Catholic country, the dogma of the feast bulks more than in the North, for the very absence of a saturnalia of fun and folly. I have no recollection that there was ever any election of a Lord of Misrule in Medieval Italy, nor any frolic like the saturnalia of an old-time English Christmas, unless this be found in the little carnival which attends Epiphany. But this last had a religious meaning, and as we see it in its survival it is essentially

a degeneration into unmeaning. Next, the feast, thus the more religious, is withal raised beyond all other celebrations in so far as usages special to it are concerned, and throughout the kingdom: from dull-famed Piedmontese Cuneo to sparkling-souled Taranto, and from Germanized Udine to half-Arab Caltanissetta. The dogmatic bearing of "the Pasch of the Resurrection," as Easter with mindful devotion is entitled by all the people, is fuller and clearer than in the countries of the North, but even this, the greatest Christian feast, is eclipsed by Christmas in so far as special usages are concerned. Lastly, the weather is a factor in the importance of the feast,—much more so than we foreigners who dwell in big Italian cities imagine.\*

This third point is indeed so obscure that it proves a stumbling-block to all understanding of the feast. "From Turin to Bologna," writes Mr. W. D. Howells, "there was snow all the way down; not, of course, the sort of snow we had left on the other side of the Alps, or the snow we remembered in America, but a snow picturesque, spectacular, and no colder or bleaker to the eye from the car-window than the cotton-woolly counterfeit which clothes a landscape of the theatre. It covered the whole Lombard plain to the depth of several inches, and formed a very pretty decoration for the naked vines and the trees they festooned. A sky which remained thick and dun throughout the day contributed to the effect of winter, for which, indeed, the Genoese merchant in our carriage said it was now the season." (*Tuscan Cities*, pp. 1-2.) This was a first impression. Soon the writer perceived that the people crouched in the sun "for the heat publicly dispensed in Italy on bright days—when it is not needed;" (p. 12) then that the sky was not "blue half a dozen days during the winter" but that "the prevailing weather was gray, and down in the passages about the bases of these medieval structures the sun never struck, and the point of the medieval nose must always have been very cold from the end of November till the beginning of April." (p. 31). Finally even the warmth of his enthusiasm about Savonarola's San Marco did not counteract the painful chill (p. 68), while Santa Croce was a temple whose rigors he

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\*The use of stoves, for instance, is being but slowly extended in Rome. Until a few years ago the use of fires was confined to the highest classes, just as it was at the end of the middle ages, except that in the latter period there were large grates instead of the mean contrivances of metal and earth which do service now. As the weather is warmer at Naples, and as fires are more common at Florence, there is probably more suffering from cold among the middle class in Rome than in any other large city.



I. ADORATION OF THE MAGI—GENTILE DE FABRIANO, FLORENCE .

"should not like to encounter again in January, especially if the day be fine without. Then the sun streams in with a deceitful warmth through the mellow blazon of the windows. \* \* \* But it is all an illusion. \* \* \* You have scarcely the courage to penetrate to those remote chapels where the Giotto frescoes are. Or if you do, you shiver round among them with no more pleasure in them than if they were so many boreal lights. \* \* \* The honest sufferer, who feels himself taking cold in his bare head, would blush for his absurdity in pretending to get any comfort or joy from them, if all the available blood in his body were not then concentrated in the tip of his nose." (p. 83.)

This personal detail does not belong to the order of decorative effects which winter should bring to Christmas in our foreign imaginings. And it puts the truth before us: the Italian winter is almost all stark reality, and very little show indeed.

There is cold: intense cold, numbing cold, deadening cold, unrelieved cold. A natural practice, enforced by reasons of economy, obliges townspeople in Central and Southern Italy to profess to believe that all this is not, and to make no admission while blowing on their fingers. The mountains are all snow-capped, and if "The Student's Rome" tells us that "in Italy there is but one mountain range" it is everywhere at least by its effect in the creation of valleys; the hills are all frost-laden; the low-lying country parts are wind-swept and subject to such gradations below zero that if there is not quite that fire cult which we have well nigh made a pagan winter worship out of, fire customs are in full vigor, while the temperature of towns and cities, which is higher than that of the country torments those who have not made more provision than is afforded by the monumental thickness of the generality of Italian house walls, classic, medieval, and modern.

But, with the picturesqueness in great measure lacking, the charm is certainly less. Without reference to books I can only recall three Italian paintings in art-collections all over the country with snow as an accessory. One is a winter, merely a part of four seasons, not a subject of predilection, as it would be in New York. It is in the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome. The second is a mediocre wintry scene by Bassano in the Municipal Gallery at Lucca. The third is a terrible scene, "Lost in the Snow," signed by Calosci as done in Florence during 1882, hanging in the Ancient and Modern Gallery of the Tuscan Capital. Not one of these is a Christmas scene. The first represents winter, simply as one of an allegory of the four seasons, just as is the snowless, green-clad figure in the

Roman mosaic found at Ostia and inlaid in the floor of the Church of San Paolo alle Tre Fontane. There are two snow scenes in the Doria Gallery here, but both are by foreigners; the one by Bartholomew Breenburg and the other by Il Fiammingo (The Fleming). In sculpture I recall no snow except that of the quaint, unwintery flakes of Mino da Fiesole at Santa Maria Maggiore. I do not think that a Bethlehem shrouded with snow or even with an outlook of snow, appears in any painting of the Italian school, nor is there anything of the kind even in the large foreign collection at the Uffizi, yet we cannot suppose that the knowledge according to the strongest probability that the mystery actually took place in the springtime can have dissuaded Mantegna, the Paduan; the Bellini, of Venice; Bazzi, the Piedmontese; Lotto, the Lombard, and Salvatore Rosa, from the winter-swept South, from using so helpful a circumstance since the conviction came so late to scholars. (See Petan, *De Rat. Temp.*, II., XI.; or Bingham, *Antiq.*, XX., IV.)

The distinction, then, is this: The snow at Christmas time in Italy is not that manna of the imagination which it becomes north of the Alps, yet, on account of the intense cold, the function of the weather is a house-compelling one which thus occasions and enhances domestic celebrations without hindering an ampler church-going than is practised, if permitted, in the boreal regions of the world.

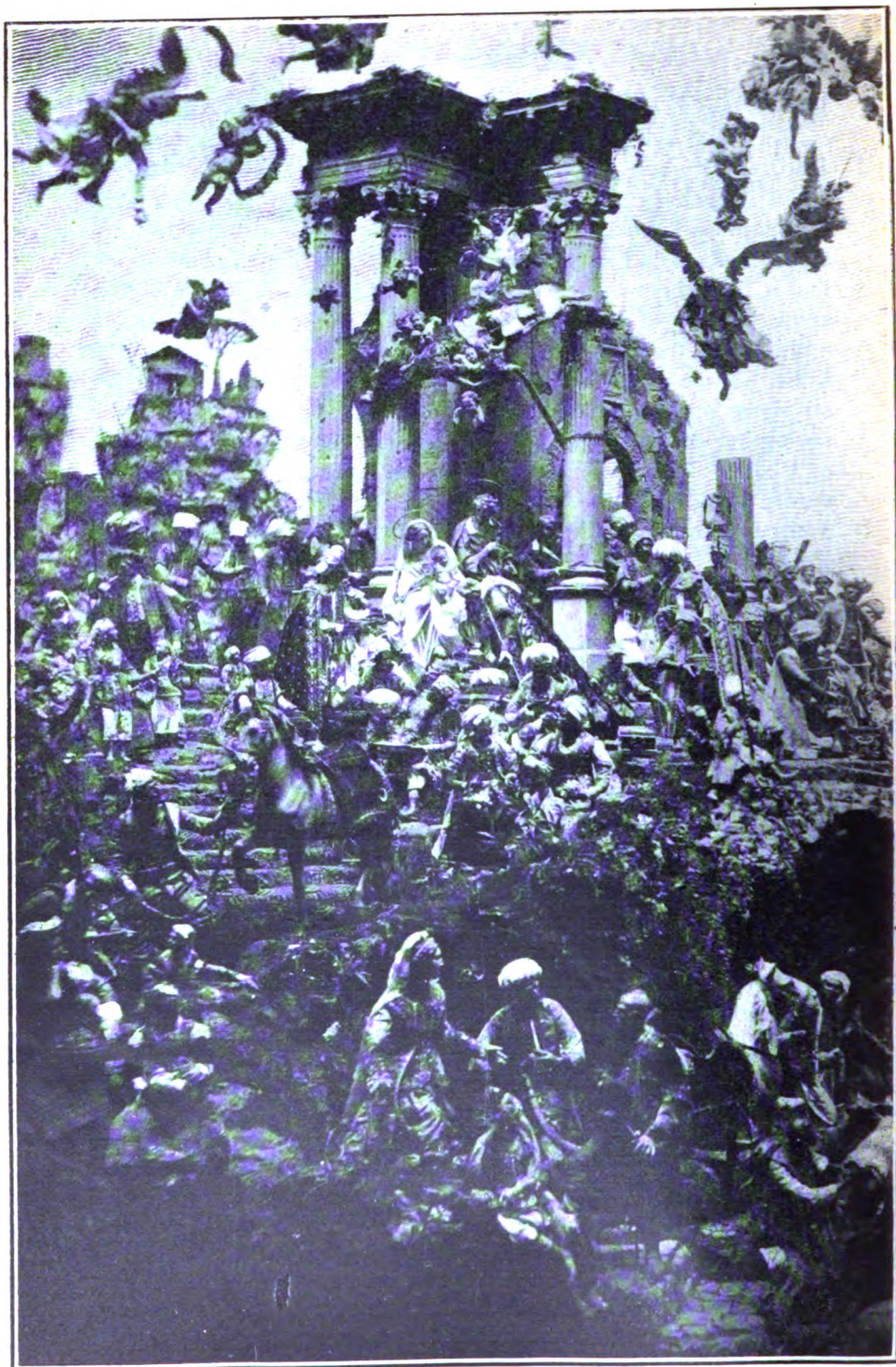
The domestic festivities owe much, (the Italians expressly say,) to the cold, which by Christmas has become definitely intense. The hearth, taken literally, asserts itself for a fortnight as at no other season. It is the feast of the Penates. To say that the meetings around it are full and exclusive family gatherings is to allow that they are the greatest of their kind, for the family is still everything in Italy, and it is conceived in the patriarchal sense. Thus it is understood in the Christmas injunction:

Natale coi tuoi

Pasqua dove puoi,

"Christmas must be kept with your own; Easter you may observe where you are." The connections of a spiritual or civil order are also welcome at the festive board and, though less, the gatherings around the hearth. These connections are, now-a-days, since civil marriage is alone recognized by the State, friends who have acted as witnesses at marriages, civil or religious, in the family; formerly they were only the god-fathers, god-mothers, sponsors in general. Spiritual relationship still counts for very much, all innovations notwithstanding, and if such relatives have a veritable authority for





II. ITALIAN CRIB, REPRODUCED FROM THE NAPLES MUSEUM.





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counsel and injunction in the family at all times their Christmas welcome is proportionate. Sometimes, indeed very often, the amico di casa, the very rare outsider who has a foothold of familiarity in the sanctum of an Italian family, receives invitations at Christmas, and this the more easily if the person be a single man or a widowed, or unmarried, lady.

All this gives rise to the most urgent if not the biggest question of arrangements which occurs during the Italian year.

The necessity thus imposed is given gravely as a reason for the suspension of business by the legislature, and calculated as such long beforehand by the statesmen counting the chances of their continuance in office. The Parliament, opened almost at the end of the year, is prorogued for this, and opened only when the holidays are over. From the highest to the lowest all who can hie to whatever remotest part of the kingdom the old home is: the pompous official of the government in Sardinia goes to his native out-of-date village in Apulia; the banker in Sicily hurries to his birth-place in Venetia,—and all this movement begins well before the Christmas season. In most cases, the ante-vigil, or day before the vigil, finds them assembled and ready to commence. Aged parents have been kissed in gladness by their prosperous home-coming sons; half rustic, stay-at-home, wait-at-home, maidens keeping the troth of some rising business man in big city have entered upon a season of pleasure which pushes the vintage, the villy-giatura, and the springtime into far-off forgetfulness. At no period are the Italians seen so well in that perennial, happy childhood which makes them like Greeks of whom the Egyptian priest said to Solon: "You are always children!" At no period are home-ties, always so imperative, so strongly felt.

The Sovereigns have decided where they will keep Christmas, and their travelling, if made necessary, has taken place at the same time, after having been made the subject of a state announcement.

And in the Vatican, on that same ante-vigil, festal day by one-third, the Holy Father in a throne-room receives an address of Christmas congratulation and well-wishing from the Fathers of the Sacred College, who are surrounded by the dignitaries of the Roman Curia, and he replies in the grave and noble language of his wont, which is colored by the cheerfulness of the address, the occasion, and the assemblage.

There is a swelling crescendo after the manner of Rossini in all this. Opening some days before the vigil it is full and sonorous on the ante-vigil; louder still on the vigil; at night at its loudest,

for Christmas has begun; strong until the New Year; then loud again; strong and sustained up to the Epiphany, then swelling well nigh into riot, only to die away during the octave.

As among the English-speaking people the twenty-fourth is largely a day of preparation, but preparation is always fuss in Italy. Improvements and changes are made; the displacement of population is finally met; boys and girls home from school usurp privileges unknown at other times; the church, the chapels, the street-shrines, the shrines outside the houses must be decorated with festoons, candles, and flowers, and the floors strewn with box; much has to be got ready; the cribs above all must be attended to.

Christmas-trees have been introduced into Italy from Germany, and they have taken root but flowered in an Italian way. From exotic they have been changed into native trees. They are not very common.

The day's toil gives way to that of the evening, the night, and the morning, and there are those who know no rest from the night before the vigil until the morning of the twenty-sixth.

When the preparations are nearly done,—preparations are never quite at an end in Italy,—the people, who have eaten but a hermit's dinner for luncheon at noon, sit down to their *cenone*, big supper, as it is called, awful supper as it is in effect. This is the banquet of a black fast, but not of the artistic lightness of those served in the Benedictine Abbey of Einsiedeln twice a year: on the same day and on Ash Wednesday.

Every ample meal here has for its first course pasta, or *macaroni*, as we call it, giving the name of a rare species to uncounted genera. Even this dish gets into character, by being seasoned with anchovy. All kinds of fish constitute the meal, but the *capitone*, or conger eel (as I suppose it is) is indispensable. *Pangiallo*, which must be respectfully spoken of as a kind of hard plum-pudding; oranges, and nuts then enter on possession of their sway as the characteristic food of Christmas time.

This proceeding is inevitably a long one, and the heavy fish require an abundance and variety of wine, and only those who have made friends in Italy know the excellence of its wines. The wine is never better or more varied than at Christmas.

A tombola and tale-telling dispute the rest of the waiting for midnight Mass, for this banquet has been so arranged as to fill up the waiting. The prizes of the tombola take the place of those which northern children receive from the Christmas tree.

This is the night for the perpetuation of family traditions, and



III. THE NATIVITY—SPAGNA—VATICAN.

the tale-telling, as befits a family gathering is patriarchal. The story-telling belongs by right to the elders; with the others it is a privilege, and who shall hinder a tale falling into mere recollection:

*quamlibet absentem mente videbo.*

The tales may be long, but then they must not be many, since do not the bells of the parish church ring gleefully seven times from the *De Profundis* bell an hour after the Angelus until midnight? But tales and talk carry the party on through the next day, and the ensuing days, until the end of the holidays; veritable winter's tales, as weird as they can be in a country where ghosts and enchanted houses scarcely exist, but where brigands have existed and do in some slight number still exist, where terrific and dramatic crime has contrasted always with exquisite and simple devotion. And they are often winter's tales, and the festival is all conditioned by the winter which gives either driving rain or riven snow.

These amusements are simple, but the Italian national life is simple in all its domestic manifestations. Besides visits and an exchange of visiting cards, and occasionally of gifts, there is little else in the Christmas celebration. It is in the religious festivity that there is some display of magnificence, and some parts of this belong to the household arrangements.

Such are the carols and the pastorals all to the Infant Jesus, and the object about which the singing and the praying are centred in house and church. Mean indeed is the home which has not its crib (*presepio*) according to its social standing and religiousness. If there be a private chapel, a crib will be in it, though there may be another more ostentatious crib in some large room or hall. The place of gathering and feasting is a favorite one for this Christmas shrine. The more frequented chapels-of-ease and roadside, or street-side, chapels have cribs as well as the parish church. Sometimes, the crib is set neither in church nor chapel, nor in the dwelling place. It has, or it absorbs almost entirely, a residence of its own. The reason is this. Besides such *presepi*, like the *Surdi* at Rome, as are permanent show-panorama there are others which are monster cribs. Such was the famous *presepio* in the Tower of the *Anguillara* in the *Trastevere*, and such is its successor in the *Bargo*. In these gigantic structures or arrangements there are vistas of half the Holy Land. Though the house containing them may be two or three stories high, as soon as the visitor passes the threshold he will perceive some remote incident of the great happening; as he ascends the stairway, over which he sees a starry heaven besprinkled with floating figures of angels, he will come across

a part of the train of knights or troops of negroes forming an elaborate cortege for the Magi, like those in the masterpiece of Gentile da Fabriano, which is at Florence (I). His eye follows the winding pageant until he sights Bethlehem at the top, and then he beholds the sacred drama reverently set forth with the forms and colors of life.

This picture will give the reader a good idea of how the elaborate Italian crib receives development, and it should be compared with the accompanying photograph of an actual crib (II).

The immediate and principal part of the picture is full in composition and such as to arrest the attention by the size of its figures. The kings present their homage and gifts; the animation, admiration, and reverence of the escort are in the middle and right, seen with every detail of actuality from the monkeys to the esquire who arranges a king's spurs, while in the triple division of the background are portrayed the prior incidents of the journey.

Every element, save one, is traditional in the Italian Christmas, and tradition takes us back to the days of early Italian art. In this art, before the *Disputa* of Raphael, accessories tended to outbalance the actors and the scene. The human element in more active display was apt to prove a difficulty to the painter, so he gave himself freer range in filling in. Then there was the wealth of color and gold, as the picture of the Gentile (I) and its companion by Fra Angelico in the same hall of the Florentine Ancient and Modern Gallery would alone prove. Hence the superabundance of secondary and accessory elements in the crib which is reproduced from the Naples Museum (II).

Another factor was the indifference to the conditions of time and place which enabled the old painters and sculptors to give the beholder all the episodes at once. They presented as central the great mystery, and introduced all that the Gospels narrated of its immediate action. The angels, as in Spagna's easel picture in the Vatican (III), are seen on one side waking the poor shepherds of the hills with the music of heaven; the shepherds are hurrying down with their humble offerings; on the other side is the pageant of the kings who are there in all the pomp with which medieval kings came and went; in the background is a scene of the ideal and piously conceived loveliness of the Holy Land, and above a group of angels, which, singing "Gloria in Excelsis," complete the synthetic idea. It must be allowed that neither pictures nor cribs lose strength by this centralizing method, and in the cribs the principle still prevails in so far as regards arrangement and with this difference only, that the faces and forms are those of modern art.





IV. THE NATIVITY—PINTURICCHIO.

This disposal of the figures, animate or inanimate, is not always after the manner of the crowding life of South Italy.

The picture of Spagna (III) is a sparsely filled scene, and thus presents a difference to that of Gentile (I), while as in Pinturicchio's (IV) the Child Jesus rests on a beflowered and herb-growing ground. After what has been said, the crowded presepio presented to the Naples Museum by Comm. M. Cuciniello (II) will be self-explanatory. Besides being South Italian in its crowded life, it is this also in its strong dramatic action, its bits of town and country view, and in every accessory of dress, and the like. The group of the Madonna and Child is extreme in liveliness, and also very lovely. All the arts and handicrafts contribute to the gigantic composition, so that the presepio—our word, crib, is too small for such an occasion—is as near as it can possibly be to a living picture. There can be little doubt that this representation of the Nativity, and especially such colossal displays as that at Sant' Andrea della Valle at Rome, derive from the sacred dramas of the middle ages. (Cf. pp. 47-48, Pastor, *Hist. of Popes*, V. Eng. Trans.) They may, in the first stages of change, have served as living pictures.



This at Sant' Andrea della Valle bears the palm in the Papal City, but what church is without its presepio? No one, I should think. Possibly St. Peter's, but it will, according to every likelihood, have a massive and beautiful Bambino exposed on an altar amidst lights. Many churches, like Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, and another Dominican church, that of Santo Spirito at Siena, have their cribs visible behind glass all the year round. The first is always a favorite place for prayer during every season; the second is of value, being the work of Ambrogio della Robbia in 1504 (N. Guida di Siena, p. 128, 4th edit.)

The enormous presepio of Santa Maria in Aracoeli is closed with doors except at Christmas time, for reverence and intense devotion. In possessing so special a shrine of the kind, the Capitoline temple is scarcely more than faithful to its honor as the principal Minorite church of the world, for, as a sympathetic non-Catholic writer relates, St. Francis was the author of cribs. He "asked of Pope Honorius III, (1223), with his usual simplicity, to be allowed to celebrate Christmas with certain unusual ceremonies which had suggested themselves to him—ceremonies which he must have thought likely to seize upon the popular imagination and impress the unlearned folk. He would not do it on his own authority, we are told, lest he should be accused of levity. When he made this petition, he was bound for the village of Grecia, a little place not far from Assisi, where he was to remain during that sacred season. In this village, when the eve of the Nativity approached, Francis instructed a certain grave and worthy man, called Giovanni, to prepare an ox and an ass, along with a manger and all the common fittings of a stable, for his use, in the church. When the solemn night arrived, Francis and his brethren arranged all these things into a visible representation of the occurrences of the night at Bethlehem. The manger was filled with hay, the animals were led into their places; the scene was prepared as we see it now in the churches of Southern Italy—a reproduction, so far as the people know how, in startling realistic detail, of the surroundings of the first Christmas. We are told that Francis stood by this, his simple theatrical (for such indeed it was—no shame to him) representation, all the night long, singing for joy, and filled with an unspeakable sweetness. (St. Francis, Mrs. Oliphant.)

But the central image at the Presepio of Aracoeli is none other than the celebrated Bambino (V), which at other times is preserved in its own chapel apart. It is made of wood of the Mount of Olives, and in its very making carries with it a Christmas legend. The face

of the Bambino is more pleasing when seen than in any reproduction, but the accompanying illustration (V), which is the best, will give at least a precise mathematical idea, as well as a good display of the wealth of ornaments, many of them ex-votoes, which cover its dress and crown its head. With the exception of this gorgeousness, the figure of Aracoeli is exactly representative of the very large class of figures of the Santo Bambino, or "Holy Babe," which are exposed for the devotions of Christmas-tide. Throughout Italy, as in every Grecian state but one, the babies are wrapped in swaddling clothes, just as the angel said to the shepherds (Luke, II, 12). And so in every other respect: the Christmas representations put forth the Divine Mystery in a language of Italian forms, just as the early painters and sculptors expressed all the mysteries which they interpreted in art. There is none of the correctness of Morelli and Tissot, and if there were it would damp and confound pious feelings.

Thus it appears that the characteristics peculiar to Christmas shared by the Northern and Southern parts of the world are many but not all. The monster presepi of Italy and the cribs of the rest of the world scarcely form one and the same species. Radically, however, they are all one. The pastoral is another common characteristic. In Italy it is rendered as with us, and it even contains surprising expressions of compassion with the little Babe born to begin suffering at once in the cold, joined to other most tender feelings, intense lovingness, and all due reverence, with popular directness of expression, like the old laudi. (pp. 46-47, Pastor, *ibid.*), but the singing of these hymns was until recent years carried out with an impersonation of the shepherds by pifferari. The suggestion of the old mystery plays, and sacred dramatic shows, is here again brought before our minds in connection with surviving Christmas observances. In Italy rustic music is at all times still largely accompanied by the zampogna, which is an entire sheepskin used with pipes like those of the Scottish instrument. I have never seen an organ grinder—classic style—in Italy, and the mechanical organs and organettes have yet to conquer the country. Hence the use of the zampogna for the rustic melodies of Christmas.

At Rocca di Mezzo, near Aquila, and in other places, the boys who prefer to tell and hear their tales out of doors go the round of the houses on a pious quest during the day, and especially the afternoon, of the vigil, and collect wood "for the Bambino," in order to

make of it both a bonfire and a hearth in the midst of the village square, where they will sit and entertain each other quite Christmas-wise, while in the houses, as every where else in the country parts, the people are gathered around the fireplace, or vast grate, burning trees or trunks of trees. A block it must be, and it is burned in the house fireplace which is often a brick one in the centre of the floor. This is unquestionably the yule-log which we know, but it is connected here with two other usages: the benefaction and begging of the season, and a suggestion of our Holy Week and



V. THE FAMOUS "BAMBINO" IN THE CHURCH OF ARACOELI, ROME.

Paschal ceremony, for, in the morning the priest appears on the piazza, and solemnly blesses the consumed pieces of the public yule-block. The women take them away, as fragments of sacred fire, and use them in the fires of the house, where the family log burns all through the night of Christmas, the day, and evening, into the next night.

The preaching of the children in the Aracoeli at Rome is, however, as unique, as is the gorgeous spiritual saturnalia of the Epiphany at Sant' Andrea della Valle. The latter was instituted by the Venerable Vincent Pallotta about the middle of the nineteenth century. The former usage, though unique,

probably has ancient counterparts in Northern Christmas practices.

Before an immense stage, occupying the entire apse of Sant' Andrea, which is a vast church, and bearing a presepio of gigantic proportions, there are said and sung daily Masses, high and low, in different rites of East and West, sermons preached in various modern languages, and Benediction given at sundown by a Cardinal who is served by ecclesiastical students from all the parts of the earth.

At Aracoeli, between two columns of the nave under the archway corresponding to that presepio, little children preach with eloquence the wonders of God. The thoughts are solid and profitable for the crowds of grown-up listeners; only the tone of the voices is that of childhood, from that of the little tot who can just descant on the sweetness and lovingness of Jesus through all the silvery notes of girlhood and boyhood to that of the youth who might be a carpenter's assistant. No levity attaches to these performances, and people of all ages will compassionate, and not deride, the little urchin who loses courage or the pretty little girl who cries at the desperate forgetfulness which comes on her in a moment—simply because she looked away from the bright vision of Jesus in front of her.

The deafening, never-ceasing trumpets which the boys blow from the eve of Epiphany onwards belong to an ecclesiastical observance, the dramatic execration of Herod in the olden time, but some now think of them as used against the witches, others as blown to drive the evil spirits out of the city, and others still to herald and accompany the advent of the kings.

But it would be impossible to treat at length of the many common and less usual observances of Christmas time in a country of such diversified usage as Italy is. The feast keeps its rightful place in the essential way of bringing people to the Sacraments, and inducing them to works of piety, especially almsgiving. The churches are more crowded than ever, and the festivities occupy the first place in the liturgical year.

At Rome, the Papal element, which was *pars magna* is no more. The Liberian Basilica of St. Mary Major was Bethlehem in the Papal City (Grisar, *Anal. Rom.* XIII.) There the Pope, with magnificent pomp, celebrated the Mass of midnight, and returned, after singing the Mass of the aurora at Sant' Anastasia to pontificate the third, and full morning, Mass. The station is still there, and no station is so kept as this. The Cardinal Archpriest pontificates at the functions, and in the afternoon takes part in the solemn procession of the relics of the Manger which are preserved under the high altar. But Christmas had in the past not only these Papal celebrations of which it is now shorn. It had other unusual pomp of its own, as in times of Jubilee or when the Pope blessed the sword and cap to be sent to princes or warriors, or when he crowned Emperors. This was the most important adjunct of the already most solemn feast, and it was introduced at the High Mass on Christmas Day, 800.

## THE FIRE OF VANITIES.

ANNE ELIZABETH O'HARE.



HE freed herself from her long cloak as a butterfly bursts its chrysalis.

"Ah, it is good to live—in such a world!" she said joyously to the man behind her.

He smiled back at her with indulgent cynicism.

"For such as you, perhaps," he said. "Fresh waters to fresh lips are sweet. But when you've tasted the staleness and stirred up the dregs?"

"Please don't talk to me about the dregs before I've got beyond the foam!" she answered, as she sank into her chair and leaned over the railing of the box with frank curiosity in her eyes. "Think of its being one's first real play! Aunt Patricia, is it always so gloriously glittering?"

The languid looking woman beside her emerged from a slow contemplation of herself in the tiny mirror in the handle of her fan. She raised her lorgnette and made a critical and deliberate survey of the house.

"A remarkably brilliant audience," she announced finally. "All the people one knows are here—even the De Puysters. It's a great first night, you know, my dear, even for the inveterate first-nighters. It's almost worth while coming just to see the people."

Mrs. Van Sutphen looked down at her gown with complacent approval. The girl dimpled mischievously.

"And to have them see you—is it not so, aunt?"

Mrs. Van Sutphen did not permit herself the satisfaction of a frown because of the wrinkles that came with it. To save her any other reply, just then the orchestra burst forth in a great triumphant clangor of harmony. Nathalie turned her face from the color-mottled tiers of people and drank in the music with an eager, new delight.

"The girls at the Convent used to tell me of things like this," she whispered, clasping her hands. "Those who lived in Paris sometimes went to the Opera or to the Theatre Francais. Ah, the mornings after! They would come back wild with admiration—

and they would describe it all, every glowing detail, for the rest of us. How I envied them!"

The music sank into a quieter sweetness, with a note of expectancy in it that seemed to express the spirit of the audience. There was a sense of waiting in the subdued gayety. Women looked down at their own gowns and across at the neighbors' with the complacency of effort taken in a cause worth while. The smiling small talk and patient interest of the men were more spontaneous than usual, as if they knew the sacrifice would have its rich reward.

Nathalie felt the undercurrent.

"These people who come every night," she asked, "are they always so interested, so eager?"

"It's not the every night audience," her companion answered. "It's not even the ordinary first-night audience. Of course you know about the author?"

"David Graeme? No," she confessed, "I don't. Is it very stupid? His name has been on everybody's lips since I came home, but I have not liked to—to obtrude, as the *Madames* used to say, so I have not asked. And in a French convent—what would one ever hear of an American playwright?"

Houghton smiled at her little un-American air of deprecation.

"But David is something more than an American playwright," he said. "His first play was put on at your *Theatre Francais*. Perhaps you were too young to know it, but I suspect his name was whispered even behind the walls of your convent. It's a remarkable thing about Graeme that with only one play,—for he has never written another until now,—he made himself talked of on two continents."

Mrs. Van Sutphen suddenly sat upright with animation.

"Hush!" she whispered, turning to Houghton and Nathalie. "There he is now!"

There was a slight movement in the next box. It was darkened and the curtains were half drawn, but in the glimmer from a light behind Nathalie saw the profile of his face. It was only the outline, the too prominent brow overshadowing the straight, thin nose, the chin too sharp to be ever-strong, the hollows at the temples and around the eyes. She noticed, wondering, that he did not once glance at the audience that was to pass upon his work. He simply reached out and drew the curtains closer together.

"It is the face of a Saint Francis—a Saint Francis of Assisi," she murmured, turning impulsively to Houghton. "Tell me about him!"

He smiled rather drily, with a glance at Mrs. Van Sutphen. She was looking beyond them, her face set in a look of labored languor, but her eyes intent upon the De Puyster party in the box opposite. Madame De Puyster, long-throated, slow-motined, "*la grande damé*," was Mrs. Van Sutphen's model and, in so far as she fell short of it, her detestation. She dressed in the grand manner like Mrs. De Puyster; lived in the grand manner, like Mrs. De Puyster; she did everything like Mrs. De Puyster, and hated her because she could not be like her as well.

"Tell me about him!" repeated Nathalie.

Houghton turned to her the same smile of tolerant amusement with which he had been regarding Mrs. Van Sutphen.

"Your Saint Francis of Assisi? Well, it's not a long story—in the telling. Have you ever heard of 'The Fire of Vanities?'"

"*Le Feu des Frivolities*!" she exclaimed, falling into the name under which it had been familiar to her. "*Mais oui*!"

"Ah, I knew it must have got into your convent. Well, that's the beginning of the story. That was David Graeme's first play."

She glanced at the profile again with a quick wonder in her eyes.

"No, no, Mr. Houghton, no!" drawing herself up with girlish stiffness. "Why, *Le Feu des Frivolities* was the delight,—and the scandal of all Paris."

"There you have it!" he said. "It delighted every city in which it was ever presented with the brilliance, the scintillance, the vitality, the very wastefulness of power in it. And it shocked even Paris. It is a wonderful play, and a terrible one. It scrupled at nothing."

"And he—he wrote it?" with a motion of the head and an unbelieving frown.

"Even he, *m'enfant*. You can't always tell a saint by the halo—as you will discover. But there's a sequel," he added. "That's my story."

The audience was suddenly hushed as with a grand crash of finality, the orchestra ceased. The echoes were still reverberating when there was a quick signal from behind the curtain. The conductor again raised his baton and whispered an order to his players.

"There is some delay," commented Houghton.

"This is what comes of being so ridiculously early," said Mrs. Van Sutphen, with a little acerbity.

Nathalie threw her a penitent smile.

"I really couldn't wait, aunt," she pleaded. "And then Mrs. De Puyster was quite as early!"

Her aunt pretended not to hear, but Houghton smiled.

"I fear even you have not a whole halo, Miss Nathalie," he said. "I see Graeme has gone behind the scenes to see what's up."

"Now for your story," she commanded, leaning back in her chair. "If you tell it before he gets back you won't have to whisper."

"It's just a chapter," he corrected, smiling at the very overflow of happiness so vivid in her eyes and on her lips. "You shall see the rest for yourself. When I first knew Graeme, we were at college together—he was an ordinary enough young fellow, rich, well-born, fairly popular. He was no better than the rest of us, and no worse. Nobody had any reason to expect anything out of the ordinary from him and nobody did. But after he left the University, he rather affected the bizarre and the picturesque, and it wasn't three years until he startled his acquaintances out of speech with "*The Fire of Vanities*." It was a work of genius, splendid and untrammelled, powerful and fearless. It was strikingly unconventional, but it was more than that. It was bad, hopelessly bad. Even the crowds that shouted and raved over it had to admit that. It was the most daring thing New York had ever seen. It was denounced in every pulpit. It was condemned even while it was wildly applauded. The power in it told—but in the wrong direction."

The girl's lips were pressed together in a little straight, tight line. Unconsciously, he tried to overcome her hostility.

"He was very young," he went on, "hardly twenty-five. Of course they lionized him. Even those who denounced the play looked with reluctance and wondering admiration upon the playwright. He stood it very well for a while, but after nearly a year of feting, of extravagant praise and scorching blame, he fled. He simply ran away from it. Of course, there was a great deal of curiosity and a great deal of talk. His friends said he had gone to some little unvisited place in the Tyrolean Alps. They didn't know exactly where, or when he'd return. A year passed, and another, and the vogue of the play continued. It had gotten into Paris by that time, and Vienna, and Berlin, and St. Petersburg. The playgoers of Europe were talking about it. In time, of course, the ardor of admiration abated, but people never quite ceased to discuss it. It was dangerous and therefore fascinating."

"And he?"

"Buried so far as the world was concerned," answered Houghton. "He had completely obliterated himself. But when I went over to Switzerland three or four summers ago, I determined, on the ground of our old college fellowship, to look him up. I got



some information from his relatives—the little that they knew—but it was by chance, finally, that I succeeded in tracking him. I was looking one afternoon at one of those glorious mountain sunsets that one sees only in Switzerland. Involuntarily, I exclaimed aloud. 'Aye, the pillar of cloud in a fiery sea!' answered a voice behind me, in English. I turned quickly. It was David Graeme, a Swiss peasant in all but his voice and his face. He was thinner, spiritualized, the Saint Francis of your vision, but I should have known him anywhere. He was somewhat embarrassed at first, yet glad to see me when he realized that it was inevitable. He was living in a rather dilapidated old chalet on a lonely spur of the mountain and we spent a week together in almost unbroken solitude.

"He did not speak of himself and I did not question him. But the day before I left he turned to me suddenly in the course of our talk. 'Have they forgotten it?' he asked. 'Forgotten what?' said I, bewildered. 'The play.' I thought he feared his work had dropped out of the public sight with himself, so I answered him reassuringly. 'Forgotten? Man, people don't forget a play like that in a generation.' At that he turned away from me with an expression I shall never forget. We were standing out on the terrace and he climbed up the steep mountain behind us for nearly a mile before he came back. Then his face was pale but he was quite calm. 'I shall teach them to forget,' he said simply. 'God helping me, I shall teach them to forget.' That was all, but the next day as we walked down to the village he told me that he was at work on a new play. There was a clear glow in his eyes as he spoke of it. 'It is my atonement,' he said. 'It shall be the second and the last. I hope it may wipe out forever the memory of that other. Think what it means,' he cried, stopping suddenly in front of me, 'to feel that with a free will you have made the world worse! But as the sin, so shall be the atonement.'"

There was a pause before Houghton turned to the girl.

"Do you understand, Miss Nathalie? It is the atonement that we have come to see to-night."

Her eyes were full of tears. She said nothing, but she leaned over swiftly and touched his hand with a shy and alien gesture. The house had darkened and she saw again the swaying of the curtain in the next box, a signal that Graeme had returned. But this time she did not look. The impersonal curiosity in a great man had changed to a sense of personal sympathy that kept her glance straight in front of her.

The curtain went up slowly, and in a silence that could be almost felt, the play began. It was magnificently mounted and

splendidly enacted. Nathalie's eyes grew deeper to hold her emotion as the first act swept to a close. There was a burst of applause when the curtain fell, but she felt vaguely that it was inadequate for her own expression. She glanced around at Houghton. His face was very grave.

"What is it?" she whispered.

He smiled. "Nothing, I hope."

Mrs. Van Sutphen was looking over at the De Puysters to see how much enthusiasm she might safely show. Having satisfied herself, she turned to Houghton and Nathalie to make her pronouncement.

"Remarkable, of course. But it has not the verve and fire and sparkle of 'The Fire of Vanities.' I hope it will work up."

"I hope so!" said Houghton fervently.

Nathalie looked at him with a frightened expression on her face but he avoided her glance and began to exchange common-places with her aunt.

As an undercurrent to the tenseness of interest with which the girl followed the second and third acts, she had an intuitive perception that the heart of the audience did not beat with hers. The applause continued but it was not spontaneous. To her keyed-up sympathy it seemed not to come at the right time.

During the last entr'acte she turned to Houghton with pitiful eyes.

"Why will they not see?" she said.

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "What was the man thinking of?" he muttered, more to himself than to her.

"Ah, but it is beautiful!" she flashed out. "Such subtlety, such delicacy, such sublimity of conception! And all the way through the man's heart cry, the tragedy of penitence! Why, he has given your English such sheen and grace as I did not think it possessed. O mon ami, you are not blind—like the others?"

"No," said he, warmed in her enthusiasm, "I see the beauty. But it is as austere and lofty as the peaks of the Alps under which he wrote it. It's a greater work of art than 'The Fire of Vanities,' but it hasn't the magnetism. It hasn't anything to touch the people. Graeme has defeated his own object, that's all. He makes his atonement so complete as to exclude everything that might let people forget that he is atoning."

"Oh!" she whispered, with a catch in her voice. "Oh!"

The audience was visibly disappointed. It had come to see something brilliant; it saw only something good. What beauties it might have appreciated were lost because they were so different from what was expected. In the last act, there was no mistaking the verdict of the faint and perfunctory applause. As the play drew to a close, simply, majestically, distantly, no call for the author pro-

claimed the most ordinary success of a first night. The curtain was not down before the house was on its feet and the aisles were filled.

It was a failure.

Nathalie was pale and impassive as Houghton silently put her cloak about her. When he turned to assist Mrs. Van Sutphen, her eyes sought the opening in the neighboring curtain as one who has a right. She saw the merest shadow of a figure, bent and rigid and alone. In an instant she was out in the passage-way, and before Mrs. Van Sutphen could do more than utter a breathless "Nathalie!" and before Houghton could turn to see where she was going, she had disappeared.

Mrs. Van Sutphen would have gone after her but Houghton laid his hand upon her arm. "Wait," he said.

"Monsieur!"

The girl was at the portiere of the next box, trembling but unafraid.

The rigid figure continued motionless, the head sunk, the eyes fixed and unseeing.

"Monsieur!"

He raised his head in a daze.

The curtains were parted over a slim girl in a trailing white cloak. The light behind was less luminous than the glow in her eyes. Her lips were molded in a tremulous tenderness.

He passed his hand over his eyes.

"Is it—to say—it has been accepted?" he asked brokenly, as if she were a messenger from another world.

She was close to him, her hands out.

"Ah, monsieur, if you would but let me tell you that! It is what I came to say. To atone, monsieur,—surely it is not to taste the sweets of victory. Is it not to know the bitterness of defeat? I do not know, monsieur, but I think—I think—that success which is unworthy is best paid for by failure that is undeserved."

There was no trembling in her voice now. Her heart, not yet choked by subterfuge, was speaking its message to his.

"And monsieur," she added breathlessly, her face shining, "for us who had eyes to see, there was no defeat. It was glorious!"

For the first time he seemed to realize that she was human. He took the hands she held out to him and pressed them to his lips.

"Monsieur, it was your fire of vanities!" she whispered.

Then the swish of her gown, the parting of the portieres, and she was gone.

He rose up, groping for the curtain.

"Mademoiselle!" he called softly.

Then he turned to the front of the box, gazing out half blinded, at the long rows of empty places. An usher, passing near, wondered that he smiled.

## SOME MEMORIES OF ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

TERESA BEATRICE O'HARE.



HALL I tell you first of her deep and tender love for children? How she pleaded for them and pitied them and understood them, because, to use one of her favorite expressions, "the soul knows its own?" Behind all her great thoughts and large capacities lay the sweetness and simplicity of a little child. "Bring the children in," she would plead at all her lectures; "Pick them up and

make room for them. Never mind how they are dressed. Bring them all in. Their little hearts are hungering for the beautiful. Let us give them what we can. Bring them in, away from the foolish mothers whose sole topics of conversation are servants and dress, and who buy showy, costly pictures for mere ornament because they are so rich and yet so poor."

"My heart aches," she said to me often, "for the poor neglected children of wealthy parents. There is some chance for the children of the really poor to break away from their surroundings, to look upward and grow, but for the poor children of the wealthy there is no chance whatever. They are circumscribed and handicapped, their strivings choked, their good impulses starved."

I love to remember Miss Starr as I saw her once in her study, surrounded by children who had dropped in on their way home from school to tell her all the little experiences of the day. How sweetly and patiently she listened to each little prattler, praising the good, encouraging the indifferent, and giving to all that rare, sweet smile, so full of kindness and holiness.

"No, they never tire me," she said in answer to my question, "because I love them."

And because she loved all humanity, no tale of suffering was ever too long for her to hear, and no soul ever departed from her presence, whether it entered in sadness or gladness, un comforted or unsanctified. Her charity was as broad and unquestioning as her pity was deep and active. What heart that really knew Miss Starr, that had been uplifted by her holiness or encouraged by her strength,

ever thought for a moment of the loss Catholic literature and art had sustained in her passing? Did not every soul grow faint and every eye grow dim because our friend was gone, because the dear kind eyes would never again meet ours, because the tender heart-strings that never gave forth anything but the melody of kindness were hushed and still forever? But most of all we grieved because each felt in his heart of hearts that never again in this life would he meet a human being so free from all the dross of humankind, so noble in purpose, so high in ideal, as Eliza Allen Starr.

And now that half-rebellious resignation tempers the force of the blow to ourselves, we begin to wonder vaguely if those for whom she toiled, for whom her life was spent, will at last recognize the extent of her labors and the depth of her researches to bring back to Catholic art some of its long-lost glory and to the Catholic Church as much of its prestige as it had lost through the neglect of its art and its art traditions. The inspiration of Christianity, to Miss Starr meant the beginning of all art, whether of painting, sculpture or literature.

It seems but a day since I sat in her auditorium, a cosy hall of her own design which formed the entire upper floor of her dwelling, and heard her defend, in her own convincing way, the monks of Monte Cassino from the charge of idleness so frequently brought against them. "Ah," she said, "if you had examined as I did the drawer of hand-traced and beautifully illuminated manuscripts, you would appreciate how those old monks toiled in the days when all the world slept. It was they who preserved the culture of the ages."

Then she read a copy of a letter from Longfellow, in which he retracted statements made before he had been to the monastery. Like Miss Starr, he had seen for himself the marvelous handiwork of these men, and he regretted deeply the charges made and published. Unlike most people convicted of error, however, he wrote to the monks in explanation and apology, urging them to make his letter public. This they never did, further than to give a copy of the letter to Miss Starr, at her earnest request, while she was at Monte Cassino gathering materials for her lectures.

Many knew Miss Starr as a lecturer and the foremost Catholic writer on art subjects. They had heard her lecture and perhaps read her books. Few knew the real woman, well-born, high-souled, and in every act of her life intensely sincere. Riches and fame might have come to her had she chosen to be less true to herself and less worthy of the faith which she embraced in the bright noon-day of



**ELIZA ALLEN STARR.**

her life, when her judgment was ripened and her wisdom rich beyond her years. She rarely mentioned her sacrifices for her faith, and it was only by chance that one learned of her steadfastness and loyalty.

Years ago, when she published "What We See," a charming little book for children which introduced, through the medium of quaint stories and delightful legends of birds and flowers, lessons of the goodness of God to the least of His children, the Appleton Publishing House decided to adopt the book as a supplementary reader for the public schools. There was only one word in all its pages to which they objected. Miss Starr had mentioned the Catholic Church as infallible; the word Church might stand as referring to any church, but the "infallible" must be struck out. The publishers went to Miss Starr and explained their wishes, laying a good deal of stress on the immense sale that would follow and the material benefit that would accrue to the author. They were somewhat taken back by Miss Starr's reception of the flattering proposition.

"I will not change a syllable," said she, quietly. "The book shall remain just as it is, sale or no sale, profit or no profit."

Unfortunately, the book remained in every sense of the word. Catholics would have adopted it much more readily if it had been first used in the public schools. As it is, it will be known and appreciated some day, when we grow more capable of initiative and more sure of our own strength.

"Our own never canonize us," Miss Starr used to say. "They see all our little defects and eccentricities. We must go away from home if we wish a halo around our heads." Yet her halo was never invisible. The sweetness of her soul glorified her life and sanctified and beautified her face. "I expected to find an artist," a man of the world said to me one day just after he had met Miss Starr. "I found a saint."

Some of her little sayings, wise or good or inspiring, float back to me, as I think of her, like broken phrases of music detached from the score. Art and education were her favorite themes. In her view each was the complement of each. "All great art," she said, is in the expression of beauty and truth." "All children have ideal-ity. Take care that you do not educate it out of them." Yet she was practical enough in her ideals. "The highest art of woman," she was fond of repeating, "is the art of ruling her own household." Her idea of education was a rounding out of all the faculties and activities, and I have often heard her speak with pity of those who were "educated in all the ologies of the day and yet ignorant."

"Why talk of uncongenial surroundings?" she said to me one day when I was complaining about the sordidness and commerciality of Chicago and its indifference to the message she was trying to impress upon it. "Was there any harmony or congeniality for Jesus, the Son of Mary?" And again—"It is not the indifference of strangers that hurts. It is the coldness of our own. We know what rejection means when a friend looks at us with a cold face."

Miss Starr's hospitality was the expression of her own goodness of heart, diffusive, democratic, heartfelt. "Don't be afraid of letting people into your house because their gowns are a little ragged," she would say. "Practise hospitality and the angels of heaven will come to your aid if there's any trouble." And in her own home there was that in the atmosphere which lifted one up with the thought that the angels were not infrequent visitors.

I can see her now in the midst of her work in her charming little studio in St. Joseph's cottage. There her friends were allowed to go unannounced, always sure of a cordial welcome. Eagerly, with the unaging enthusiasm of youth, she would discuss her work and her plans for a few minutes. Then, suddenly putting it all aside, she would say, and there was no mistaking the warm interest in her tone,—“Now won't you tell me all about yourself? And how is So-and-so and So-an-so?” She never forgot one member of the family or any of one's friends she had ever met or heard of. She loved to entertain her friends around her board, and it was surely a rare treat to be seated there. Everything she used on her table had a history and all her surroundings spoke eloquently not only of the poet and artist but also of the well-bred gentlewoman.

It is all over now. The dear lips that spoke so eloquently of Catholic truth and beauty are hushed and mute with the awful stillness of eternity. The dear hands have dropped forever the pen and the brush that never penned a thought or painted a line save only the noblest and the best. The great kind heart is at home with God, and the children will look in vain for the loving smile and the pitying caress. But their prayers will go whispering up to the Sacred Heart for her dear soul. Thank God that she has lived and that we have known her and loved her. Nothing can ever rob us of that blessing, and if any of us placed a flower in her living hand while yet she could enjoy its fragrance or touched the loving heart strings in tenderness while they could still respond, ah, then, death has indeed lost its sting and grief its bitterness.



## VERY GOOD COMRADES.

MARY E. MANNIX.

## VIII.

**M**ARY had heard from Mrs. Dineen the terrible news communicated by Pauline, and had almost resolved to leave her situation, through fear of the man whose nephew would have been poisoned through his nefarious acts, but for the intervention of Andrew. She was a country girl, simple and inexperienced, and when she opened the door in response to Mr. Foxon's ring she drew back in alarm, closed it immediately and began to run through the hall crying at the top of her voice: "Oh, he is here! the murderer, the murderer!"

Mrs. Dineen happened to be passing through the upper corridor with a pile of freshly laundried clothes in her arms. "Is he there?" she called out, depositing her bundle on a chair, and hastening to the top of the stairs, she exclaimed: "Let me down to him, let me down to him, I say. 'Tis me that knows how to treat the likes of him." In a moment she was in the lower hall, and about to reopen the door, when Nora, who had heard the commotion, made her appearance. Waving Mrs. Dineen to the background she confronted Mr. Foxon with the following words:

"How dare you try to enter this house, sir, after the awful crime you tried to commit?"

She had thought to produce a paralyzing effect, but was not a little disconcerted at the coolness with which Mr. Foxon replied:

"I desire to speak with Mrs. Ostrander. Announce me."

"She is with little Miss Martha, sir," said Nora in a more respectful tone.

"Is the child very ill?" asked Mr. Foxon.

"I don't—think—she is," responded Nora.

"Is Mr. Ostrander at home?" inquired Mr. Foxon.

"He is not, sir."

"Then I wish to see the young gentleman—Mr. Andrew."

"Come in, sir, and sit down," said Nora, ushering him into the parlor. "I will call Mr. Andrew."

Nora went at once to Andrew's room and announced her errand.

"He's the coolest looking villain ever I saw," said she.

"And why do you call him a villain?" inquired Andrew.

"Sure doesn't every one in the house know that he tried to poison his nephew?" was the response.

"Who gave the information?" queried Andrew, in surprise.

"Miss Pauline. And wasn't it yourself found it out?"

"Yes, yes, I did, but I am sorry it has become public property so soon," replied the boy, not a little vexed and somewhat disturbed that the result had been discovered.

"You'd best take a little bell in your hand when you go to him," said Nora, as Andrew prepared to leave the room.

"Why should I take a bell?" he asked in an irritated tone.

"To ring if he should try to attack you," was the reply. "Or there's that old toy pistol in the kitchen drawer, that you used to be shooting caps with. I'll get it for you if you like."

"You are silly, Nora," replied Andrew with infinite disdain. The next moment he found himself in the presence of Mr. Foxon, who did not look at all intimidated by the fact that his "crime" had been discovered.

"I have come over for two reasons," he said, as Andrew advanced to meet him. "In the first place I wish to ask if the little girl has quite recovered."

"She has, sir," responded Andrew, in a voice which he endeavored to make firm, but which trembled in spite of his efforts. He could scarcely endure the cool, undisturbed glance of Mr. Foxon's eye, but he had a duty to perform and he was determined not to shirk it.

"She is better," he continued, "thanks to me who at once gave her an antidote to the poison which you prepared for Gabriel."

Mr. Foxon smiled. Andrew felt ill at ease. His courage began to ooze out at his finger ends. What might not such coolness and effrontery be capable of? He was without weapons—alone in the long drawing-room in company with a would-be murderer.

"I am glad to hear she is better," said Mr. Foxon. "And now, will you kindly explain what you meant by the note you sent my nephew this afternoon?"

Again Andrew felt all his indignation coming to the front, and with it his courage returned.

"Do you really not understand, sir?" he replied, in the tone of a judge or a confessor.

"I must acknowledge that I do not," was the reply. Neither my nephew nor myself are equal to the lofty flights of such a composition as that of yours."

Andrew was piqued. "You cannot deny," he rejoined, "that you tried to poison your nephew whose money you have already—" he could not utter the terrible word. All Mr. Foxon's patience vanished.

"You are an insufferable prig," he cried. "I have a mind to chastise you myself. But no, it will be better to report you to your father who probably has his own methods of correction, no doubt more efficacious than mine."

Andrew's face grew very red.

"I pity your youth and inexperience," continued Mr. Foxon, in a softer tone of voice, "and I also remember that you have loved and have been kind to Gabriel."

Andrew's head swam. Could he have been mistaken? Was it possible that the man before him cherished a little spark of affection for his nephew—that he was not a thief and assassin after all?

"But—sir—the poison— I did not imagine that, surely," he murmured.

"You are only a child when all is said," answered Mr. Foxon, "a great big, overgrown child. I admit that I was guilty of an imprudence in permitting my servant to mix Gabriel's draught in the condition he was in at the time. I will even go so far as to say that I should not allow myself to keep such a person in my employ. I bade him give Gabriel his medicine, and discovered later that he had poured out too much. I do not consider that I really owe you an explanation, but for my own protection, as you seem to have spread the malodorous report, I tell you this, hoping that you will take equal pains to correct the falsehood."

Andrew stood abashed. He did not know what to answer. While not fully convinced, he was strongly inclined to think that he had been mistaken. While he reflected in this embarrassment, Mr. Foxon arose.

"I have nothing more to say to you," he said. "And as your grandmother is engaged I shall not seek to disturb her. Feeling very much relieved that the little girl is likely to suffer no serious consequences from the mistake, I leave you to your own reflections."

With these words he left the house. Andrew walked slowly out of the drawing-room, encountering Mrs. Dineen in the hall. She had been hiding behind a doorway.

"Oh, what makes you look so pale, Mr. Andrew?" she inquired, planting herself in front of him. "Did he give you anything to drink, dear?"

"Anything to drink!" exclaimed the boy. "What do you mean?"

The laundress resented his supercilious tone. "What do I mean, is it? And wasn't it yourself that told Miss Pauline he tried to poison his nephew?"

"I never said anything of the kind to Pauline," replied Andrew.

"And is it to lie the child is beginning to do all of a sudden. Sure if it is she ought to be punished. 'Tis a terrible wrong to do to a body, to spread such a tale about them. Master Andrew, your grandmother ought to know it."

"Wait a moment," said the boy. "Do not say any more about this—or rather, deny it everywhere you can. Pauline must have made some mistake; she would not tell a lie, Mrs. Dineen. I will ask her about it."

"'Twas to Nora and myself she told it. You'd best see about it indeed, Master Andrew," said the laundress as she walked away.

Andrew now went in search of Pauline. He found her in the school-room reading.

"Pauline," he said, "Did you tell Mrs. Dineen and Nora that I had told you Mr. Foxon had tried to poison his nephew?"

Pauline at once comprehended that she had done something wrong.

"Not that you told me so," she replied. "But that you were the one who had found it out."

"And how did you know that?"

"I read it in your diary when you were asleep. I looked over your shoulder."

"That comes of being dishonorable," said Andrew.

"What comes?"

"That you have spread a false report, which you will now have to correct."

"Didn't he try to do it?"

"No—I was mistaken."

"Why did you write it then?"

"I believed it at the time, and I thought it sacred to my diary. But you have made public property of it, Pauline, and now you must tell everybody that you were wrong."

"What must I do?"

"Tell Mrs. Dineen and Nora that we have misjudged an honest man, and are now trying to make atonement."

"Oh! you talk like a book, Andrew," cried his little sister, impatiently. "I am going to ask grandmamma what I must do about it."

Before he could restrain her she was off, and had told her grandmother the whole story in a few eager words. Mrs. Ostrander was very much distressed. She summoned Andrew, who listened to her grave reproof with more than his usual docility.

"You deserve a severe punishment," she concluded. "When your father returns I shall feel obliged to tell him. And, Andrew, you must write an excuse immediately, as you tell me you did not offer any apology while Mr. Foxon was here."

"Grandmother, let me wait until papa comes. I will do whatever he says," pleaded the boy.

"Very well," said Mrs. Ostrander. Pauline was at once despatched to rectify her part of the error; Mrs. Dineen and Nora both promising to do their part. Mr. Ostrander returned that night. When the story was related to him he said, "This is a serious business, Andrew. Your grandmother and I will go with you to-morrow morning to Mr. Foxon's. That will be much better than writing a letter of apology. As for punishment, which your grandmother suggests—you are too old and too large a boy for that. I am in hopes that the lesson you have learned will be sufficient. I do not think I have ever been so displeased with you in my life, and I very much fear the result will be to deprive you all, guilty and innocent, of Gabriel's society for the future."

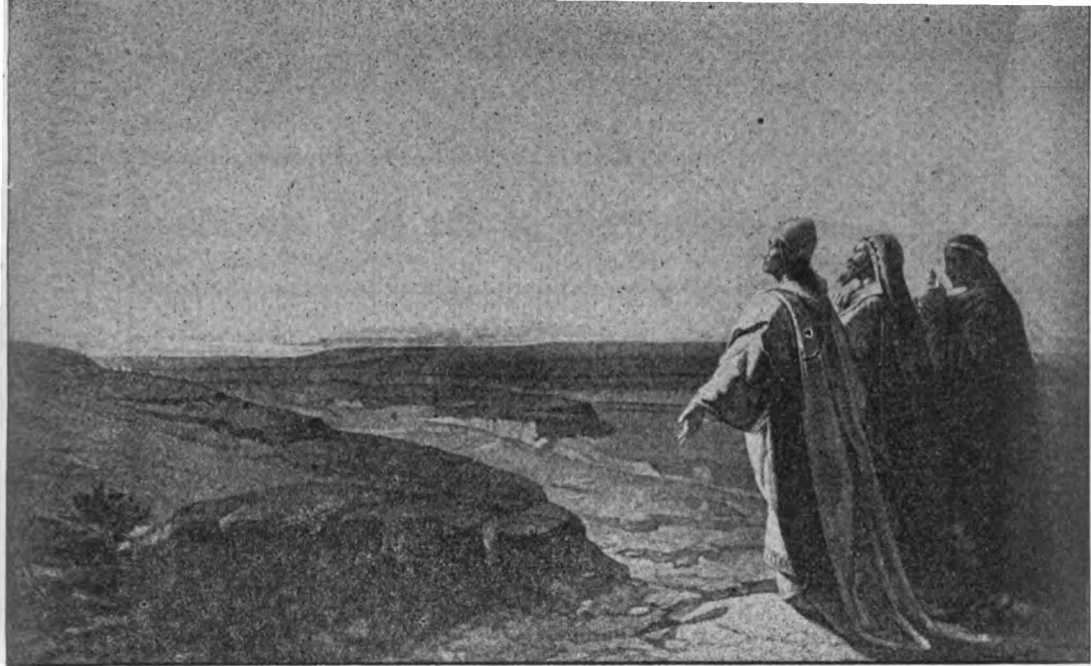
That night Andrew's dreams were troubled. His regret and anxiety were further increased, when, the next morning a note was received from Gabriel which read as follows:

My dear friends:—Late last night my uncle received a telegram calling him to Philadelphia. He has concluded to take me with him, and I am very glad to go. If I can I will write to you all. I do not know how long I shall be gone. How I wish I could have seen you again to say good bye. Do not forget your loving friend,

Gabriel.

Pauline and Martha shed a few tears at the sudden departure of their friend. Andrew said very little, but he felt certain that the occurrence of the preceding day had been the principal cause of the journey. In this he was not altogether wrong; that is in so far as Gabriel was concerned.

(To be continued.)



*Behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying: Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east and we are come to adore him.—Matt. ii, 1, 2.*

### VOICES OF THE BELLS.

JOHN TRACY JONES.

**L**ISTEN to the Christmas bells,  
 While all the world is praying;  
 They are pealing, swelling, telling,  
 And this is what the bells are saying:  
 We are the voices of vedas and sagas;  
 We are the tongues of prophet and priest;  
 We are the lips of the sibilant sleepers,  
 Who dreamed of a star in the purpled east;  
 Close by the gates of the mystical morn  
 When the Christ was born.

We are the prayers of the wandering Magi,  
 On Syrian deserts all level and lone;  
 We are the chorus of Judean shepherds;  
 We are the notes that from Heaven were blown,  
 From the golden throat of an Angel's horn,  
 When the Christ was born.

We are the teardrops of grief and of sorrow;  
 We are the echoes of yesterday's pain;  
 We are the jubilant voice of to-morrow—  
 Lo! peace on earth; let Thy good will reign,  
 So our lips break silence on Christmas morn,  
 When the Christ is born.

## The Confraternity of the Holy Rosary.



**D**IRECTOR OF THE ROSARY CONFRATERNITY:—

Is it necessary, in order to gain all the indulgences of the Rosary Confraternity, to recite weekly the fifteen mysteries? I am a Rosarian, but sometimes find myself so pressed for time as to be unable to recite the fifteen mysteries. Does this prevent me from gaining the indulgences of the Confraternity?

A ROSARIAN.

One who omits the weekly recitation of the fifteen decades of the Rosary does not thereby lose the privilege of gaining all the indulgences of the Confraternity. He may gain the usual indulgences of the first Sunday of the month, the plenary indulgence for assisting at Rosary procession, for visiting the Rosary Chapel, etc. (S. C. I. Feb. 25, 1877.) But he does lose the great benefit of sharing in the prayers of the Confraternity and of participating in the good works of the Dominican Order.

It seems incredible that any one can be so absorbed in the cares of this life as not to find one half hour during the week for the recitation of Mary's Rosary. To fulfill the obligation it is not necessary that the fifteen decades be said at one time; it is not necessary even that five be said at one time. A person may say one, two, or as many decades as is convenient for him. This privilege of dividing applies only to the fulfilling of the weekly obligation. (S. C. I. Jan. 22, 1858.) To gain each and all of the indulgences granted for the recitation of the Rosary, at least five decades must be said at one time. It is to be hoped that no Rosarian will allow himself to become so engrossed with earthly affairs as to fail to give Mary that small portion of his time requisite for saying her Rosary. Though it should entail a little inconvenience are we not ready to suffer this for Mary?

The Nativity! Truly it is a joyful mystery! Verily does its commemoration mark a time of peace on earth, of good will to men! As the season approaches we are filled with an eagerness that would hasten the coming of the feast. We yearn for the dawn of that happy, holy morn; we pray the Father "to light the Light that shone when Hope was born." As time draws near the anniversary of the birth of Christ the world seems possessed of a deep calm, a melancholy quiet. But when the feast is here the world throbs with joyous pulsation; heedless of rank or station, man hastens to wish his fellow peace and good cheer.

St. Leo says the saint rejoices because he draws near to the longed for prize; the sinner exults for he is summoned to pardon; the Gentile is enlivened for he is called to life.

If Jew and Gentile, if all nature shares in the joy that pervades the world at this season, how exceedingly happy in celebrating this mystery should a Rosarian be! And yet so often may he have meditated on it and so seldom derived therefrom the proper benefits.

Let us prepare for a second coming of Christ into our hearts on Christmas morn. Let us await Him, not like the Jews of old, but with body chastened, with conscience cleansed, with spirit purified that we may the better regard His first coming.

"Know, O Christian, thy dignity and having been made a partaker of the divine nature, do not return to thy former depravity. Remember that you have been snatched from the powers of darkness and placed in the glory and Kingdom of God."

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#### INDULGENCES.

1. The usual indulgences for the first Sunday of the month.
2. The feast of the Immaculate Conception; a plenary indulgence may be gained by visiting a Rosary Chapel and praying for the Pope's intention. Confession and Communion are required. A second plenary indulgence is granted for assisting at a Rosary procession. For a second visit to a Rosary Chapel on this day an indulgence of seven years and 280 days is granted.
3. Christmas day; the same indulgences may be gained as on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, excepting the plenary indulgency for assisting at a Rosary procession.





## Editorial.



In the Holy Night may all our readers hear the glad tidings, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace to men of good will," and may they feel descending upon them a wealth of Christmas joy and blessedness!

At this time when parents are at pains to please their children with gifts, let them remember the value of a good book. Much money is uselessly spent in the purchase of articles of fashion which could secure to the home a lasting benefit in the form of a good book. In season and out of season, should the cry go up, denouncing the reading of bad books and making a plea for the use of good ones. As we have said before the injury done by bad literature is simply incalculable. Let this be borne in mind, that when we advocate reading we do not mean promiscuous and indiscriminate reading. There are parents who have listened to philippics against "bookless homes" and hence they smile in satisfaction when they behold their children absorbed in a "book." It matters not what it be just so it be a "book," for the fact that John or Mary reads at all is to their unlettered minds a proof of superior intellectuality. Let them have a care, and if they be not competent censors let them address themselves to those who are. The pastor is always at hand and ever willing to give the needed direction.

There is a chorus of voices in behalf of good literature and its spread, rising from our Catholic journals. The Sacred Heart Review sounds no uncertain note when it says:

"This is the time of year when, in the long evenings, the children, either at home or in reading-rooms, are attracted more than ever to reading. Papers and books that, during the sum-

mer, were neglected, begin to exercise a strong influence over the youthful mind—and that influence may be for good or evil, according to the kind of reading that finds its way into the hands of the young people. A taste for reading may be the very greatest blessing or the very greatest curse. A good book or paper is a source of mental and spiritual improvement. On the contrary, evil reading is the most baneful of all pastimes, and contributes to the loss of many a soul. One of the most important duties that parents owe to their children is to see that bad reading-matter, whether in the shape of newspapers, story-papers, magazines, or books, is never allowed to enter their home. It is sad to see boys and girls of a tender age reading with interest the most sensational and injurious papers and books of the day. It is deplorable that such a state of affairs should exist. Bad books, like bad companions, are the ruin of many young people. They give incorrect and unnatural impressions, and their youthful readers too often are led by them to sympathize with the criminal, while they are only amused at the virtuous. Such books, generally in the form of stories, insidiously mock at, and endeavor to do away with, some of the most sacred laws of Christian morality."

In our January number we shall begin the publication of a very interesting serial written for THE ROSARY MAGAZINE, by Anna C. Minogue. The story is entitled "A Son of Adam," and the scene is laid in Kentucky, the favorite land of the writers of fiction to-day. The story is done in Miss Minogue's best vein. The interest of the reader is ever kept alive and there are many descriptive passages of great strength and beauty.

An interesting Pastoral has been issued by Bishop Hedley, the gifted

and saintly prelate of Newport, Wales. It deals with "Vocations for the Priesthood" and the manner and matter of it is all that one would expect from the author of the famous "Retreat" and "Sermons." We wish we had space to reprint it in full, and double-leaded at that, for so sage is the advice, so earnest the exhortations and so clear and flawless the English in which it is couched. Touching the home, the nursery of priests, he says:

"It is in very truth a very joy and blessing to a parent to have a child a priest. And it is true also that there are parents—and not a few—who, with a right view and a full appreciation of what it means, pray and do their best to get their child accepted for holy orders. It is beautiful and touching to see a household of this kind, where the angels that guard children can

hardly be more solicitous than the father and mother on earth. There you find morning and evening prayer. There you find the great Christian sacrifice, the most Holy Mass, so honored and followed that the innocent child seems to be learning his lesson in his infancy, and will imitate, in half-devout play, the action which is to be one day the occupation of his life. There you hear the story of the mission fields, and of the martyred missionaries; of the spread of the faith, the winning of souls, the conversion of sinners,—narratives which inspire and enkindle that zeal for souls which is the mark and the glory of a true priest. In such households the holy angels dwell with delight, and exercise with full effect their blessed office of protection and preparation, carrying to the heavenly throne the odors of prayer and good works, and bringing down the benedictions of God."

#### MAGAZINES.

With the November issue the *Century* enters upon its thirty-second year. It intends to make humor the special feature for the next twelve months, and has accordingly secured the best authors in that line. In the present number Mark Twain, Catherine Young Glen and Walter Leon Sawyer are among the contributors. Mr. W. P. Trent in "A Retrospect of American Humor," treats of the several phases of that sort of literature from colonial days up to the present, and in passing refers to the leading humorists from Franklin to "Dooley." "Barbarossa" is the title of a dramatic sketch by Cyrus Townsend Brady. From a dramatic point it is good, but it must be noted that the reference to divorce in the second part is not historically accurate. It is written this way merely to show the irreverent character of the Emperor. "The Assassination of Kings and Presidents," by J. M. Buckley, gives in a partial way, an historical record of the assassination of rulers from "Xerxes the Great" up to our own late President, with the causes that led up to them. He offers a suggestion to extirpate anarchy and prevent assassination. The photographs and drawings in this issue are a notable feature.

Unusual, indeed, must be the taste of the reader who does not find in the

pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* much that is gratifying. The main note which has always characterized this excellent periodical from the days of its founders—Holmes and Lowell and Emerson—down to the present time has always been that of appropriateness—from an artistic point of view, at least, nothing is overdone. The November number is rich and varied in its articles. Sidney Brooks in his "Europe and America" claims that the political and industrial attitude of America is to-day the all-important question with European nations who look at her somewhat askance, fully recognizing her power, but unable to guess her future course. That America should so suddenly have cast aside all regard for precedent and expanded from a "stay-at home republic into a venturesome empire" is somewhat disquieting to Europeans; while the rapid strides our country is making as an agricultural and manufacturing nation give them no less cause for alarm. Mr. Brooks carefully explains in detail what he considers the grounds for this grave concern, and also gives a rather unflattering picture of the bearing of European nations toward America, assigning many very probable causes for the intense dislike the people of the Continent are said to cherish for Americans; the last cause enumerated being the humiliation of the ancient

Catholic power, Spain. By this act, the author thinks we have "not only grievously affronted the whole of the 'Latin' race, but challenged the solidity of Catholicism." Then he goes on to make the rather questionable assertion: "The Vatican to-day is as instinctively the opponent of political as of theological 'Americanism,' and those who know Europe best have the most respect for the realities of papal power. It may some day happen that Americans themselves, in one or the other of their new possessions, will find the Pope a useful ally or a most dangerous foe. Meanwhile Catholic unity, such as it is, counts for something in the trend of European sentiment against America." Granting Mr. Brooks a thorough knowledge of all else upon which he has written in this article, we cannot concede that he fully understands the mission of the papacy, nor the meaning well-informed Catholics attach to the term "political and theological Americanism." Students of political economy will find this paper of great interest, while those of a literary bent will surely revel in Paul Elmer More's "The Solitude of Nathaniel Hawthorne." This is a psychological study of the great novelist as well as an able analysis of his chief romances,—*"The Scarlet Letter"* and *"The House of Seven Gables,"*—which the writer considers "the most thoroughly permeated with Mr. Hawthorne's peculiar ideas." The centennial of Daniel Webster's graduation has brought that great statesman forcibly to mind, and the Atlantic pays him fitting tribute in some abstracts from an address delivered at Dartmouth College by S. W. McCall, a most appreciative estimate of Webster's magnificent mind and very unusual powers of oratory. It is surely no slight compliment to say of Webster's style that in comparison with it, "even Burke's sublimity sometimes seems as unsubstantial as banks of cloud by the side of a granite mountain." Nor is it a slight tribute to his wisdom and foresight to claim him as the original advocate of laws which, long after his death and under seemingly changed conditions, became imperative to meet the needs of a nation. The memory of Nathaniel Hawthorne is also pleasingly resuscitated by Kate M. Cone in her article entitled "A Colonial Boyhood." Henry

Austin Clapp, with interfesting comments upon Salvini, Adelaide Neilson, Christine Nilsson, and other noted histrionic artists who held the stage a dozen years and more ago, brings to a close his delightful "Reminiscences of a Dramatic Critic." There are other papers of an historic trend, charming pen pictures of French scenery, a group of lyrics having the real poetic ring, short stories and the inimitable "Contributor's Club;" but it is impossible to even touch upon all. "Audrey" as the work of Miss Mary Johnston, whose fame as a novelist is widespread, must needs have some mention. It is really unjust to a writer to judge his story as it appears serially with the lapse of months between the chapters to impair somewhat the unity of the whole, but we can say with justice, perhaps, that the last two installments of "Audrey" have come perilously near the sensational. We find, however, in this story, the scene of which is Virginia in Colonial times, the same ability to delicately portray character, the same strong sympathy with her characters, and the thorough knowledge of her subject which have marked Miss Johnston's work heretofore.

The November North American opens with a paper on "Conquered Territory and the Constitution," by Hannis Taylor. Its forceful presentation of facts and clear exposition of some of the decisions recently made by the Supreme Court in the "Insular Tariff Cases," make it a valuable paper. The writer shows conclusively that it was contrary to the opinions of our greatest statesmen to hold that the Constitution and flag were inseparable. R. De Caresere dignifies by the title, "The Next Conclave," a venomous attack on the conservative policy of Leo XIII. He can see nothing good that Leo has done; nor can he place much hope in the immediate future. He says that the next Pope may not be so accommodating to foreign powers as the present Pontiff has been; but that he will not enter upon a new course with regard to Italian affairs. Hamilton W. Mabie contributes a paper, "American Opportunities and Education," remarkable for its elegance of diction and richness of thought. He says that the ideas of a nation proclaim its greatness. Education should broaden and deepen them.

Mr. Mabie almost totally ignores the religious element that should be a component part of every system of education. Though a nation's ideas may be broad and extensive in their incipency, unless they are founded in an omnipotent and immutable God, they will eventually recoil into the narrow sphere of selfishness. This is a fact attested by experience. It accounts for the failure of once colossal and mighty empires. The other articles in this month's issue are up to the usual standard.

Under the title of "The New York Municipal Campaign," in the November number of the American Monthly Review of Reviews, are found short character sketches of the candidates of the mayoralty on the Tammany and anti-Tammany tickets. James H. Canfield's sketch of the Fusion candidate contains an interesting bit of Columbia University history, in which Seth Low figures prominently from the time of his acceptance of the presidency of Columbia College, twelve years ago, until his recent resignation. George F. Peabody's sketch of the Tammany candidate, Edward M. Shepard, is more of a campaign harangue than a character sketch. After describing the candidate's ability and talents, the writer counsels all to call for the exercise of them—in other words—vote for the Tammany ticket. Apart from this, however, both writers call attention to the fact that whichever way the election goes, New York will have a Mayor possessing sterling intellectual qualities. Under the same title, in a well written article, Milo R. Maltbie discusses the issues of the campaign and each candidate's chance of success. In another article on "The Campaign in Philadelphia," Clinton R. Woodruff describes the fight of the Municipal League against "Machine" rule. Capt. Parker, in his paper on "The Last Phase of the Philippine Rebellion," gives evidence that he has not been treated by the Filipinos just as he would have wished. Having described the want of patriotism and the "groveling terror," with which the natives serve their chiefs, he goes on to delineate the physical make-up and characteristics of the native, in many of whose habits he sees resemblances to our common ancestor (here the Captain speaks for himself and his fellow Darwinites), the monkey. Ac-

cording to the Captain, the natives are cunning, secretive, and act more by instinct than he does. "On their characteristics," he says, "the shrewd friars have played craftily with their oriental adaptations of Christianity." Perhaps he is under the impression that Christ was born in the United States, or some other place in the West, and that Christianity, instead of having its origin on the hills of Judea, is the product of our Western prairie! Tracing his own origin, as he does, to a prehensile inhabitant of the woods, it is to be expected that he would show some of his progenitor's characteristics, not the least important of which is the faculty of imitation. This faculty the Captain seems to possess in an eminent degree, in bringing up again the threshed-out subject of the "shrewd friars." In his long experience of two years among the Filipinos, the Captain has not found a single one who could be trusted. Were an invading army to enter this country perhaps the straightforward Captain would tell them everything he knew about his own forces and do everything in his power to help the enemy! Does he forget that he is dealing with people who look upon him as a common enemy? In closing his article, he points out the means to be adopted for Americanizing the Filipino. What an amount of blood and money this nation would have saved had the Captain come forward a few years earlier! Quite in contrast with the foregoing, is the description of the Filipino given by a brother officer, in the same number of the Review. Speaking of the natives he says: "It is true that many native Visayans helped to swell the ranks [of the insurgents]; but there were many more who welcomed the Americans and who dealt honestly and fairly with our authorities in the face of secret threats and the half-understood political uncertainty of our occupation." Again: "It is impossible to live among the Filipinos without admiring their good and wholesome qualities. Nearly all their weaknesses of character and disposition are due to causes for which they should not be held accountable." When doctors disagree, who will decide? "Bishop Whipple, the friend of the Indian," by Prof. Folwell, and "Dr. Pearsons, the Philanthropist," by George P. Morris are interesting sketches of self-sacrificing men. Talcot Williams contributes an

instructive paper on "Fiction Read and Written in 1901."

With the November number, St. Nicholas began its twenty-ninth volume. Among the contents is found the new feature of the new volume, a "serial story" in one number, entitled "Tommy Remington's Bottle," a story of the mining districts of Virginia. It is a story for boys from which they could learn that perseverance will conquer all difficulties, that duty should be preferred to pleasure, and that "where there is a will there is a way." "A Gift from American Children," by Charles de Kay is a description of Lafayette's statue which stands in the courtyard of the Louvre in Paris.

The Chautauquan for November contains two especially interesting articles: "A Gondola Ride through Venice," and "The Inner Life of Fra Angelico." In the first article Prof. Oscar Kuhns describes all the places and features of note in the "city of Lagoons:" the Grand Canal—which divides the city—the square and Cathedral of St. Mark's, other churches of note, the Ducal Palace and its frescoes, and the famous Rialto. It is a well written paper but the writer would have made a more favorable impression on his Catholic readers had he not sneered at, and made light of, the services held in the Venetian churches. "The Inner Life of Fra Angelico," by Mary A. Lathbury is a well written article. It gives, within the limits of a very few pages a sketch of the life and labors of the gentle Dominican, the friar-artist, the artist-saint. She shows how his early life and education and also his religious life had an effect

on his work. In conclusion she describes a number of his most famous works.

"An Episcopal Bid for a Reunion," by J. Willoughby Brathwaite, is the opening article in the November number of the Catholic World. It is one of great interest to the Catholic reader for it bears on the great convention held recently at San Francisco,—when the dignitaries of the Episcopal Church showed to the world that they are "hopelessly disunited;" showed that their ideal is not a united Church but a comprehensive Church." Theodore L. Jouffroy in his article—"Warnings and Teachings of the Church on Anarchism"—views anarchy in its different stages, from its origin to the present time. Extracts are given from the "Revolutionary Catechism,"—doctrines on which this modern anarchism is based. Religion, as our Holy Father, Leo XIII., has pointed out in his many Encyclicals on the subject, is the only remedy for the evil. "The Art of Preaching in Medieval Times," places before us a comparison, as it were, between medieval and modern preaching. The former, says the writer, Rev. Lucian Johnston, surpasses the latter in many respects. "The one," he says, "evidently read the Scripture, the other only the concordance and index," and where one dominant idea pervaded the medieval sermons "we in one hour preach on forty." Other very good articles of the number are: "Catholic Architecture in the United States," by Charles D. Maginnis; "The Miraculous Preserving of the Body of a Servant of God," by Rev. Father Pernin; and "The Paintings of Gabriel Max," by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.

### BOOKS.

"But Thy Love and Thy Grace," by Father Finn, S. J. Benziger Bros. \$1.00.

The venture of a writer of Father Finn's ability into a new field can not be other than interesting. One wonders how he will acquit himself and not always is the outcome as gratifying as one could wish. The present instance, is an agreeable surprise, for Father Finn has identified himself so closely with the writing of boys' stories that every other kind seemed foreign to him. Yet he can write other stories and the proof of it lies before us. It is a story, well conceived and told with

the artistic grace of a master. The beautiful lesson is taught of how the frequentation of the Sacraments refines and ennobles natures in spite of an environment which ordinarily could only lead away from the highest and best spiritual development. Regina O'Connell, the poor factory girl, has all the refinements of grace and that true nobility which bears on its escutcheon the Cross of Christ. Yet the story is wanting in some things. It is actionless; it hurries to its conclusion. The love episode is an impossible one, for one could barely conceive Regina O'Connell so played upon as to believe

her unlettered lover to be the author of Moore's beautiful lines. The book is artistically made, though bigger much than it need be. The illustrations are by Svendsen and show an improvement on the work done in Father Finn's book of a year ago.

"The Feast of Thalarchus," by Conde Benoist Pallen. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.00.

This, the latest work of Conde Pallen, is a notable one in many respects. It is certainly his most pretentious, poetical contribution to literature. In conception it is strong. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast of the hero of a bacchanalian feast, who "bankrupt of all joy" finds "life staled and shattered like a rotted gourd," with the saintly Simeon who exiled himself to the top of a pillar, living there exposed to the elements and as well to the jibes of his fellowmen, shorn of every comfort, save only the spiritual joy which a life of self-denial ever brings with it. Thalarchus, the pagan, sickened with sensuality, becomes ravished by the vision of Simeon Stylites, and as well by the charm of his humble prayers that unceasingly ascend to heaven, and in the finale we have these words of Thalarchus, that speak of the change wrought in him:

"I've seen  
This night, Xenares, through high  
Heaven's mercy,  
That which has shaken all my soul and  
torn  
From out its ancient roots my tree of  
life  
To plant anew in other soil, with hope  
of fruit celestial!"

There is an immense lot of action and color in the poem and many passages that contain the very quintessence of poetry, but the wonder is, that in the work of a professed literary man, and a work too, that was not thrown off at random, there should be so many crudities. Almost on every page there are lines that will not scan and almost everywhere the reader feels the rough jar of unrhymic motion. Note this passage:

"Ay, I'd cram  
All future into one capacious now,  
And this full instant, blown radiant  
as the sun  
With joy, fashion to immortality."

The thought in this is fine, but the word "blown" is altogether unneces-

sary and its use destroys the scansion. Again, in the last line of the passage, substitute "I'll shape" for "fashion" and the meter is preserved. On page 41, Simeon is made to say

"This mock, O Lord,  
Thou didst endure in silent humble-  
ness,  
And wore this leafless diadem pride."

The phrase "Thou wore" is certainly bad grammar. Another strange construction we have on page 56 in the lines of Thalarchus:

"Simeon, Simeon pray thou for me,  
whose heart is withered with his sins."

But in spite of these defects it is a remarkable work and one which deserves well of being carefully read and studied. We hope for a corrected edition for where there is so much excellence we would not have one soot to mar it.

"A Saint of the Oratory," by Lady Amabel Kerr. Burns & Oates, through Benziger Brothers, their American agents.

We are glad Lady Kerr has devoted her able pen to the production of this entertaining biography of Blessed Antony Grassi. This latest beatified of the Oratory died in 1671 after eighty years of life given generously to the service of God and the salvation of souls. These four score years were spent in his native place, the little Italian town of Fermo, where for three generations almost he stood before his fellow-citizens as a model of all priestly virtues. Their opinion of his sanctity can be gathered from the many edifying anecdotes they handed down concerning him which Lady Kerr has judiciously incorporated in this biography. From these and other sources more reliable the author has constructed a charming life-story of one who is most remarkable for the singular fervor with which he performed the simple, lowly duties of a priest of the Oratory. He possessed a well-trained mind and abundant means yet his only ambition was to use all, mind and means, for furthering the work of St. Philip, his father and master, whom he imitated so closely that of all the Oratorians Blessed Anthony is said to reflect most perfectly the spirit of their founder. Like St. Philip he was always gentle, serene, self-possessed and self-sacrificing. Thirteen times he was chosen superior of the Fermo Oratory which he di-

rected with rare commingling of prudence, firmness and mildness. The keynote of his success as a superior was his steady purpose to attain the end of the institute by the employment of pleasant and agreeable means. As a result of his efforts the rule was strictly observed during his long administration, yet so agreeable was his government that all found it easy to obey. Priests, seminarians, and all who have a care for the higher life of the soul will find the chapters of this book replete with interest and edification.

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"The Mirror for Monks," by Lewis Blossius, O. S. B.

"The Oratory of the Faithful Soul," by Lewis Blossius, O. S. B.

The Art & Book Company, London, England, through its American agent, B. Herder, St. Louis.

(1). It would be unreasonable to ask for a better epitome of the principles of the spiritual life than that given by Blossius in his golden "Mirror for Monks." Although, as its name indicates, it was written originally for those who tread the cloister it will nevertheless prove a most valuable hand-book for the spiritual-minded living in the world. In less than a hundred pages the saintly Benedictine lucidly and with compelling unction sets forth adequately directions for leading a perfect life; and so simple and clear is his condensed teaching of the fathers and doctors of the Church regarding charity, self-love and the life of prayer that even an untrained mind can grasp it with ease. Occasionally there are touches of quaint humor which add to rather than detract from the "Mirror," even as the sparkle of the champagne improves rather than injures the juice of the grape. We know of no book richer than this in sweet reasonableness and sweet readableness.

(2). The other little brochure by Blossius is like the preceding in size, type, binding and price. Like it also, there is shut in in its pages a wealth of instruction and unction for although it is a book of prayers it will teach the reader how to give voice in prayer to the desires of his heart. There is not a trace of sentimentality or any attempt at fine writing from beginning to end. In every paragraph one finds that perfect union of head and heart, so characteristic of the Vener-

able Benedictine Abbot who is surpassed by no spiritual writer in piety, humility, prudence and ability to grasp and understand the difficulties that beset a soul in its progress in virtue. The prayers—called conversations with Jesus, with Mary, with the angel spirits and other citizens of heaven—are arranged for use for each day of the week. Being short and charmingly simple they express in sweet melody the aspirations and desires of the prayerful soul whether the key be minor or major. Great credit is due Bishop Coffin for his smooth and careful Englishing of this admirable little manual. These little books sell for 25 cents each.

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"Her Father's Daughter," by Katharine Tynan Hinkson. Benziger Bros. \$1.25.

When we say of this story that it has a healthy Catholic tone, that it is absolutely free from that morbidity which we have unfortunately learned to expect in the modern novel, and that it is mildly interesting, we have exhausted its meed of praise. As for literary beauties—graces of style, the thought, pregnant with meaning, which haunts us long after the book has been laid aside,—it possesses absolutely none. Can it be that there are writers so foolhardy as to believe our need for Catholic literature so imperative that we shall be satisfied with just anything? Or do they think a goodly supply of piety will wholly compensate for the lack of all else that goes to make up a good story? We have, as it is, so much literature which will bring us gain with each re-reading, that we wonder when an author asks us to lay aside an old and friendly acquaintance to take up a book bearing the earmarks of carelessness, and, simply because it is of Catholic parentage, to give it a place of honor on our library shelves. Intellectual Catholics resent the assumption! We beg Mrs. Hinkson to believe we are quite ready to accord her all just praise and to encourage her and others in their labors for the betterment of Catholic literature; but we have a right to demand that their work reach a certain standard of English and that it have the force and interest of originality. The illustrations and general make up of this book reflect little credit upon the great publishing house which sends it forth.

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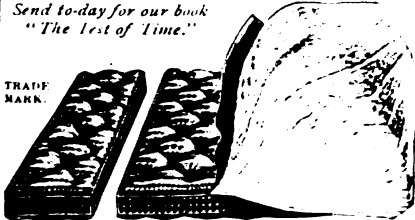
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